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INDEPENDENT ORDER.—MANCHESTER UNITY.

THE
ODD FELLOWS'
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

AUTHOR OF

"RHYME, ROMANCE, AND REVERY," "A VOICE FROM THE TOWN,"
AND "THE WANDERING ANGEL."

THOUGHTS SHUT UP WANT AIR,
AND SPOIL, LIKE BALES UNOPENED TO THE SUN.
THOUGHT IN THE MINE MAY COME FORTH GOLD OR DROSS;
WHEN COINED IN WORD, WE KNOW ITS REAL WORTH;
IF STERLING, STORE IT FOR THY FUTURE USE;
'T WILL BUY THEE BENEFIT, PERHAPS RENOWN.
YOUNG.

VOL. VII.

FROM JANUARY, 1842, TO OCTOBER, 1843.

New Series. c i. e. 2d

MANCHESTER:
PUBLISHED BY THE G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS, AT THE BOARD
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1843.

P R E F A C E.



Two years have elapsed since our last prefatory words were addressed to the readers of the Magazine. We then spoke without diffidence, because only a small portion of the volume had been under our superintendence, and less restraint is, of course, felt in alluding to the labours of others than to your own. We believe, however, that we are now appealing to those who will be inclined to judge leniently, and we consequently do not experience that trepidation which might be ours under other circumstances. To our correspondents we are deeply indebted for the efforts which they have made on behalf of the Magazine; and it is no egotism on our parts to assert that many of their contributions would have done honour to any periodical of the day. We have frequently had to apologize to our numerous friends, whose productions, from a variety of causes, have not been available; and we have little doubt that, in some cases, our being compelled to decline communications has occasioned more pain to ourselves than the writers. We have wished to offend none; our aim has been, as far as possible, to accommodate all, and to render our pages acceptable to our brethren generally. We are not so sanguine as to flatter ourselves that we have been entirely successful; but we have received many complimentary opinions from parties whose judgment is valuable, and many promises of support from writers whose competency is beyond question. Nor must we omit to acknowledge the great kindness we have received at the hands of numbers of our readers and correspondents. Its effect has been such as to lead us to regard those who were previously strangers in the light of personal friends. Each number of the Magazine has an average circulation of twenty-seven thousand copies, and we shall use our most strenuous exertions to make it worthy of the vast number of individuals who peruse it. With our most earnest hopes for the continued prosperity of the Order and the happiness of its members, we submit to our brethren a SEVENTH VOLUME.

JUN 14 '46
McGoff

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Alfred Smith Esq.

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7/9/21/1842

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

JANUARY.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1842.

MEMOIR OF ALFRED SMITH, P. G.

ALFRED SMITH was born on the 15th of November, 1807, at the parsonage of Kingsnorth, near Ashford, Kent; of which place his father was the officiating clergyman for nearly twenty years. In the year 1819 the family removed to Masham, in Yorkshire; and in 1821 the subject of this memoir was apprenticed to the late Mr. Bowman, of Ripon, surgeon. He remained with Mr. Bowman five years, and after the usual course of medical education, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the Medical School, Aldersgate Street, London, was admitted a Licentiate of the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries on the 1st of January, 1829, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in March, 1830.

It was in August, 1833, that the Earl of Ripon Lodge was opened by a deputation from the Harmony Lodge, Knaresborough. Previous to that time there was not a Lodge of any secret benevolent society existing in the town; if we except one of the Free Masons which had then gone to decay, but which within the last few years has revived. Mr. Smith was very soon after the opening of the Earl of Ripon Lodge, solicited to join it; but he had, in common with many others, imbibed a strong prejudice against the Order. He did not, however, allow this prejudice utterly to run away with his reason. He reflected that, as he did not *actually know* anything bad of the Order, it was neither fair dealing nor sound philosophy to condemn a system which he had not examined, or a code of laws which he had not studied. The general rules were given him for perusal. He saw that they were full of the spirit of benevolence, morality, and independence. He saw that, casting out the numerous bones of contention over which men quarrel and dispute, it was an Institution that sought the promotion of "peace and good-will towards men," and after a month's consideration he determined to become a member. Still he was not without misgivings as to the mode of carrying out principles so just and so excellent in themselves. As he candidly stated in this Magazine of December, 1834,—“I held myself ready to shrink back and withdraw the moment I found anything repugnant to religion and morality. I watched with a jealous eye every ceremony, and listened with a jealous ear to every word, but *now*,” and he then wrote after *one* year's experience, “I am happy in bearing testimony to the highly religious and moral obligations of the Order, and most truly convinced that the secrecy which was at first an objection, is in reality one of its highest recommendations.” Since that period seven years have elapsed, during which Mr. Smith has become most intimately acquainted with all the principles, and most carefully watched all the

VOL. 7.—No. 1.—A.

operations of Odd Fellowship. In every possible respect in which any system could be presented to the mind of man, he has examined it. He has seen it in its private meetings, and in its public manifestations—in our largest towns, and our remote villages—in the season of prosperity, and in the day of adversity—as a private member, as an officer, and also as a medical man attending on its behalf in scenes of sickness, misery and death; and he still holds the opinion, that this Order is one of the most pure, benevolent and noble Institutions ever devised by the charity, or constructed by the ingenuity, of man.

The Earl of Ripon Lodge increased rapidly in numbers and in funds, and in 1835 it was found expedient to open another Lodge in the town. When the arrangements were completed, Mr. Smith was applied to for his opinion as to what should be its name. He recommended that it should be called the St. Wilfred Lodge, in compliment to the patron saint of Ripon; and that title was adopted. In 1839, a third Lodge was opened, called the Earl de Grey Lodge; and all these are now satisfactorily increasing both in respectability and wealth. To shew that it is not without reason that he so highly eulogizes the benevolence and usefulness of the Order, we will state the fact (which will surprise many in his own neighbourhood) that *these three Lodges only in the City of Ripon, have paid within seven years and a half, above eight hundred pounds in the support of the sick, the relief of the distressed, and the decent interment of the dead.* And besides this they have an overplus of several hundred pounds in the hands of their bankers, in trust for the same humane purposes.* Be it remembered that this money was neither the product of public or private charity, nor of taxation, but of the industry of men taught, as Odd Fellowship teaches them, to provide in the season of health and prosperity against the dark days of sickness and sorrow.

The prosperity of Odd Fellowship has been, such as does no discredit either to the zeal or activity of its friends. When Mr. Smith entered the Order in September, 1833, he was about the twenty-third member in his District; and now, according to the Returns of March, 1841, the Ripon District contains 838 members. This is independent of many Lodges which have been opened from Ripon, but which have since joined or formed other Districts. So that, in the general view of the rapid progress which the Order is making throughout the kingdom, and taking into consideration the limited population of Ripon, and other adverse circumstances, they have not been behind others in supporting and extending the Institution.

Mr. Smith was appointed surgeon to the Earl of Ripon and St. Wilfred Lodges soon after their opening; which office he has held ever since. In May last he was presented with a beautiful and massive silver snuff-box, (value eleven guineas) by subscription, in which the Earl de Grey Lodge, in the true spirit of Odd Fellowship, joined; although, being neither their surgeon, nor a member of their Lodge, he had not the slightest claim to such kindness. This elegant present bears on one side the Arms of the Order, beautifully embossed, and upon the other the following inscription,—“Presented by the Officers and Brothers of the Loyal Earl of Ripon, (No. 755,) St. Wilfred, (No. 966,) and Earl de Grey, (No. 1763) Lodges, Ripon, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the Manchester Unity, to P. G. Alfred Smith, Surgeon, as a memorial of the high estimation in which they hold his professional abilities, and as a token of their respect and gratitude for his many valuable services to the Order. Ripon, May, 1841.”

Mr. Smith expresses his grateful acknowledgments to the Order at large, that through its representatives at the A. M. C. of 1840, the flattering compliment was paid to him of having his likeness preserved, and his name recorded in this publication, as one of those who have aided, in the promotion and extension of the Order. “It is but little,” says Mr. Smith, “that I could do in a sphere so remote and so limited as this; but that little has been done faithfully and heartily. I love Odd Fellowship and respect its members, for the excellence of its principles and the benevolence of its works; but the attachment thus originated is strengthened and confirmed by the great kindness and distinction with which I have individually been treated. Whenever I have visited in different Lodges, I have always been received, not as a stranger, nor a visitor merely, but as a friend and a brother.”

Since the year 1834 Odd Fellowship has increased in numbers from sixty thousand to one hundred and eighty thousand members! This is prosperity indeed! Here is matter for congratulation and delight—not of a selfish kind, for the success of a particular

system—but of a pure and benevolent kind—an exultation in the knowledge that by so much more is human happiness increased, and so much more of human misery alleviated. Let us all, then, with renewed earnestness put our hands to the plough; let us all with increased zeal, and in closer unity, labour to promote and increase the prosperity of the Order. While faction and bigotry rage and fret themselves in the projects of ambition, or the minutiae of controversy, let us, as an Order, keep aloof from both; steadily holding to that practical benevolence which is “pure and undefiled religion before God;” assured that among the ever-shifting scenes of this life, an Institution that “feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, ministers to the sick, and visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction,” will never want friends among good men upon earth, nor ever fail of the blessing and protection of the “Father of mercies” in heaven.

THE COMING AND THE PAST.

At this period of unexampled distress, when the most useful and industrious part of the population are seeking vainly for the opportunities of gaining the means of subsistence—when the sinewy limbs and robust frames of England’s artisans are worn away by anxiety and want of food, it is to be deplored that a great body of our fellow-countrymen should stand aloof from such sources as are yet available for the purpose of ameliorating their condition. They forget, or are unmindful that there is a society in existence whose main object is to lend its aid to the working-man in poverty and sickness; and that the contributions required to entitle a person to its various benefits are so insignificant that there are few indeed, even of those whose labours are the most scantily remunerated, who do not possess the means, when employed, to enable them to become members of so philanthropic an Institution. Let those who are not yet our brethren reflect that, by the payment of a small weekly sum, they may lay up against the troubled days of ill-health and misfortune, a fund which will be always available, and which will not be dispensed as a favour, but freely and cheerfully, in all proper cases, so as to make the claimant feel that what is granted to him is nothing more than what he is really entitled to.

When we look back upon the progress which our Order has made during the past year, we do so with feelings of pride and thankfulness—pride that we have added to our numbers many parties whose characters and talents must confer honour on any society, and thankfulness that so many of the working-classes have been awakened to a sense of what will most conduce to their own interests. In the year ending March 1st, 1841, 35,103 members were admitted amongst us, the increase of Lodges was 502, and of Districts 31, whilst our funds were increased in a corresponding degree. We must candidly confess that, though we admire and venerate the principles by which we are governed, it is not so much the knowledge that our Institution is flourishing beyond all precedent as an Institution, which induces us to rejoice: it is the fact that a great amount of distress has been spared the human race—that so many homes have been preserved from want and desolation—that numberless stings have been taken from the sick and dying; and that numerous widows and orphans have not had the bitter evils of famine and penury added to their other bereavements.

Now that the season of the year is barren and inclement, it more especially behoves those whom Providence hath blessed with the means, to brighten with their bounties the lot of their less fortunate brethren, and to exercise their generous sympathies by relieving the indigent. We cannot but regret that some of the customs of the olden time are fast fading away; and amongst them we lament that the pastimes attendant upon Christmas and the ushering in of the New Year should have lost so much of their ancient spirit of gladness and festivity. The wassail-bowl, the noble sirloin, the rich pudding, and the merry games are now rarely to be seen; and the wealthy seem to have lost much of that charity to the needy which of old animated them. Formerly the poor man rejoiced at the approach of Christmas and New Year's time, for he participated in the abundance of the bold baron; and, though at other periods his fare was scanty, he knew that plenty was provided for him then, and the anticipation and the memory of those seasons of good cheer long served to make glad his soul. There is another and more effectual method of causing these portions of the year to be looked forward to and remembered by the poor—we allude to the providing for them clothing, fire, and other necessities; and we call upon those who are seated by warm hearths and sleep in soft beds, whilst they are enjoying their own comforts, to think of those who have them not, and, if possible, to spare something from their stores.

Whilst we congratulate our brethren on the progress which we have made during the year which has just sunk into the gulph of Time, there mingles with our congratulations feelings of a more subdued and melancholy cast. How many of our brethren, who commenced the last year with high hopes and bright anticipations, have now ceased to exist—how many, whose hearts were glowing with benevolence and love to their kind, have passed away from us for ever! It will be seen, from another part of this number, that *one* in particular has lately been lost to us, whose labours in the good cause were manifold, and whose kindly and cheerful temper led him to indulge in those pleasing and harmless expedients which so often caused his approach to be hailed as the harbinger of happiness and hilarity. Peace be with his memory!

Though we breathe a sigh for the past, let us look forward with hope to the future. A New Year dawns upon us—may it bring with it an increase of numbers and prosperity—may it unite us yet more closely in the bonds of charity, and may we go on with renewed energy in the work of benevolence and philanthropy. There are few of us but what will find, when we reflect on our conduct during the last twelve months, some things to rise up in judgment against us—some deeds committed, or words given utterance to, in moments of excitement or passion, which had been better never done or uttered. There are few of us but what have let opportunities pass by which we might have turned to better advantage—duties have been neglected—kind acts have been omitted; and the memory assumes, at times, the shape of a frowning spirit rather than that of an approving angel. To those who have been chosen to preside over their brethren, either in Lodges or Districts, we would say act with gentleness and forbearance, at the same time that you shew decision; and we would suggest to such of our brethren whose time or circumstances prevent them from taking an active part in managing and attending to the interests of the Order, the propriety of aiding by every means in their power their various officers, so as to render the exercise of their duties a mere “labour of love.”

It is by adhering to such lines of conduct that we have attained our present enviable position; and by pursuing the same course we feel confident that we shall go on yet more prosperously than hitherto, invigorated as we are by the new and healthful blood which has been latterly infused into our veins. To men united together in a cause like ours it is almost needless to say that it becomes necessary that all minor differences of opinion should be sunk in the great object which we have in view. It is a part of our nature that we should be diversified in our ideas, and it is well that it is so, because by the collision of opposite minds, and the pursuits of variously constituted intellects only have mankind arrived at their present state of advancement. Many of those who are actuated by the purest of motives, are too often liable to have their actions and designs misconstrued and distorted by those who are equally desirous to attain the same end, but who fancy that it may be gained by other means; and, as it has frequently been the case that those who approach nearest to each other in creed, are apt to be the most bitter in their animosities, so it may sometimes happen in regard to matters connected with ourselves. We should like our Institution to be as free from defects as it is possible for any Society so formed by possibility to be; we should wish all the roughness and asperity to be completely filed away from the machinery of Odd Fellowship, so that every Lodge and District may appear what they really are—the parts of one beautiful and harmonious whole.

With kind wishes to all, and hoping that the sorrows of the past year may be forgotten in the joys of the coming, we, for the present, bid our readers farewell.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

WE, your Majesty's faithful subjects, the Members of the Society entitled "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows," humbly present to your Majesty our sincere and heartfelt congratulations on the auspicious event of the Birth of an Heir-Apparent to the Throne.

We are truly and devoutly thankful that it hath pleased Almighty God to watch over and preserve you in your late hour of trial; and we fervently pray that your valuable life may be long spared to us. We hope that the God who hath so bountifully endowed you with the blessings of health and understanding, will be equally bountiful to your illustrious son; so that when, in the course of time, he shall succeed to the crown, he may shed around the same glorious light of virtue and moral excellence which hath so pre-eminently distinguished your Majesty. We feel convinced that, with so brilliant an example as your own, and aided by the fostering care of your Majesty's gifted and beloved Consort, the Prince, whom Heaven hath vouchsafed to us, will grow up adorned with every qualification requisite to fit him for the high office which eventually awaits him.

We ardently hope that your Majesty may long reign in peace and happiness over your loving subjects; and that all the evils which are commonly incident to humanity may be averted from your royal head. We trust that both

your private and public career may be productive of that felicity to which your worth and unblemished virtues entitle you; and that, under your sway, comfort and prosperity may be the lot of the people.

We are confident that no other portion of your Majesty's subjects entertain more devoted feelings to yourself and government than the Members of our Society; and numbering, as we do in our ranks, two hundred thousand men, we hope that your Majesty will be pleased graciously to receive this humble testimonial of our loyalty.

Given under our Seal at Manchester, in the County of Lancaster, this sixth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and signed on behalf of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

EDWARD K. DAVIS, G. M.
GEORGE RICHMOND, D. G. M.
WILLIAM RATCLIFFE, C. S.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

WE, the Members of the Society entitled "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows," present to your Royal Highness our sincere congratulations on the Birth of an Heir-Apparent to the Throne.

We are truly thankful to Almighty God that he hath been pleased to protect her Majesty during her late hour of trial; and we feel convinced that, under the fostering care of her Majesty and your Royal Highness, the Prince, whom Heaven hath vouchsafed to us, will grow up adorned with every qualification requisite to fit him for the high office which eventually awaits him. We earnestly hope that the private and public career of her Majesty and your Royal Highness may be productive of that happiness to which your virtues entitle you; and we also hope that, when in the course of time your illustrious son shall succeed to the crown, his reign will be such as to secure honour to himself, and comfort and prosperity to his people.

(Signed as before.)

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY MISS ISABELLA VARLEY.

OUR radiant queen of night, the crescent moon,
Closely companion'd by a host of stars
That troop around her like a body-guard,
Has reached her climax in the firmament,
And, lighting up the heavy dew that drips
From the closed petals of each sleepy flow'r,
Makes ev'ry bough a mimic chandelier,
Festoon'd with diamonds: 'tis such a night
As makes a lovely scene still lovelier,
And even flings a kind of quiet charm

Over the city's clust'ring roofs, the homes
 Of those whom daylight calls to congregate
 Within its now deserted streets and squares ;
 Where wrapt in slumb'rous quietude, the sons
 Of traffic, mammon's votaries, the slaves
 Who bend obsequiously to fashion,
 The poor, the rich, the strong, and feeble, now
 To nature's nightly dictates yield ; Somnus
 And Morpheus hold high festival, and bind
 Their passive captives in a deathlike trance,
 Reigning o'er prostrate strength and dormant mind.

Yet one there is who bows not 'neath their sway,
 To whom the loveliness of earth and sky
 Is viewed with apathy, or unobserved ;
 Her husband is a truant from his home,
 Haply engaged in noisy revelry,
 And she with uncomplaining, patient love,
 Anxiously waits his long-delayed return.
 Yet *once*, and that so short a time agone
 It seems but yesterday—her slightest word,
 A half-breathed wish, had brought him to her side,
 And he would linger there as if entranced,
 Hanging upon each syllable she breathed,
 As life or death depended on her word,
 And then with voice all gently tuned to love,
 He vowed,—and she, alas, weak girl ! believed,—
 To love her until death, still to be true
 Though all beside were false, to be her shield
 'Gainst life's vicissitudes, to guard her form
 From blighting care, or undermining grief,
 To be thro' life a fond and steadfast friend
 On whom she might with confidence rely
 For comfort in affliction, whose deep love
 Would echo back her own, and in whose heart
 Her image lay enshrined as his in hers—
 And she had listened to his pleading tones
 Until her love became imperative,
 And she forgot that promises are frail,
 And so became his bride.

And how kept he
 Those promises ? Ask the neglected wife !
 Look on her fading cheeks, the hectic flush
 That flits across their snow, like memory
 Of former blushes, now revisiting
 The ruins of their home—the tears that steal
 Silently down that parian cheek, and hang
 Like rain-drops on a lily ; these reveal
 How well the husband kept the lover's vow.
 The night wears on apace—she trims her lamp,
 Its light was burning dimly like her hopes ;
 She takes a book, and strives to fix her eye
 And mind upon the tale—how vain a task !
 In a strange chaos blent, the letters seem
 To dance confusedly o'er the unread page,
 And mock her aching sight ; she *cannot* read,
 Her thoughts *will* wander forth. At ev'ry sound
 She starts as if in hope—a step is heard
 Approaching ; breathlessly she listens, till

The footstep passes by, and then she sighs,
 Haply in sympathy for those who mourn
 That absentee from home; and then she counts
 The sluggish footfalls of the drowsy hours
 As the dull pendulum with lazy swing
 Beats time to each slow step; how heavily
 Time hangs upon the hands of those who wait
 With anxious expectations unfulfilled,
 Which time must gratify. She pauses oft
 And bends her head as in the attitude
 Of an attentive listener, in hope
 To catch the earliest sound that heralds
 His approach. She may resume the volume
 Her eye is toiling o'er,—it is not he.
 Poor watcher! thy lot indeed is sadness,
 Doom'd as thou art to pass life's glowing noon
 In solitary vigils like to this,
 Which, not the first, will scarcely be the last.
 But hark! another footstep comes;—"tis he!"
 She flies to meet him, and the ready smile
 Welcomes the truant home. Too glad to chide,
 She utters no reproach, upbraids him not
 For his repeated absence, his neglect;
 She only feels that he is now at home
 Within her circling arms, that her lone watch
 Is ended for the night, and the rebuke
 Dies on her trembling lips, that breathe but joy
 For his long-sought return.

Oh! ye who mock
 At woman's quenchless love, ask your cold hearts
 If ye could watch thus patiently for hours
 Weary and dull, debarr'd of needful rest,
 With no companion, save your own sad thoughts,
 Few gleams of hope to bear your spirits up,
 And retrospections that but chill the more
 From contrast with the present—and then own
 That man, unstable man, possesses not
 This long-enduring love, this steady faith,
 Patient forbearance, self-forgetfulness,
 This deep devotion of the heart to love,
 Which thus enables woman to endure
 Trials that man with all his vaunted strength
 Would shrink from in dismay. *He would not sit*
In solitary loneliness to muse
O'er an ungrateful wife; then cheerfully
Woo back the rover to his heart and home,
With smiles of happiness! No! he would seek
Redress for wrong,—this woman cannot do.
Weak woman still must bear contentedly
The countless wrongs man heaps upon her head,
With uncomplaining fortitude; murmurs
From woman's lips are treason in his sight;
"She is the weaker vessel," man asserts,
Yet loads her straining heart as tho' it were
But to refute his doctrine, for she proves
In trial's hour the stronger.

A SCENE IN THE CIVIL WARS.

THERE is perhaps no period in the history of this country so fraught with events as that which saw "Fair England" under the rule of two monarchs, a protector and a commonwealth, in a space of twenty years. To that period we shall endeavour to direct attention, not by giving a repetition of incidents that have aforetime been faithfully recorded, but to save from oblivion some events that have not hitherto been brought under the notice of the historian.

In a midland county, which has for ages been recognized as pre-eminent for its rich valleys of grain and general fertility, on the banks of a winding river, stood the remains of the once-famed Risingho Castle, the fast-fading relic of feudalism. A short distance westward, on the summit of a small but singularly steep hill, frowned the gloomy dungeon, upon whose walls Time had as yet made but trifling change compared with the havoc he made with its more splendid companion. Evening had thrown her enchantment round the scene;—the setting sun cast a gleam upon the crumbling turrets and battlements of the castle, gilding the picturesque ruins with a brightness and beauty that would defy even the pencil of a Claude to give a faint semblance of; but with all its enchanting power it failed to relieve the gloom of the sombre dungeon, saving slightly to bronze its massy walls. Surrounding the castle, and along the verdant plain extending to the river, were groves and avenues of fine oaks, whose luxuriant foliage rustled in the sweet breeze that played over the rippling water, and temptingly offered a shady repose beneath their branches. The sides of the steep were covered with a profusion of wild flowers casting their perfume in the evening gale. The convolvulus clung to the meadow-sweet, and sought to increase the powerful odour by mingling its own, whilst its tiny tendrils strengthened it in its defence against the storm, forming a delightful illustration of the communion of Nature, and offering an example of unanimity to man, at this period especially worthy of adoption. The blue scabias, the red pimpernel, the yellow golding, the white chrysanthemum, the variegated mallow, were all there, and dazzled the eye with their various tints, unmatched even by the boasted silks and tapestries of the East. Higher up the steep, however, surrounding the dungeon, there was scarcely a vestige of vegetation, saving a gaunt thistle blooming and seeding above a clump of nettles, with an occasional plant of nightshade that drew its slow length along, creeping close to the ground, as if ashamed of its associates as well as of its own noxious properties. As we have said before, Time had made comparatively little havoc with the keep;—with the once-proud and towering castle, it was different. The footsteps and joyous laugh of the gay and beautiful were no longer heard in its halls, but had given place to the shrieks of the bird of ill omen, and in the saloons where erst silken trains had swept the floor, newts and toads revelled in corruption,—

"A heap of crumbling ruins stood, and threw
Year after year their stones upon the field,
Wakening a lonely echo; and the leaves
Of the old thorn, that on the topmost tower
Usurped the despot's grandeur, shook
In the stern storm that swayed the topmost tower,
And whi-pered strange tales in the whirlwind's ear."

In the foreground of the picture we have attempted to sketch, stood two young men, attired in the rich costume of Charles's luxurious Court, who had loosened the bridles of their jaded horses to enable them to crop the grass, whilst they gazed with intense admiration on a scene so singularly romantic. The taller of the two was the first to break silence, as he pointed to a female figure ascending the hill, and proposed to his friend, whom he addressed by the name of Estcourt, to follow the lady and crave her hospitality; at the same time laughing at his friend's previous opinion that the place was deserted. He led the way, and Estcourt was by no means reluctant to follow, being evidently fatigued with the journey. On arriving at the foot of the hill they fastened their horses to some shrubs, and ascended the steep by means of some rude steps cut in the hill, by the same path they had just seen the female ascend. On reaching the top they paused for a moment to gaze on the magnificent panorama below; tracts of luxuriant pasturage stretched as far as the eye could reach, studded with miniature forests of oak and elm, from whose coverts the birds were warbling their evening melodies with all the fervour and purity of nature,—the sun, just previous to

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his farewell, was gilding the mounds and other prominencies of the landscape, and his brilliancy was again reflected by the bright silver stream at a hundred different points as it pursued its snake-like course through the vale. The tall cavalier (who was in truth no other than Sir John Walcot, an eminent Royalist, the cousin and confidant of Sir Lewis Dyve, one of the King's Generals) had but little inclination to spend his time in gazing on the prospect nature there displayed—right little of the spice of romance had he in his composition. His companion, however, was lost in admiration, and forgot his weariness; so Sir John left him whilst he proceeded to the portal. Here he found no impediment to his entrance, the rotting door having been long thrown back to rest and rust upon its hinges. He gave several knocks, but received no reply save the echo. Without further hesitation he passed through the hall into a square gloomy apartment, but could find no trace of the existence of a human being. He passed through the adjoining room with no further success. This excited his curiosity, and having discovered a stone staircase he ascended and found a similar suite of rooms to those below, of the same sombre character. Here, however, his notice was attracted by several massive chains, some hanging from rings in the wall; and in one corner was a skeleton still bearing a chain round one of the ancles. These horrible paraphernalia, with the iron gratings to the windows, soon explained the uses to which the building had been put; and Sir John, wondering what had become of the female, descended, and having informed Estcourt of the circumstances, they passed through the several dungeons again, but without being able to detect any other room than Sir John had first seen, or any outlet. The singular disappearance of the female much surprised them, and although neither of the cavaliers were particularly superstitious, the circumstances impressed them with no favourable notions of the place. Having again made close search to no effect, they descended the mount, and proceeded to reconnoitre the castle itself. This, as they expected, was a complete ruin. Little beside the external walls remained, and they were fast falling into decay; nay would long ago have fallen, except for the green ivy which entwined itself round the mouldering stones, and assisted to prolong their tottering existence.

Being now assured that they had but cold fare before them, the travellers debated for a moment in what direction they should proceed, and at length agreed to follow the course of the stream. The sun had now gone down, twilight was setting in fast, and they began to make up their minds to encamp by the wood-side, when at a short distance they saw a man in the common garb of a peasant, whom they approached and questioned as to the chance of getting lodged for the night. The man replied to their queries with great civility, and offered the accommodation his house afforded; the offer was eagerly accepted, and in a few minutes he conducted them to a neat little thatched cottage by the side of the wood. His wife met him at the little garden gate, and exhibited some surprise at seeing his richly-dressed companions, but being told they were benighted and weary, she welcomed them in with much good nature, and proceeded to set before them all that her limited larder afforded, whilst the peasant took the horses to his little shed, which he carefully littered down for them.

There was something in the entire demeanour of the host and hostess that bespoke them of a superior station to the common order of peasantry. Their speech was more polished, their endeavour to administer to the comforts of their guests less constrained, than was usually found in the cottages of the poor. The cavaliers both noticed this, but from motives of delicacy refrained from making any inquiry into their history; the pensive countenance, wrinkled brow, and silvery locks, proclaiming the host to have been a man of sorrows. Estcourt, however, was too curious about their adventure at the keep to allow it to slumber; accordingly he questioned the host about it, and told him of the mysterious disappearance of the female. The old man shook his head, and was silent for a moment, whilst he brushed away a tear. Seeing that they were anxious to learn more of this affair, he said,—“It is a long and mournful tale connected with this young woman, but since you seem so much interested, I will give you a short outline. Thirty years ago, on the death of my father, Frederick Poyntz, a wealthy yeoman in Kent, his estates were divided among his children, my elder brother, my sister, and myself. The portion allotted to me bordered on the estate of the Baron Harwell, a fearful man, whose tyranny and avarice knew no bounds. He had for a long time set his heart upon that part of our estate which had now descended to me, and after an affected sympathy for the loss I had sustained, made overtures to me for

exchanging my lands for an inferior estate lying at a considerable distance. I declined his offer; and being unused to refusal of any kind, he flew into a violent rage, and uttered threats which at that time I took but little notice of, but which unhappily have too promptly been carried into effect. Nothing could exceed his hatred towards me, and frequently I experienced the effects; continual encroachments were made by his servants, but I felt I could have no redress. I had been married about six years, and my wife had brought me one child, a son, on whom our affections, hopes, and kindest feelings rested. I pass over a period of years, during which time the Baron's hatred was in no degree diminished, and proceed to that time when our cup of sorrow was full. My son had grown up a handsome and spirited youth, and was well known through all the district for his skill in all the manly games of the day. It chanced that the Baron's eldest son, who was of the same age, was passionately fond of the village games, and generally mingled with the youths in the evening to participate in them. Frequently my son and he became competitors, and upon all occasions the former came off victorious. The youth, inheriting the ill blood of his father, soon conceived a dislike for my son, but had cunning enough to conceal it. Among others who enjoyed these evening amusements was our venerable pastor, who constantly walked to the green, accompanied by his daughter. Little Rosalind had, since the death of her mother, been a frequent visitor to my wife, and a childish intimacy between her and my son soon existed, to which a warmer attachment succeeded with their riper years. The girl was beautiful as she was pure, and became the universal favourite of the district. When she arrived at the age of eighteen, her affectionate father, our pious minister and best friend, died, leaving her under my guardianship. Young Theodore Harwell had more than once openly expressed his admiration of Rosalind, and had even mentioned the subject to her father, from whom he received a gentle admonition, that being already betrothed to my son, her hand could not be given to him. Dark was the resolve that was then formed by the youth, and too soon it had an opportunity of displaying itself. A few weeks afterwards, in the course of the games, the youth got into words with my son, and struck him; the blow was repeated, a scuffle ensued, and before they could be parted, my son had felled him to the earth where he remained senseless. He was conveyed to the castle by some of the neighbours, who shuddered for the fate of my son. In a few days we learned that the youth was not dead, although severely injured. The Baron had been absent for some weeks to perform his annual suit and service to the king, but on his return, when he learned the event, his rage was unbounded. One evening, whilst we were taking our last meal, we were surprised by the Baron who, at the head of his servants, forcibly entered our dwelling, and seized my son whom the servants instantly secured, and before we could recover from our terror, bore him away on a horse. The shock was so great that my senses were for a time paralyzed, and whilst in this demented state several weeks passed over. My wife, scarcely better than myself, proposed that we should throw ourselves at the feet of the Baron, and supplicate his mercy for our child; but I knew his hatred towards me, and felt convinced that no prayers of mine would soften him. We at length agreed that Rosalind, whose innocent entreaty we thought no one could withstand, should plead for Stephen's liberty. Accordingly on the morning of the 7th of August, (the anniversary of his birthday, which we had ushered in with tears in place of former smiles) she bent her steps to the castle. Hour after hour did we anxiously wait her return, but she came not. Evening set in, and still she was absent—the supper was spread, but left untouched—the midnight hour passed, and we left the house to look for her, but all was silent, chilled, and gloomy, and no Rosalind came. All that night we watched with unclosed eyes; the next day, and the next followed without success. In an agony of suspense my wife wandered along the path towards the castle—her maternal affection inspired her with courage. She reached the gate, and having rung the bell, was told by one of the attendants that the Baron, with his son, had left the castle two days before, taking our children with them. This was all the intelligence she could obtain, and she returned to the house in despair. For several weeks she was in a state of distraction, and but for the kind assistance of some neighbours would have sunk under it, for I was too ignorant a nurse to be able to administer proper remedies. Time flew past, and we were still ignorant of the condition of our children. One day, however, I learned from a man whom I had known as one of the Baron's servants, and who had escaped from his master's persecutions, that he was at Risingho Castle, that my son was confined in

one of the dungeons, and that Theodore contemplated making Rosalind his wife. This afforded us some relief to know that they were alive, although we saw but little chance of their escape. However we left the village in hope, and dressed in the coarse garments of the meanest peasants, we proceeded on the route described by the man. For several days we journeyed on, borne along by hope, but as my wife was unaccustomed to such fatigue, we could proceed but slowly. At length we came within sight of the castle, and fearing detection, we passed through the wood until we met with an old man, who gave us shelter in the very cottage which we now occupy. He was childless and alone, his wife had died during the winter, and he himself stricken in years and sorrows, was anxiously looking forward to the time when he should receive his own summons. We took up our abode with him, and I accompanied him in his rambles and in his occupations. We frequently went to the Manor House, at Wood End, with honey from his own hives, or bunches of flowers from his own garden, for the amiable mistress of the mansion, the lady of Sir Samuel Luke, one of the distinguished generals of the Parliamentary army. The lady, who had known old Barton from her childhood, he having been a retainer in her father's family, constantly forwarded provisions, and such little comforts as she thought the good old man required; and would frequently walk down to see his garden, and praise the flower beds. I had been at Barton's cottage nearly a fortnight, and had never met with any tidings of our children; but one evening, when I was watching from the wood near the castle, as was my constant custom, I saw two females coming along the path towards the wood; accordingly I concealed myself in the underwood, and as they passed near me, I could plainly distinguish one of them to be Rosalind. My joy was so excessive that I thought I should betray myself, but prudence dictated the necessity of my remaining quiet. As they were passing me, I could see tears trickling down her pale cheeks, whilst the other female, whom I supposed to be an attendant, was endeavouring to assuage her grief, and begging her to consider how proud she ought to be in the opportunity of being the lady of Risingho. The stifled sobs and mournful countenance of the dear child more than answered the appeal, and explained to me how unavailing had been their efforts to divert her from her first attachment. Presently the tramp of a horse was heard, and on looking in the direction of the sound, I perceived a young man, of lofty mein, riding towards the wood. As he approached nearer I saw that it was Theodore Harwell. Upon catching sight of Rosalind, he rode towards her, and dismounting from his horse, he advanced to meet her, and taking her unwilling hand, he led her along the path, and the attendant went in another direction. They were now beyond hearing, but I kept my eyes upon them, and presently saw Rosalind throw herself at his feet, as if imploring him to grant her some request, and from her extreme grief I judged he would not grant it. At this moment the attendant ran up, and having said something to Harwell which seemed to alarm him, he hastily seized Rosalind, placed her on his horse, and having mounted himself, galloped towards the castle, whilst the attendant rushed into the underwood. The next moment I heard several voices, and looking further into the wood, I saw about forty horsemen, who, from their dresses and arms, I found to be some of the Parliamentary soldiers, and I knew that Harwell had taken a prominent part in the civil feuds as a Royalist. From their actions it was plain that they had caught sight of Harwell, and were in pursuit of him. They hurried through the wood, and I cautiously followed. As they swept round the valley, thinking they contemplated an attack upon the castle, I struck into a bye-path which saved some distance, and was enabled to reach the castle nearly at the same time they did. Harwell had arrived in time to put Rosalind in care of one of the servants, and call out his father with his retinue. He advanced to meet his opponents, whom he charged upon with savage fury, and instantly a desperate encounter took place. All who could bear arms rushed from the castle to render assistance, and for about half an hour the engagement was fearful. At length I saw a trooper's sword descend upon young Harwell's head, and the next moment he fell to the ground. The Baron, in trying to protect his son, shared the same fate. His men tried to retreat into the castle, but the troopers redoubled their exertions, and soon reduced their numbers to five, with but little loss on their own side. These they secured, and proceeded to the castle, which they commenced ransacking. I then made my way to the leader of the troop, and having briefly told my tale, he gave directions that Rosalind might be sought for, and at length we found her. I pass over our joy at meeting, and proceed to the melancholy part of my tale. Having been

told by Rosalind that she suspected that my son was confined in some part of the castle, we searched every part without success. We then questioned one of the wounded retainers of the Baron, who told us that he was imprisoned in one of the cells of the dungeon on the neighbouring hill. There we proceeded, and being unable to find the keys, the doors were forced open, but the cells were all empty. The man however had followed us, and pointed out a particular spot, desiring us to remove some loose stones, which having done, we found a square pavement with an iron ring. This we lifted, and found some steps below, which we descended. Light and air were admitted through small holes pierced in the side of the hill, so that we were enabled to find our way to the subterranean cell. Having reached the door, one of the troopers drew back the bolts, and I rushed in, eager to clasp my son to my heart, when, by the partial light that was thrown upon his uplifted face, I saw that he was a corpse. His clenched hands, sunken eyes, and distorted face, proclaimed the privations and cruelties under which he had sunk. I saw no more, but fell senseless to the ground; and when I recovered, found myself on my bed at Barton's cottage, and the old man sitting by me. I will not trouble you with a further detail of the sufferings of myself or my wife, but the moment poor Rosalind learned the mournful truth, her reason fled; and under the idea that Stephen is gone on a journey, and will return to the keep for her, she daily visits the cell, and watches for his coming. It was she whom you saw this evening; sometimes she remains whole days there. We have tried to prevent her going to the cell, but she grieved so much that we had not the heart to keep her away; and thus her time is divided between the cultivation of the little garden, and keeping watch for the return of her lover. On the 7th of August she dresses herself in her best attire and wreaths of flowers to welcome Stephen, if he should chance to return on his birthday, and we observe that she is more sad on this than any other day. This is the only glimpse of reason connected with the past,—her feeble memory extends to the recollection of her betrothed having left on that day, but it goes no further; and fortunately too, as she is thus saved the remembrance of those griefs that have preyed so heavily on us. She is always happier on being left to follow her own fancy, and we are now accustomed to her wanderings. Sometimes for hours she remains seated on one spot upon the hill, chaunting the little rhymes that were taught to her in childhood; and sometimes she will remain there, keeping watch throughout the night. But notwithstanding this, the little offices she undertakes at home are never neglected, but regularly performed with scrupulous exactness. Her continued affection for us, and the great kindness she displays to some of the sick people in the cottages by the river side, frequently cause our tears to flow afresh, and make us grieve that such a noble mind is here overthrown."

The old man having finished his mournful tale, the conversation was renewed for a few minutes, after which he shewed his guests to a little chamber, and left them to their repose.

In the morning when they appeared to partake of the meal, Estcourt, on whom the recital of Rosalind's griefs had made great impression, inquired if she had returned to the cottage, but found that she had not, and although his companion was anxious to proceed with the commission on which they were engaged, they lingered until noon, under the hope that she would return. Finding, however, that she was still absent they took leave of their kind host and hostess, and proceeded on their journey. In the evening they arrived at their place of destination, Brumham, the seat of Sir Lewis Dyve. Having delivered their despatches to Sir Lewis, they learned from him that a temporary suspension of hostilities had taken place between the Royal and the Parliamentary armies, and being anxious to know how far it might continue, he commissioned his young friend, Estcourt, to go to Sir Samuel Luke with a pacific message. He eagerly started on the errand, and on the following evening arrived at Wood End, which we shall notice hereafter.

The Manor House of Wood End, the residence of the parliamentary general, was an extensive building, of the Elizabethan age, beautifully situated in a fertile vale, in the immediate vicinity of the extensive forest of Cople, which had been long celebrated for its game, and caused the cavaliers of that day to look with great jealousy on its present presbyterian owner.

Sir Samuel was the scout-master for the shire, specially commissioned by the Parliament, for which service he was eminently qualified from his activity, courage and resolution. In person he was short, stout, and rather deformed. One of his con-

temporaries in speaking of him, said, "He looks like a snail with a house upon his back, or the *spirit* of the militia with a natural knapsack, and may both serve for a tinker and budget too. Nature intended him to play at bowls, and therefore clapt a *bias* upon him." We need hardly say this severe caricature was drawn by an opponent, a Royalist. However, although far from agreeable in person, his mind proved to be of no ordinary calibre, as is admitted by Needham and other contemporaries. In the year 1624 he was knighted, and represented the neighbouring borough in the Long Parliament, and having raised a regiment in the county, was elected to the command, in which station he carried a magnificent ensign, emblazoned with symbols of religion and liberty, the favourite professions of the Roundhead party.

The period of which we now write was that when England was deeply embroiled in those distressing civil wars, and several severe engagements had taken place. The forts of Grafton and Hillesdon were taken from the Royalists, who were completely routed there by Sir Samuel. A short truce was held, and Sir Samuel returned to Cople with his body guard, to make preparations for a march to the fortress of Newport Pannell, and await the approach of the King after the attack on the town of Leicester. Having halted at Wood End one night, the troops were marched to Newport garrison.

"Rowlands" Manor House, in the parish of Cople, was occupied by Sir John Rowland, another Roundhead. The agitation throughout the country served to increase the friendship which existed between the two families. Emily, the only child of Sir John Rowland, was a more frequent visitor to Wood End than before; and it may be easily conceived that her visits were by no means unwelcome to the Governor's lady, who loved her as if she were her own daughter. Lady Luke had no daughter, and Emily had lost her mother in her infancy. These circumstances endeared the two ladies to each other so much, that, as Emily's father had joined Sir Samuel Luke at the garrison of Newport, she most eagerly embraced the offer held out to her by Lady Luke, of taking up her residence at Wood End, until these sickening scenes of war should end. The Governor and his friend Rowland, together with their neighbour, Sir Edward Gostwick, frequently visited their homes together for a few hours, (the camp being only about eighteen miles distant) and it was with much delight that Sir John saw the maternal affection displayed by his friend's lady towards his own dear and lovely child. They were always accompanied by Oliver Luke, son of Sir Samuel, who at this period was about twenty, tall, finely proportioned, of pleasing manners, and generous disposition. He was appointed Captain of Sir Samuel's body-guard; and never had the father fault to find with his son, either in his capacity as his captain in the field in active service, or as his companion in retirement in peaceful times.

Emily had just entered her eighteenth year. In person she was singularly beautiful. Her features inclined to the Grecian cast, and her complexion was clear as the mountain snow. She was naturally somewhat pale, but when excited by enthusiasm for the cause which her father and friends espoused, or when agitated by tender confessions made to her by Oliver, the delicate crimson tint was so richly imparted to her cheeks, that she seemed a "being whose face was too fair, and whose soul was too pure to dwell with creatures of mortal mould." Her hair was black and glossy, and strayed in luxuriant tresses, so as partially to shade her swan-like neck, and her full dark eyes beamed with sentiment and intelligence. She usually wore a plain white dress, which truly served as an emblem of her purity, whilst it heightened the elegance of her sylph-like and graceful figure. Having from their childhood been accustomed to associate together, it can scarcely be wondered at, that a deep and mutual attachment should exist in the bosoms of Oliver and Emily. Although as yet no open declaration of these sentiments had been made to the heads of the families, still they were noticed and regarded with pleasure, both by Oliver's father, and by Sir John Rowland. They had conversed upon the subject, and so far from offering any impediment, they had resolved, that as soon as the national discord ceased, the young people should be united.

It was on a beautiful evening in the month of June, when as the Governor's lady and Emily were walking in the green and shady lane leading to the village, admiring the rich tints reflected by the setting sun, they were surprised by the sudden appearance of Estcourt at the head of a small troop of cavaliers. Upon reaching the spot where the ladies stood, he doffed his plumed bonnet with a graceful bow, and in courtly style inquired if it was the mansion of Sir Samuel Luke, which he espied amongst the trees. Lady Luke replied in the affirmative, and added, smiling, that although he was a Royalist,

she would be his escort to the house, and would inform Sir Samuel of his presence. The young cavalier instantly dismounted, gave his charger to one of his attendants, and accompanied the Lady Luke and Emily to the house. Upon an interview with the Governor, he informed him that he was aide-de-camp to Sir Lewis Dyve, who had entrusted him with the despatches to Sir Samuel, requiring another truce, or rather an extension of one that then existed. Sir Samuel received the young cavalier with more courtesy than at that time existed generally between the contending factions; he pressed him to take up his quarters at Wood End for the night, and he would on the following morning prepare his reply to Sir Lewis. Estcourt recollected the beautiful dark eyes of Emily, and this instantly determined the course he would take—quite a sufficient reason for a cavalier—and he therefore willingly consented. At the evening meal he took his seat beside Emily, and by his lively conversation, and frequent flattering compliments to her beauty, endeavoured to amuse her, and ingratiate himself in her favour. Emily gently checked him several times for his forwardness, but he continued his gallantries; and it was not until he had received a somewhat severe rebuke from the Governor, and a secret sign from the Governor's Secretary, who sat opposite, that he desisted. The evening devotions of the family were delayed until the cavalier had been conducted by Oliver to a sleeping apartment; Oliver, upon wishing him "good even," gently advised him to be cautious how he disturbed "betrothed maidens," with his prattle, for the future. When Mortimer Estcourt had closed the door, he threw himself upon the bed, not to sleep, but to review in his mind the charms of Emily, with whom he already felt enamoured. He was naturally of a hot temperament, self-willed and determined. He saw the impossibility of attaining the maiden by fair means, and he now communed with himself as to the easiest mode of attaining her by other means.

CHAPTER II.

In these troubled times secret signals were prevalent among the Royalists, and it was not without some surprise that Mortimer observed the Secretary give him the Royalist signal at supper time, and this too in a Roundhead's house. Whilst musing and wondering how this could be, he heard a rap at the door, and on opening it, found the fat, good-humoured Secretary, who was in truth no other than Samuel Butler, the poet. Having whispered Mortimer to follow him, telling him that the family were at prayers, he led the way up a back staircase to a garret used as a lumber room. Having removed some rubbish, he opened a little door and crept in; Mortimer followed, and found that to get along he must creep upon his hands and knees. After proceeding some distance where Mortimer, to creep through, was obliged to turn himself

"As many ways as in a lathe,
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,"*

they came to a short ladder that took them to another hole which they crept through, and Mortimer then found himself in a little room which had been artfully constructed beneath the roof by the former Royalist proprietor, but which was unknown to the present possessor. Light and air were admitted through ridge tiles in the roof, set on edge, so that unseen himself, the occupier of the room could see all that passed below in the court yard. When they had got into the room, Butler burst into a hearty laugh at Mortimer's wry faces from the cramp which had got into his legs from his crooked journey, and filling a goblet of wine, drank to the success of King Charles. Mortimer was not slow in pledging him, and having trimmed up a large lamp, Butler explained that he had been informed of the secret apartments, and had occasionally used them, ever since he had been in the service of Sir Samuel.† Indeed something of this kind was necessary, for he was then engaged in his celebrated satirical poem of Hudibras. He had already finished the first part of it, which he read to Mortimer, who was in perfect ecstasies with it. In this jovial manner they spent the night, and it was nearly sunrise before Mortimer was willing to leave so excellent a companion, and so luscious

* Hudibras.

† These rooms are still in existence, and are visited and venerated by numbers of Butler's admirers, who have from time to time scribbled bits of his poem, and other quotations, with original scraps, till there is scarcely room for a single autograph to be thrust in.

a bottle. Having returned to his chamber, he stretched himself upon the bed, but had not long been there before he was summoned to join the family at breakfast.

After the morning meal had passed, and he had received dispatches from the Governor, he took his leave of him and the ladies. As he was mounting in the courtyard, Oliver came from the stabling to wish him "God speed," when the young cavalier whispered him aside, "mark you, Sir Roundhead;—be not too sure of having yon fair maiden; such pearls are too rich to cast before Cromwell's swine." Before Oliver had time to reply to this insulting speech, Estcourt struck spurs into his charger which soon bore him out of sight. Although an enemy to superstition, Oliver could not help feeling some forebodings that Emily was in danger; however, after reflecting upon it, he determined to banish these fears and trust to that Providence that had hitherto watched over her. A peculiar bashfulness prevented him mentioning his fear or suspicions to his uncle.

In a few days intelligence was received from the garrison of Newport Pannell, that the Royalists, headed by Charles himself, were on their way to storm that town. The Governor therefore summoned the troops then quartered in Cople, Willington, and the neighbourhood; and joined by his friends, Rowland, Gostwick, Beauchamp and Mowbray, he marched to Newport Pannell. Upon arriving at the garrison, however, they learned that the Royal forces were still storming the town of Leicester, which gave Sir Samuel time to collect the Parliamentary troops together. About a week after he had left home he dispatched Oliver to Cople, with letters to his lady; and one from Sir John Rowland to Emily, to comfort them in their absence. During the few hours Oliver rested himself, renewed pledges of affection passed between him and Emily; and when he took leave of her, he thought she never appeared so loving and so lovely before; and as he galloped off with a heavy heart, a presentiment crossed his mind, that he should never see her so lovely again. In about two hours after, he reached the garrison, and joined his uncle in his warlike preparations.

On the 11th of June, Cromwell came to the assistance of Sir Samuel, and several skirmishes took place with the outposts of the Royalists. During the time these actions were proceeding, lady Luke received a hasty letter from Sir Samuel, acquainting her with the state of affairs at the garrison; and feeling convinced how welcome any intelligence would be to Lady Gostwick, whose husband was with Sir Samuel, she proceeded to her residence at Willington, after noon, accompanied by Emily. Whilst the two elder ladies were engaged upon the subject of Sir Luke's communication, Emily accompanied Mabel Gostwick to the pleasure grounds. Mabel was a great favourite with Emily, being about her own age, and of an equally amiable disposition; she was nevertheless a contrast to her in person, being by no means so graceful in figure; but there was so pleasing an expression about her glowing countenance and blue eyes, that some would even prefer her style of beauty to Emily's. As the two friends wandered through the verdant park, their arms encircling each other's waists, Mabel ridiculed Emily on the dulness of her spirits in the absence of Oliver. This, and other interesting topics were discussed by the two friends, until they arrived at the bank of the beautiful winding river Ouze. They crossed the river by means of a little old footbridge, over the cascade which had been made as an ornament to the grounds. Shortly after, Mabel discovered three horsemen in the distance, whom she pointed out to Emily. They at first imagined them to be some of their friends returning from the field of action; and Emily's heart beat high as she fancied one of them to be Oliver. As the horsemen drew near to them, they became alarmed upon discovering by their dresses that they were Royalists; and Emily was in an agony of fear, when she recognized the foremost of them to be Mortimer Estcourt. As the maidens were about to retreat hastily to the footbridge, hoping thereby to be enabled to escape their pursuers, they distinctly heard Estcourt order his two attendants to spur on and seize the "tall maiden with the raven tresses" before she reached the bridge. Mabel was the first upon the little bridge, and Emily hastily followed; but scarcely had she stepped upon it, when Estcourt followed upon his black charger. The weight was too much for so frail a structure—the bridge crashed, and Emily, Estcourt, and the horse, were precipitated into the foaming water below the cascade. The two horsemen instantly dismounted, descended the bank, and with the greatest difficulty extricated Estcourt, who instantly ordered them to plunge in for Emily. Their attempts to save her were, however, unavailing; the river was deep, and neither of them could swim. At one time she was seen clinging to the mane of

the horse, who was struggling to reach the bank, but she became exhausted, sank back, and the bubbling waters closed over her.

By this time Mabel had given the alarm at the hall, and the distracted ladies flew to the bank of the river, accompanied by the domestics. Upon perceiving Lady Luke, Estcourt sprang upon his reeking charger, and, uttering a demoniacal laugh, he exclaimed, "Said I not well, that such *pearls* should not be given to Cromwell's swine?" and with his companions instantly galloped away.

An hour passed before the body of Emily could be found. It was then carried by the old gardener in his arms to the hall, where not a dry eye was to be found. For some time Lady Luke appeared bereft of reason; but after the evening devotions were performed, she became sufficiently composed to dictate a letter, detailing the dreadful event, and instantly despatched it to Sir Samuel. As may be supposed, Oliver and Sir John Rowland were almost distracted, when Sir Samuel broke the intelligence to them. As for Oliver he wished to send instantly to the Royalist camp to inquire for Estcourt, and challenge him to single combat, but Sir Samuel prevented him, and used his endeavours to console him.

On the 14th of June, the memorable engagement took place in Naseby Field, which pretty well decided the fate of Charles. A charge was made upon Cromwell's infantry by the cavaliers, headed by Sir Lewis Dyve. Oliver Luke saw Estcourt leading the left wing, and, eager for the fray, at the head of a few horsemen, he met the charge. No sooner did the youths recognize each other, than they instantly engaged in combat. Oliver, goaded by revenge, rushed upon his enemy and disabled him in the sword arm, and at the next blow sent him tottering from his charger, when he was instantly trampled to death by the heavy troop horses of the Roundheads.

The engagement having terminated with great loss to the Royalists, the leaders of the Parliamentary army proclaimed a general thanksgiving, and they themselves offered up prayers at the head of their several regiments. Immediately after this ceremonial, Oliver returned with his father and Sir John Rowland to Wood End, where, with a broken heart he visited the resting place of all his heart held most dear. For many weeks he confined himself to his chamber, and endeavoured to drown his thoughts of the past by reading, and preparing plans for bringing to a speedy conclusion the present miserable war. Many of his essays and pamphlets were printed and circulated through England, and doubtless produced a considerable effect on those who were engaged in the strife from motives not wholly factious. Butler was his sole companion, and contributed much to avert his mind from his bereavement. He at length persuaded Oliver to leave his confinement, and kindly endeavoured to point out those beauties of nature that would interest him, and at other times he would contrive to force a smile and a momentary gleam of gladness, by his seasonable wit and pleasantry. They occasionally visited old Poyntz, who contributed in no small degree to bring Oliver's mind to a more composed state. He would point to his unfortunate adopted child, and Oliver was at length fain to confess that he had been dealt with lightly compared to her.

In one of their evening rambles they discovered some cavaliers near the wood, and had only time to conceal themselves before they passed them. Oliver and the Secretary instantly returned to Wood End, but Poyntz watched them and found that a large troop had encamped in the vale, whilst some of them had taken up their lodgings at the ruinous castle, (which had been ransacked and fired at the defeat of its late Baron,) and the keep. He happened to meet a single cavalier, who questioned him upon certain subjects, which induced him to suspect, what was really the case, that this was Sir Lewis Dyve's regiment, which had been marched here to make an attack on Wood End in revenge for the spoliation Sir Samuel Luke had committed at the Royalist's house. Poyntz immediately proceeded to Wood End, and gave the alarm. All that night Sir Samuel made preparations of defence, and in the following morning soon after sunrise, Sir Lewis Dyve, at the head of his men advanced to the house, and made an attack on the principal entrance. Whilst they were engaged battering at the stout oaken door, they were assailed by a fall of heavy stones from the upper windows, which killed and disabled several. The attack was renewed, and the door was giving way; Oliver Luke finding this, left the house by another door, and with a few retainers came round to the rear of the cavaliers, and charged them so fiercely that, in self-defence, Sir Lewis was compelled for a time to leave his work of battering in the entrance, to deal with Oliver. A general skirmish commenced, and Sir Samuel finding his son smartly engaged, came out with the

remainder of his men to his relief; and this just as Sir John Walcot had made his way towards Oliver to avenge the death of his friend Estcourt. Sharp was the struggle, and fierce were the contending parties. Having the advantage of superior numbers, the Royalists completely surrounded their foes and hemmed them in, whilst some of them passed through the battered doorway, and ransacked the house in all directions. Many of Sir Samuel's men were cut down, and he found himself completely repulsed for the time.

At the first rush of the cavaliers to the house, Lady Luke had effected her escape on the other side, and, unseen took her way across the fields to the house of Sir John Rowland, whom she apprised of the attack, and the worthy knight with his body guard instantly started off to the assistance of his friends. His arrival was most opportune; for he found Sir Samuel and Oliver surrounded by their foes, and fighting for their lives. Sir John's sudden appearance so took the enemy by surprise that they were glad to effect a retreat as quickly as possible, Sir Lewis and Sir John Walcot being as nimble as any. They galloped off, and reached the old keep, where they determined to rest and recover themselves from their hard brush, and wait for those who had been imprudent enough to go into the house.

When Sir Samuel returned into his house, he found several of the cavaliers committing all kinds of mischief. In the library they had overturned the shelves, and torn up several of the books; in the banquetting room they had pulled down and trampled upon the tapestries, and a fine portrait of Cromwell they had literally cut into ribands with their swords, and tied the strips round the necks of Sir Samuel's dogs. Enraged at the mischief, Oliver rushed upon one of the gallants and thrust him through. This was the commencement of a second attack, but the cavaliers on finding that their enemies, instead of their friends, had come in, rushed to the door, and many of them succeeded in mounting their horses before they could be reached, and thus escaped. Some however were not so fortunate, and paid the penalty of their wilful spoliation. To prevent a repetition of this attack, Sir Samuel stationed outposts, and then proceeded to set his house in order.

In the meantime the cavaliers held a council of war in the walls of the old castle, when Sir Lewis, much against his will, was dissuaded from repeating the charge; however he consented to withdraw in the morning after the men had rested. For the remainder of the day they were very jovial, and, stretched in the sward beneath the shady oaks, each man produced his knapsack and flagon, and they soon became right merry. In the midst of their revel, one of the cavaliers came up and told them that he had seen a beautiful woman going towards the keep, and followed her; but to his surprise was unable to find her, or any trace of her when he got to the spot, and he declared that she melted into air before his eyes. His friends were all amazed at the tale, but Sir John Walcot instantly knew that it must have been the fair and unfortunate Rosalind, who had deceived Estcourt and himself in a similar manner on their first visit to this spot. Accordingly he explained the affair and expressed his wish that she might be allowed to pass unnoticed.

The night was spent right merrily by the light-hearted cavaliers, and in the morning they returned to their own quarters at Brumham, excepting Sir John Walcot, who remained behind to pay old Poyntz a visit. The old man welcomed him in, but after some conversation told him he would rather see him embrace the cause of justice and liberty, than defend so licentious a monarch as Charles. Sir John laughed, and after passing some joke about the Roundheads, galloped away.

Shortly after this, intelligence reached Sir Samuel that the king had been taken, and after this period, Sir Samuel had but little active military service.

Since the death of Emily, Mabel Gostwick had become almost a constant companion to Lady Luke, who had conceived a great affection for her after the loss of their young friend. They frequently visited the cottage of Poyntz, and often prevailed upon poor Rosalind to accompany them to Wood End for a few hours. The amiable disposition of Rosalind, together with the recollection of her bereavements, enlisted entire sympathy and regard for her, and it was with the kindest feelings human nature can boast of, that the two friends were constantly endeavouring to afford her some amusement, and restore her wandering reason. On one of their visits to the cottage, they were surprised to find a stranger, who Poyntz informed them was the eldest son of his brother, who had at length learned his residence, and had sent his son to prevail upon him to return and spend the remainder of his days at the family estate in Kent. Poyntz however was

unwilling to leave a spot so fraught with reminiscences, dear, though sad, to him. Sidney, his nephew, was a child when he had last seen him, and he was now delighted to find him in the prime of manhood, inheriting all the good qualities of his father (who was now feeble and far stricken in years) and in every respect a worthy representative of their ancient house. Feeling that he should be unable to persuade his uncle to leave this spot, Sidney would have prepared to take his farewell in a few days, but something bound him to the place, and he no sooner determined to leave, than some circumstance prevented him. He endeavoured to persuade himself that it was unwillingness to leave his kind relations, but his heart told him that the pretty Mabel was the main drawback. He invariably accompanied the ladies in their rambles, and from his elegant manners, and general intelligence, soon won himself their esteem. All seemed happiness, except when they looked upon poor Rosalind, who it was plain had received the fatal summons. Her pallid cheek and sunken eye, too surely pronounced the ravages that had taken place; and latterly she had been absent longer from the cottage than formerly. One evening she was missed; her friends were full of anxiety, and proceeded to search for her. They looked about her favourite haunts in vain; but at length by the request of Poyntz, who was too feeble to go himself, Sidney ran to the keep, where he found their worst fears realized. Rosalind's spirit was no longer a habitant of this sphere! She had strength enough to reach her constant watching place, and kneeling on the spot where her betrothed had met his unworthy, miserable and cruel death, with her head bowed to the ground, the pure and innocent maiden resigned her last breath.

* * * * *

The body of Rosalind was placed in the same grave, under an old willow, whose branches reached the turf, where the soldiers had consigned the remains of Stephen; and the mournful duty was performed in the presence of the inmates of Wood End, who had all known and loved the hapless girl. This was another severe blow to Poyntz and his wife, and after much entreaty they consented to leave the cottage, and take up their abode with Sir Samuel. Sidney had now more frequent opportunities of seeing Mabel, and these he took ready advantage of, feeling that he ought to return to his father. We pass over the detail of the happy meetings these young people had; suffice it to say, the attachment of Sidney was returned to the fullest extent, and it was with feelings of pride old Sir John Rowland saw his daughter united to the noble and accomplished nephew of his heretofore humble but worthy neighbour, Stephen Poyntz.

A variety of political changes took place; the sway of the Commonwealth had been succeeded by the second Charles, and the court soon became the head quarters of sensuality. About this time the secretary, Butler, took his leave of his worthy patron, with apparent regret on both sides, to seek his fortune in more stirring scenes. Shortly afterwards he published the first canto of his *HUDIBRAS*, which was received among the Royalists with the greatest zest, and compliments the most flattering that could be awarded to man, perhaps, were heaped upon him. There is no doubt whatever that this inimitable satire upon the Roundheads was a powerful engine for their opponents, who from the court to the cottage, were constantly quoting it, to the ridicule and discomfiture of the Cromwell party. Butler had, by this means, earned himself a reputation at court which he trusted to as the path of his future prosperity; unhappily, however, like many others who have put their trust in princes, he was neglected, and his services were forgotten, not only by Charles himself, who had bestowed his smile and praise upon the bard, but by the majority of that ungrateful party, in whose behalf he had expended his talents, and risked his private friendships. His disappointment and poverty are too well known to need repetition here; but it is delightful to find that a few friends held by him to the last, and at his demise, one of them (Mr. Longueville) buried him at his own expense in Covent Garden church.

The consistency and good faith of Butler in writing his burlesque poem have long been matters of controversy, particularly as there is no question as to the identity of Sir Samuel Luke, (his previous employer) with the principal character in the poem, Sir Hudibras. The Loyalists defended him on the ground that he served Sir Samuel with fidelity, (which there is no reason to doubt) and that the object of the poem was to expose, not the secrets of his employer, or lampoon his person, but the folly, hypocrisy and wickedness of the Presbyterians and Independents, the party to which he belonged. But Towneley, in his memoir, insinuates that he behaved with ingratitude,—“Il me semble qu'il doit épargner le chevalier Luke, son bienfateur, que la gratitude et la

reconnaissance auraient dû mettre à couvert contre les traits de la satire de notre auteur." However, be this as it may, the unfortunate poet reaped a sad harvest for the seed he had sown.

"Let all be taught from Butler's fate,
Who hope to make their fortune by the great,
That wit and pride are always dang'rous things,
And little faith is due to courts and kings."*

To return to Sir Samuel Luke: It behoves us to say that the worthy knight lived to follow his devoted lady to the tomb, and to see their son filling an important office in the shire; and then, in the fulness of years, he slept in the tomb of his fathers at Cople.

JAMES WYATT.

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THE POET'S HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

PARTNER belov'd, my true and constant wife,
Sick grows my heart, and tears o'ercharge mine eyes.
When I at times amid my care-fraught life,
Reflect that thou shar'st many toils and sighs;
Yet thy dear presence doth them lighter make—
Would that my fate were happier, for thy sake.

Poets are dreamers, visionary men,
Whose fancies flitting ever through the brain,
Crowd, like wing'd bees with honey, to the pen—
That fairy wand, 'mid hours of care and pain,
Still conjures up unto the raptur'd view,
Scenes bright and glorious, everything but true.

Fantastic elves that haunt the poet's mind,
When waves his feathery sceptre haste away,
And o'er the regions of the cloud and wind
These revellers do hold despotie sway;
Creating domes and turrets, halls and towers,
And silver founts, and rose-besprinkled bowers.

Ah, would that I possess'd the earthly heaven
Those elves have oft brought to my yearning mind;
Would that to me such home of bliss were given,
That I might leave the world of gain behind:
Turn thee, my love, and on the picture look,
Which I have sketch'd to place in Nature's book.

I would not have a proud and stately pile,
Rearing its walls of stone unto the skies;
No pomp or state my dwelling should defile,
Humble alike in structure and in size;
No burly menial should attend its door,
To shame his master, and affright the poor.

I'd have a cottage-home embower'd in trees,
Like modest merit ever in the shade;
My minstrels blithe should be the birds and bees,
And 'gainst the wall the plant which doth not fade,
The loving ivy evermore should be—
Type of her love who ever clings to me.

* Inscription on the memorial erected to Butler by Alderman Barber.

Not distant far a tiny stream should stray,
 Prattling like childhood 'mid the summer-hours,
 Dancing in joy along its devious way,
 And kissing banks bedeck'd with fragrant flowers ;
 And in the night unto mine ear should creep
 Its murmurs low, and lull to balmy sleep.

And thou, my boy, thy father's pride and care,
 At morn should rush into the meadows gay,
 Drinking the freshness of the taintless air,
 And bounding on in wild and happy play,
 Whilst I would follow thee with earnest gaze,
 And smile to see thy careless, elfish ways.

Thy sisters, too, should fondly round me cling,
 Buoyant and laughing, in the glow of health,
 Singing by fits like merry birds of spring,
 And gathering hoards of bright and scented wealth ;
 With cheeks of bloom and joy-illumin'd eyes,
 Gemming their hair with many a perfum'd prize.

Stor'd should my garden be with choicest flowers,
 Trees many-arm'd should branch above my head,
 And I would wander, in the noon-tide hours,
 Where leafy gloom upon my path was shed ;
 A rustic chair should fill some quiet nook,
 Where I might sit, companion'd by a book.

And I would have one spirit-haunted room,
 Fill'd with the thoughts of great and glorious men,
 Those godlike minds which have outliv'd the tomb,
 And shine as stars above a gloomy fen,
 Cheering our hearts with pure and holy light—
 The beacon-fires by which we steer aright.

Dyed should its casement be with many a stain,
 Limning the features of th' illustrious dead ;
 And every sunbeam shining through the pane
 Should shed its glory on a hallow'd head ;
 So that I could not look upon the skies,
 Unless I gaz'd through some immortal eyes.

Shakspeare the fam'd and mighty king of thought ;
 The heaven-seeing Milton, though to earth all blind ;
 Byron, who held both earth and heaven as nought—
 A comet rushing through the realms of mind ;
 Spiritual Shelley, lofty-soul'd, though meek ;
 And sweet-voic'd Keats, with pale, consumptive cheek.

Wordsworth the worshipp'd, with his verse divine,
 And Barry Cornwall, prince of English song,
 Coleridge the dreamy, with his nervous line ;
 And luscious Moore, with thoughts in dazling throng ;
 Leigh Hunt the pleasant, gossiping away ;
 And Southey's patriot strain of youthful day.

Quaint, quiet Lamb should chat in humourous mood ;
 And Hazlitt's critic fire about should play ;
 Pale, pensive, pleasant, punning poet Hood,
 With far-fetch'd fancies gloom should chase away ;
 Bulwer and Scott my spirit should enchain,
 And Campbell charm me with his classic vein.

Homer and Virgil, Greek and Roman sage,
 The learn'd and wise of every age and clime ;
 They who have stamp'd their counsels on a page
 Which hath outliv'd the mouldering touch of Time ;
 They, though of ancient days, for ever young—
 I'd have them all, the great of every tongue.

Vain is the wish—th' illusion will not stay—
 I gaze no more with fancy-cheated eyes ;
 I see around a traffick-trodden way,
 And the dull smoke bedims the beauteous skies ;
 Dark, dusty mansions once again I meet,
 And hear the tumults of the crowded street.

I feel that I am prison'd up and pent,
 By the stern barriers of an adverse fate ;
 Yet even now my prayers to heaven are sent
 For all the blessings of my humble state ;
 Clean is my hearth, my fire is red and bright—
 My children's eyes reflect its cheerful light.

My babes of love, my treasur'd little brood,
 I thank my God that you have never known
 What 'twas to want a meal of homely food,
 That hunger ne'er hath worn you to the bone ;
 When to your warm and pleasant couch you creep,
 Glad are the visions of your sinless sleep.

Wife of my soul, why should I now repine ?
 Oh, am I not in thine affection blest ?
 Thy dear eyes ever kindly answer mine—
 Come then, Content, and be our cherish'd guest ;
 And thou, my spirit, strive the goal to gain,
 Where joy's pure sky shall ever bright remain.

ON LANGUAGE.

BY A. G. TYSON, P. G.

"Scribendi ratio conjuncta cum loquendo est."

THE art of writing is so intimately connected with speech, that we cannot perfectly understand the nature of the former, without a reference to the latter. For this reason philologists apply the term *language* to both, calling the former a written, and the latter a spoken language. We frequently hear of authors using "*fine language*," or "*bad language*," which expressions apply entirely to their writings. Those languages styled "*dead languages*," are such as exist only in books, without any general use in the social intercourse of any people, and yet those who understand such are said to be "*linguists*." The word *language* is derived from the Latin *lingua*, a tongue ; because a language, in a primary and literal sense, is a system of words expressed or used by the tongue. And from hence, by an easy figure, we designate writing, a written language, or as we might say, a tacit tongue, writing being only the lifeless representative of the living expression. From this idea too the proverbial expression of a dead letter may probably have originated.

Speaking and writing are in consequence employed for the same purposes. Speech conveys our thoughts through the air to the ear, and thence by the auditory nerves to the seat of sensation ; while writing performs the effect by raising in the mind certain

ideas through the medium of the eye. Each has its advantages and disadvantages, and each is indebted to the other for some part of its efficacy.

As speech is the source and foundation of writing, I shall first briefly consider the faculties and exercise of speech. The Great Cause of all existence has so harmonized nature, that her myriad parts answer to each other, and work in reciprocal dependence. No one constituent, however small, can be taken away without producing partial confusion, and operating to the disadvantage of some member of the grand system. Even MAN, the proudly boasting lord of the creation, must submit to the common law, and co-operate in the general scheme. Humanity stands indebted to all around, to the lower orders of animals, to the vegetable, and even to the mineral kingdoms, as instruments in the hands of our munificent Creator for ministering to our daily wants. But in a most special manner, we are all organized for preserving a more particular and extensive connexion with our own species, and next to our Maker, we naturally look towards each other for help in every difficulty, for sympathy in distress, and for instruction when in ignorance of that which concerns us.

In this extensive range and movement of society, there are innumerable objects claiming in their turn peculiar attention, and exercising our observation, reason, judgment, and memory; and as those objects are nearly alike interesting to all, in the natural consequence of our relation, an effort is made for communicating our conceptions to those around us. And it is for the furtherance of these natural designs of kindness, that we are endowed with the powers of speech, most surprisingly well adapted to social intercourse. This is no mean qualification.

Who can contemplate the sensitive system of our frame, without being struck with admiration, and speedily coming to the conclusion that all this must have been bestowed for a valuable active purpose? Look on the eye, that wonderful little member! Behold its construction—adapted to the greatest utility, combined with the most majestic beauty and exquisite softness! Mark how its various members receive impressions of shape, size and colour, and transmit them by the nerves of the *retina*, to the *sensorium*, or brain. Then observe the ear, with its various parts, and see the effects produced thereon, by the mere vibration of elastic, ambient air. This common atmospheric fluid, being agitated (as water may be by a falling stone) bears sound along on its undulatory waves, and passing through the *meatus auditorius*, or external opening of the ear, into the labyrinth, sets into motion the little bone called the *malleus*, or hammer, which strikes on the *membrana tympanica*, or drum of the ear, from whence the auditory nerves, also, carry the impression to the *sensorium*.* This is the seat of all sensation; it is the metropolis of human senses, whence the nerves are sent out, like so many agents, through the whole extent of the body. Those nerves are so equally and generally distributed through the frame, that the skin can in no part be pierced through without a knowledge thereof being transmitted by the wounded nerves to the seat of the senses.

Here is a display of wisdom! An exhaustless subject for meditation; but as this is not an anatomical investigation, I must not indulge in digressions any further than is useful in giving a full and clear view of the nature and connexion of the vocal powers.

Bearing in mind the manner of operation in the nervous system, let us take an example of its application and intimacy with the voice. Suppose an individual traveller passing through a forest, in the torrid zone, should be suddenly surprised by a monstrous

* I may take this opportunity of observing that this word, *sensorium*, has been much abused, and requires a master hand to assist it to its due inheritance. Some use it to signify only the brain, others seem to make it include something like the whole body. For instance, Dr. Darwin says, "The word, *sensorium*, in the following pages, is designed to express not only the medullary part of the brain, spinal marrow, nerves, organs of sense, and of the muscles; but also at the same time, that living principle, or spirit of animation, which resides throughout the body, without being cognizable to our senses, except by its effects. The changes which occasionally take place in the *sensorium*, (that is, in the above nerves and muscles!) as during the exertions of volition, or the sensations of pleasure or pain, are termed *sensorial motions*." This may pass in a poetical physiologist like Dr. Darwin; but I feel thankful that my *vis poetica* is not sufficiently fiery to break out and consume itself on such a doctrine, and if my observation fails me not, I am borne out by equal authorities; I shall here quote only one. Dr. Crichton, in his work on mental derangement, says, "To the change produced in the nerve by the application of an external body, we apply the name *nervous impression*. To the second, or change produced on the brain by the communication of a *nervous impression*, I give the name of *sensorial impression*, from the word *sensorium*."

serpent, or frightful beast of prey, making towards him in terrific altitude, or even ready to seize upon him, then would every member of his body, every muscle and every nerve instantaneously unite in one common effort to escape, as though every atom of his frame was in itself sensible of the danger; and if he escape, he shows the union of speech with the nervous impressions; what his eyes have seen, and what his ears have heard, his sensorium receives, carries along with him, and issues by means of his voice in plain, round, intelligible words. Thus the nerves and the voice act reciprocally on each other, and their reactions are but the work of a moment, so grand is the system, so complete the machine.

By means of speech we are capable of conveying any idea to the mind of our companions, but as in the case of the above traveller, if we wished some far distant friends to be made acquainted with our perilous adventure, or any other important news, the voice is of no avail, it will not serve this purpose, even though we spoke with a voice of thunder. The sweet-accented salutations of a friendly voice cannot always reach our ears, and we have frequently to suffer a breach of intercourse. As a partial remedy for such undesirable deprivations, ingenious men have analysed the voice, and found it can utter only a limited number of different simple radical sounds, and that every word or sentence we can utter, is performed by the various combinations of those few elementary principles. This being once understood, the next step for the linguist to take, was the invention of a number of marks, or symbols, to be used as representatives of spoken sounds, so that by marking out those new characters in the same succession as the parts of the voice, for which they stand, proceed from the mouth in speaking, we obtain a true image or picture of what has been, or what may be spoken. This picture we call writing, and by it we have the very words of the tongue preserved in somewhat the same relation, as a good portrait bears to the original man. If a distant friend send us his true likeness, we easily perceive whether he is better or worse than before in health and strength. But there is a superior excellence in writing. The artist's pencil cannot delineate the ethereal thoughts, and fix the flying words; no, these are volatile things, and not to be rendered stable, even as the poet pretends, by being frozen in northern air.

Yet by the art of writing, we are enabled to render words permanent, and express our ideas, not only to those who are near, but also to those far distant. We can leave our minds in such a tangible form, as to be perfectly understood by generations after our demise. This naturally leads us on to printing. As writing sends the voice to a distant place, or preserves it for a long time, so printing also carries the same matter into foreign climes, or hands it down to posterity. In this they agree, but in their extent they differ. That which is written, is only for limited circulation, but printing is a process which spreads a subject far and near, and yet writing and printing have precisely the same relation to the voice, or natural manufactory of words, which is the necessary foundation of both these arts.

ORGANS OF SPEECH.

The nature of the voice may easily be understood from a very slight attention to the organs of speech. When the breath is entirely suspended, we can emit no expression, but must have the mouth in perfect silence, until that which stops the breath is removed, hence the breath is the grand moving means of the voice. Breathing gently may mostly be heard by a sensible ear; but immediately after a little bodily exertion, we may observe a very perceptible noise issuing from the mouth. This is caused by the friction, or concussion of the respired air, against the internal parts during its inspiration and emission.

The air we breathe has to serve two important offices in the animal economy, first, the support of vitality; and secondly, the production of speech.

Almost every child knows that its windpipe is that round, hard, uneven substance felt in the forepart of the neck, or throat; through this the air passes down into the lungs when we draw breath. This absorption of external air distends the lungs, and contiguous parts, until these, by a natural reaction, quickly expel the atmospheric fluid; but in rushing out, the breath encounters a certain member, called the *larynx*, which is situated in the upper part of the windpipe, just below the root of the tongue. The

larynx is composed of five cartilages, which are so acted upon by the co-operating muscles therewith connected, as to open and contract an aperture called the *glottis*, situated in the superior central part of the larynx. This glottis is a small orifice, about the tenth part of an inch in diameter, through which all the breath must necessarily pass, and by the narrowness of the passage, the air receives a considerably accelerated velocity, which is the very commencement of speech. From hence the finely varying lips of the glottis produce an infinite modulation of sweet accents. The seat of this action may be detected by observing the origin of sound, while a man sings in a falsetto, or a female in her sweet soft voice; both must be without articulating words, confining attention merely to sound. A resonance in the chest gives the deep, or bass voice; that in the glottis produces the shrill and the high soft tones.

When the air is forced violently through any small hole, it must be made audible from its action against the sides of the opening through which it is sent. This is a natural operation, and may frequently be observed in the blowing of winds in particular places, and more plainly in wind instruments of music. Hence we hear no voice until the breath has begun to pass the glottis with some rapidity.

When the voice is thus produced, it is capable of many modifications by the effective operation of the different parts of the mouth. It is formed into distinct words by means of the palate, the tongue, the teeth, the lips, and the nose.

If the mouth and its members should be confined in any one position, without being able to move, and if the glottis at the same time was continued at one unaltered opening, then the voice would lose its power of expression and variation. As a wind instrument of music will only sound one note and its octave, while the same holes are stopped, so the voice in like manner, while the organs are in one fixed state, can be varied only by a varied velocity of air from the lungs; and even then we have only what we call the vowel sounds, with the exception of the *hiss*, and perhaps one or two more. Hence that which is essential to speech is a free active exercise of the mouth and contiguous parts, the operation of which is

ARTICULATION.

Noise of any kind, as already noticed, is produced by a violent agitation of the air, and the voice by that action which takes place in the mouth when the different parts thereof are properly applied. Voices are produced by *animated creatures only*, as man and other living animals.

Those sounds which proceed from the mouth are divided into *articulate* and *inarticulate*. An articulate sound, or voice, is that which is uttered by man only, and is termed *articulate*, from the Latin *articulatus*; which is applied, in the first signification, to such bodies as are composed of many parts, and yet so combined as to be capable of motion without separation. Articulation, in anatomy, is the juncture of two bones in such a manner that they move in perfect and harmonious freedom. For instance, the human body is composed of many limbs, or bones, yet by means of articulation, or the joinings of those bones, the whole frame appears externally to a casual observer, to be but one very elastic uncompounded substance. And so articulation among grammarians includes an idea of like plurality of parts, acting in unity. Accordingly we understand the human voice to be the only one which is articulate, or qualified to send forth a succession of words, or parts of words so intimately combined and blended, as to make one continued and perfect sentence of words, including a great variety of sounds, in such relation that the common observer may not easily observe the multitude in one.

The hissing of serpents, mewing of cats, neighing of horses, and the like, are *inarticulate* voices, because incapable of that variety of expression which is found in the vocal powers of man. The noises made by brute animals are precisely the *same sounds* as those uttered by man; only the human voice goes beyond these, in that we can add other tones and powers to the above, whereas if the beasts continue the exercise of their voices, the only addition they can make would be a monotonous reiteration of what they had before uttered.

True there are certain species in the ærial part of creation, so mimetic as to attempt an imitation of their masters' speech, but their success is so trifling that it cannot be called articulation; and even these are isolated and unnatural cases, making after all, but an

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uncouth and limited utterance, destitute of every grace. The poor things have to strain every nerve in their throats, and ruffle every feather on their backs before they can force out their words, perhaps the most magnificent of which is POLLY!! Taking these considerations in their true bearing, we are forced to the conclusion, that the human voice alone is articulate, and able to hold an easy conversation by means of words.

The ultimate design to be accomplished by the voice, is a deliverance of assemblages of words, called sentences. A sentence is composed of words, and words of syllables, both in reference to speech and writing; and in the latter a syllable is divided into letters, which represent similarly minute parts of the former. A syllable is such a short word, or so much of a long one, as can be spoken by one single impulse of the voice.

The question has been inquired "whether speech be natural to man?" and has been decided by some in the negative. But I am far from giving consent to this; the pretended proof consists in referring to such cases as that of Peter, the wild boy, who was caught in the woods, and unable to speak. Yet I contend that such a case as this affords not the slightest proof; it merely shows that we have not *now any innate natural language*, of which I may discourse at a favourable opportunity. But any one must see a wide difference between having a natural language, and a natural talent, or propensity to speak. If it be not natural for man to talk, how comes it to pass that all nations, even the most barbarous, have a language, and talk fluently without being schooled into it, and without the blunders of civilization; surely the New Zealanders, and similar people are sufficiently in a state of nature to exhibit a natural character. We could not expect a man who was perpetually solitary to talk, unless he possessed a natural language; we are entirely creatures of habit, and herein is our superiority; we can accommodate ourselves to circumstances, we have a natural talent for copying any language we may meet with, and if we meet with none, we copy none, yet our nature is not altered, but merely dormant in some particular point. A child may be neglected till it can never walk, and yet walking is natural. If we build theories upon isolated facts, we may establish almost any absurdity. I grant that this dispute may be from a misunderstanding of words. If it be intended to prove that we have now no natural language, I will be the first to cry out hear, hear! but if it be contended that man is not naturally a talking animal, I am a ready antagonist. I have my *persuasions* that previous to the confusion of tongues, man had a *natural language*, all speaking the same thing by nature, as dogs all bark, and sheep all bleat, &c.; but that at Babel this natural language was confounded, and as yet lost, while the *natural propensity to speak* remained, leaving us considerably to our own invention, impelled by a strong natural precocious inclination. But I must not now enter further into the subject.

(To be continued.)

Loyal Rutland Lodge, Scarborough, Aug. 9th, 1841.

LINES

Written after visiting the graves of W. H.,—a valued friend,—his Father and Sister, who died within a few months of each other.

He is gone!

He has fled!

Not to wander o'er mountains and vallies alone—

The wild flowers bloom o'er his head;

The earth's darkest cell is his last dreary home,

The cold silent grave is his bed:

Yet he sleeps not alone,

His father and sister too rest in the tomb,

Side by side in the earth they are laid;

They peacefully liv'd, thus resigned their breath,

And together they peacefully sleep now in death.

They are fled !
 Far away !
 From their once happy home : but list ! from the dead
 A whispering voice seems to say—
 " In realms of delight they now joyously tread,
 Where tears are all wiped away ;
 For he who once bled
 On Calvary's mount, and who slept with the dead,
 A ransom for sinners to pay,
 Hath risen again ! and is able to save
 True believers from sin, from death, and the grave !"

ZETA.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

DURING the rage of the last continental war in Europe, occasion—no matter what—called an honest Yorkshire squire to take a journey to Warsaw. Untravelled and unknowing, he provided himself with no passport. His business concerned himself alone, and what had foreign nations to do with him ? His route lay through the states of neutral and contending powers. He landed in Holland—passed the usual examination ; but, insisting that the affairs which brought him there were of a private nature, he was imprisoned—questioned—sifted ; and appearing to be incapable of design, was at length permitted to pursue his journey.

To the officer of the guard who conducted him to the frontiers, he made frequent complaints of the loss he should sustain by the delay. He swore it was uncivil, unfriendly and ungenerous ; five hundred Dutchmen might have travelled through Great Britain unmolested—they never questioned any stranger, nor stopped, imprisoned or guarded him. Roused from his native phlegm by these reflections on the police of his country, the officer slowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the smoke,—“ Mynheer,” said he, “ when you first set your foot on the land of the seven united provinces, you should have declared you came thither on affairs of commerce,” and replacing his pipe, relapsed into immoveable taciturnity.

Released from this unsocial companion, he soon arrived at a French post, when the sentinel of the advanced guard requested the honour of his permission to ask for his passport. On his failing to produce any, he was entreated to pardon the liberty he took of conducting him to the Commandant—but it was his duty, and he must, however reluctantly, perform it.

Monsieur le Commandant received him with cold and pompous politeness. He made the usual inquiries ; and our traveller, determined to avoid the error which had produced such inconvenience, replied that commercial concerns drew him to the Continent. “ Ma foi,” said the Commandant, “ c'est un negociant, un bourgeois,—take him away to the citadel, we will examine him to-morrow, at present we must dress for the comedie—allons.”

“ Monsieur,” said the sentinel, as he conducted him to the guard-room, “ you should not have mentioned commerce to Monsieur le Commandant ; no gentleman in France disgraces himself with trade—we despise traffic ; you should have informed Monsieur le Commandant that you entered the dominions of the grand Monarque to improve in dancing, or in singing, or in dressing ; arms are the profession of a man of fashion, and glory and accomplishments his pursuits—Vive le Roi.”

He had the honour of passing the night with a French guard, and the next day was dismissed. Proceeding on his journey, he fell in with a detachment of German Chasseurs. They demanded his name, quality, and business. He came, he said, to dance, and to sing, and to dress. “ He is a Frenchman,” said the corporal, “ A spy !” cries the sergeant. He was directed to mount behind a dragoon, and carried to the camp. There he was soon discharged ; but not without a word of advice. “ We

Germans," said the officer, "eat, drink, and smoke; these are our favourite employments; and had you informed the dragoons that you followed no other business, you would have saved them, me, and yourself, infinite trouble."

He soon approached the Prussian dominions, where his examination was still more strict; and on answering that his only designs were to eat, and to drink, and to smoke,—"To eat! and to drink! and to smoke!" exclaimed the officer with astonishment.—"Sir, you must be forwarded to Potsdam—war is the only business of mankind." The acute and penetrating Frederick, soon comprehended the character of our traveller, and gave him a passport under his own hand. "It is an ignorant, an innocent Englishman," said the veteran; "the English are unacquainted with military duties; when they want a general, they borrow him of me."

At the barriers of Saxony he was again interrogated. "I am a soldier," said our traveller, "behold the passport of the first warrior of the age." "You are a pupil of the destroyer of millions," replied the sentinel; "we must send you to Dresden; and, harkee, sir, conceal your passport, as you would avoid being torn to pieces by those whose husbands, sons and relations have been wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of Prussian ambition." A second examination at Dresden cleared him of suspicion.

Arrived at the frontiers of Poland, he flattered himself his troubles were at an end; but he reckoned without his host,—

"Your business in Poland?" interrogated the officer.

"I really don't know, sir."

"Not know your own business, sir!" resumed the officer; "I must conduct you to the Starost."

"For the love of God," said the wearied traveller, "take pity on me. I have been imprisoned in Holland for being desirous to keep my own affairs to myself—I have been confined all night in a French guard-house, for declaring myself a merchant—I have been compelled to ride seven miles behind a German dragoon, for professing myself a man of pleasure—I have been carried, fifty miles a prisoner in Prussia, for acknowledging my attachment to ease and good living—I have been threatened with assassination in Saxony, for avowing myself a warrior. If you will have the goodness to let me know how I may render such an account of myself as not to give offence, I shall ever consider you as my friend and protector."

U. TAOGMOR.

Windermere Lodge, Ambleside.

THE LAST WORDS OF ADDISON.

"Felix nativitas, felicitior vita, felicissima mors."

EUSEBIUS.

THE end of man is fraught with moral truth,
And wise monition gives to age and youth,
And awful lessons life cannot impress,
Are taught by death's array of ghastliness;
For who can look upon the closing scene
Of him who pleasure's worshipper has been,
Witness the hell which he, yet living, knows,
With which his conscience-haunted spirit glows,
Hear the wild imprecations of despair,
And be forgetful of that holy prayer,—
"Lord, like the righteous man, let me depart,
And with thy grace, oh, purify my heart!"

• Bright the example which from one we learn,
 Whose lamp of genius ne'er will dimly burn.
 When Addison, the gifted and the great,
 Felt he was yielding to the stroke of fate,
 No idle terror could dismay his mind,
 Which, uncorrupt, was tranquil and resigned;
 Divine composure filled his dying breast,
 While to a friend and mourner* he addressed
 His parting words, of which the thought sublime
 Will be preserved and felt throughout all time—
 "My friend beloved!" the exultant sufferer cries,
 Behold the peace with which a Christian dies!"

Commercial Lodge, Blackburn.

R. C.

THE KINGFISHER AND THE HOUSE SPARROW.

AN APOLOGUE.

IN a sequestered nook of a lonely dell, a kingfisher had taken up his abode, in a cavity formed by the roots of a tall Lombardy poplar, whose branches were intermingled with those of a noble alder. Below the nest of the kingfisher there ran a limpid brook, whose meandering waters purled over the impeding rocks, creating a bubbling noise, which with the cries of the wild animals, the song of the feathered race, and the alternate roaring and whispering of the winds amongst the trees, alone broke the silence of that solitude.

The kingfisher had been feeding its young upon some beautiful minnows, loaches and gudgeons, which the brook supplied abundantly, and was just about to make another attack upon the finny tribes, when its attention was arrested by the pert chirping of a strange bird. The kingfisher stopped to listen, when this sneering strain saluted his rustic ears,—

"How great a fool was I to leave the comforts of the town, where I had food and shelter without labour, and where from the house tops I could look down without fear of the devouring hawk; surely no bird of common sense would inhabit these wilds, when such delightful towns exist. I'll stay here no longer, in these horrid solitudes."

The kingfisher flew up to the branch of the willow, upon which sate the sparrow, for such the strange bird evidently was,—"Stay," cried he to the sparrow, "I am fond of news; pray tell me is it true that the towns are so delightful to inhabit?"

"Oh, most certainly," said the sparrow; "but who are you, dressed in such bright varied colours; pray, what calling do you follow?"

"Why," replied the kingfisher, "I am a fisher-bird, and the brook below supplies all my wants; but, may I ask, are there streams about the towns you speak of? If there are, I should like much to take my abode where so much is to be seen."

"Yes," replied the cunning, unprincipled sparrow, "fine noble streams; and as for fish, you will have no trouble in catching them in the rivers, as they are to be found in hundreds, ready caught for you in the market place upon the stalls."

So enchanting and so tempting a picture completed the sparrow's conquest over the simple-hearted kingfisher; he therefore asked him if he would be kind enough to guide him and his family to the town where he lived.

"With pleasure," said the wicked sparrow.

The kingfisher bade him stay till he had made his wife and young ones ready, saying, "As my young are only just able to fly, I am afraid we shall be troublesome." "Oh, no!" said the sparrow, whose town habits had made him incapable of long flights, "I shall with pleasure accommodate myself to their weakness."

* His stepson, the Earl of Warwick.

30 THE KINGFISHER AND THE HOUSE SPARROW.

Into his nest flew the kingfisher, and straightway bade his wife and young ones pack up, as they were going to migrate to a land of comfort and plenty. "Why," objected the wife, "why go elsewhere, when we are so very comfortable here?"

"Why," said the kingfisher in reply, "we shall do better, and see a many new sights, and besides, it is my will." The kingfisher's wife, obedient to her husband's will, ceased to object, and away they all flew, the sparrow leading the way.

As they approached the town, the food of the kingfishers became scarcer and scarcer, until the young ones were half-famished, and were ardently desiring the end of their journey, and the mind of the kingfisher began to misgive him, as he found the fish become so scarce; and he flew rapidly up the stream, whose noble aspect promised so well, but the farther he flew the more unpromising it became; foetid odours arose from the turbid waters which well nigh poisoned the simple kingfisher, and if in his flight he had not met with a small tributary brooklet, which yielded him a small supply of minnows, for the immediate wants of his family, he must have seen them perish before his face.

"Courage, my country friend," said the sparrow, "a little longer, and we shall arrive at the town." So saying they once more flew on their weary way, and late that evening they arrived at a large manufacturing town.

The young kingfishers were weary and hungry. "Where shall we take up our abode?" said the worn-out kingfisher, to the sparrow. "In a hole upon this house top," he replied; so with some difficulty the kingfisher, with his family, rested there that night. Early in the morning his false friend, the sparrow, came to see him, with many professions of good-will. "I suppose you have paid a visit to our beautiful rivers," said he, "and ere this the fishy odour of our market place has attracted your attention?"

"My friend," the kingfisher replied, "I fear I have taken a false step in quitting the glen where runs the stream which so abundantly supplied the food necessary for the existence of my family and myself; already have I skimmed the surface of the waters of this neighbourhood without being able to procure a solitary meal, and as to your boasted market place, I dare not approach it. Would to God I were once again on the banks of my own native waters; I see the neighbourhood of large towns is not an abiding place for me."

The sparrow with a sardonic grin declared these matters ought to have been looked to before he had ventured with his young upon so long and perilous a journey. Seeing his acquaintance with the kingfisher might prove troublesome, he chirped once or twice, trimmed his feathers, and away he flew, leaving the kingfisher in the utmost distress, who having now no alternative but to regain the clear streams of the healthy country once again, straightway summoned his mate and her young; but they, alas! were by the fatigue of their journey, and the scanty supply of food, incapable of flying out again. "Ah!" cried his faithful mate, "would that we had never quitted the comfortable nest by the edge of the brook; if ever I regain the banks of my native stream, my experience and misfortunes shall be a warning to all birds who, by the seductive tales of the rare doings in the town, may be tempted to quit their natural abode, where health and plenty are in constant attendance."

The kingfisher, maddened to desperation by the hungry cries of his young, flew miles and miles, and at length was happy enough to find a supply of his natural food; he eagerly seized his prey, and bore it off in triumph to his young, whom he found incapable of eating, they being just expiring from exhaustion and want of sustenance.

May this be a warning to all parents how they hazard such fearful mishaps as emigrating from a country in which they know they can exist, to one of which they know nothing but what the vanity of travellers, or the specious representations of those who are interested, may have acquainted them with.

U. U.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

A REMINISCENCE.

(From the Autobiography of a Barber's Clerk.)

WHEN only nine years old I was initiated in the arts and mysteries connected with a "shaver-man's" establishment. My master's shop had seen better days; yet even now it enjoyed a liberal share of public patronage, though in a humbler way than heretofore. My master was peculiarly adapted to his business, in fact, he had a genius for it; and if genius be innate, as many sound reasoners have advanced, he was born to cut a figure over the heads of his customers. He possessed a rich fund of homely and unique humour, that constituted him a favourite, in the comprehensive language of the public press, with all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was also an earnest politician; and moreover displayed a happy tact of giving familiar and popular versions, or rather burlesques, of leading events and leading characters. Few barbers have succeeded in winning the good will of their customers to the same extent as my revered master; he might truly call them his own, for I believe they would have followed him to the world's end. They consisted for the most part of poor old men, who struggled through the week at a loom; and to them the Sabbath was indeed a day of rest, and my master's shaving shop a transient heaven. There, for a time, they forgot their own individual cares in the manifold and all-engrossing troubles of the state, and animation gave lustre to the faded eyes that had sparkled not since that day week. Many of them resided at a distance of one, and even two miles, yet they never failed to make their appearance duly as Sunday morning came. From breakfast-time until noon-day would they listen to, and shrewdly comment upon the affairs of the political world. The experience of the past was rich in illustrations of the then present crisis, and these they would introduce at each fitting opportunity by way of clinchers to their arguments. But besides its tangible advantages, the 'sunset of life,' I presume, must have given to them its 'mystical lore,' for the tact and readiness with which they drew aside the inconvenient curtain of futurity, and brought forth events unborn of time, has often filled me with amazement.

If I be not familiar with public occurrences, it were indeed strange. A thousand times has the battle of Waterloo, with all its scenes of blood and carnage, been contested in my presence; I have listened to the hateful career, and melancholy end, of the suicide Castlereagh, until his name now grates upon my ear; the Alps, their dizzy summits crowned with heroes, file after file, in endless succession, have floated before my eyes like day-dreams, while yet a child; and every other remarkable incident recorded in ancient or modern chronicles, is a tale at least fifty times told.

But I am digressing too far. I left the aged politicians upon their feet, and though they never wearied in the good cause, still I must hasten to relieve them, and bring the debate to a legitimate conclusion. This is a matter of little difficulty, inasmuch as it invariably became fixed upon one point, namely,—“That things were not as they used to be—every day beheld them worse and worse, just as they grew in Oliver Cromwell's time—their wrongs had become too grievous to be borne; it was so with the French people, previous to the revolution in which Louis XVI. lost his head—and, mark their words, the time was not far distant (whoever lived to see it) when the tyrant should justly suffer for his arrogance, and the working-man obtain a comfortable livelihood by the sweat of his brow.”

This decisive burst of enthusiasm was always hailed with delight, and warmly supported by both sides of the house; after which they moved an adjournment to the following Sunday morning; each hastening homeward with a buoyant step, and a heart lightened by the consoling hope which the speaker's last remark afforded.

Poor old men! the time for the fulfilment of their prophecy has arrived, and departed; they alone, and not the state, are sadly changed; the earth-mould has sounded with thrilling awe upon their coffins; yet the great convulsion they vainly hoped would bring joy to their latter days, is still a vision of the brain.

Though the foregoing sketch may be received as a faithful portraiture of the major part of my revered master's patrons, still, there were many who spurned with contempt both the theory and practice of politics; forsaking such dry and abstruse studies for

more light and congenial recreations, and each in his own peculiar manner, discussed the merits and demerits of the turf, the stage, or the ring, and such past or present favourites as had figured therein.

Speaking of the ring reminds me of a ludicrous incident in connection with the subject in hand. At the time when Spring and Langan first entered the lists to contend for championship, party feeling ran high between the two countries; the friends of each man seeming to consider that the national honour depended upon the issue. The partisans of Langan were particularly violent, and none more so than Billy Burns, a constant visitor at our establishment. Billy Burns was an itinerant dealer in cockles and muscles. One night, when just setting out on his peregrinations, his bags well replenished with a store of each commodity, he rested his barrow for a moment at the edge of our door-step. A flying rumour had reached his ear that Langan was the conqueror, and in he ran to make the triumphant proclamation. "Arrah, where's your Spring now?" he began in the highest notes of a voice which was the envy of every rival musclemán; "Did'n't I tell yes he'd be bate? sure the spring's knocked out of him, man, as clane as a whistle. Och, but Langan's a nate Irish boy; sure the grate Dan Dan'llly himself could'n't bade him, and how should an Englishman!" "Well, well," interposed my master calmly, as soon as Burns ceased for an instant, to take in a re-inforcement of fresh air, "I always said they both could not win; Spring was a fine likely fellow, and I dare say has made a good fight of it." Burns however would hear of no concession; the victory must be easy, he thought, to be complete, and therefore he refused to yield one leaf from the laurel. He continued to hold forth in the same triumphant style, and with the same deafening clamour, for upwards of half-an-hour; when suddenly recollecting the defenceless condition of his stock-in-trade, he hinted that he had better be going, and hastily passed to the door. The loud shout peculiar to his countrymen announced the disaster of poor Burns. "Whatever's the matter, William?" inquired my master in an anxious, consoling tone; "Och, man, I'm ruined entirely; the barrow—the muscles. Och! what'll I do? The cockles—three beautiful pecks in one bag alone;" was all the information he could elicit, ere Burns rushed like a maniac down the street, in search of his lost treasure.

Whether some friends of Spring had been coming past, and taken this method of being revenged on the traducer of their champion, or whether some unmannerly thieves had done it out of downright roguery, I know not; but certain it is, that one or the other had silently carried off the entire stock of Burns' cockles and muscles; and lest the barrow should, by reason of its rumbling, tell an unwelcome tale, they had carried it off likewise.

Poor Burns searched every likely and unlikely place, not leaving so much as a stone unturned, but to no purpose; all was gone, to use his own expressive words, "clane as a whistle," though he owned every barrow he met with for six months afterwards. To be sure, he once or twice encountered a very suspicious heap of shells, in a very suspicious quarter of the globe; but they were so completely "gutted of the fish," that he was foiled entirely, as he could not conveniently, (though often he wished it) make oath to the bare outsides.

Such are a few of the scenes and vagaries connected with a barber's shop. It is a choice place, where persons of every denomination, whig, tory, or radical, speak out freely and without constraint; a kind of public confessional, where men, heated by a little discussion, unburden themselves of thoughts that have swelled at their bosoms, nursing their wrath, or tickling their fancy, perhaps for many days previous.

If the walls of a barber's shop received impressions; if they had eyes to see, and ears to hear, and could be circulated in periodical parts, lord! what a miscellany the world would have to be sure. Cruikshank and Co. would be ruined at one fell swoop; they might snap their crayons, and give them to little schoolboys as they passed their doors of a morning. No illustrations, not even a vignette, would ever be required. Such breathing pictures, teeming with life, character, and truth, as would be there displayed, must speak volumes for themselves. And as for circulation—talk of the Penny Magazine, or Chamber's Journal—they are mere bubbles on an ocean. Every eye would ache for a glance, every ear be strained to listen to the contents of "The Barber's Wall!" Then there is the publisher—oh! the *lucky* publisher,—how shall I describe his success? He would actually be driving his carriage as a "Finis" to the first volume!

Star of Hope.

SYLVAN.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

MILD beam'd the moon on hill and vale,
 While silence held her midnight sway,
 Save where the love-lorn nightingale
 Pour'd through the grove her plaintive lay ;
 When, soft and slow, I stole my way
 To that lov'd spot, where poplars wave,
 And violets blow, with blue bells gay,
 In freshness o'er my Sister's Grave.

As sad I gaz'd upon the mound,
 Where low her mould'ring ashes rest,—
 " Ah ! now," said I, " thou peace hast found—
 That peace which mortals ne'er molest ;
 Thou know'st no grief—art not oppress'd
 With aught that we, frail creatures, have ;
 In better world thy spirit's bless'd,
 While here I sorrow o'er thy grave."

What diff'rent fates our spirits know !
 Thou early call'd to realms of light,
 While here I struggle with my woe ;
 Through the dark day and cheerless night
 Grief, toil, and pain, my prospects blight ;
 No greater boon my soul can crave,
 Than on this world to shut my sight,
 And slumber in the peaceful grave.

Well I remember that sad hour,
 When " dust to dust" was o'er thee said,
 As they the coffin down did lower,
 Into the dark and silent bed.
 What tears of sorrow then I shed ;
 What anguish then my heart it gave,
 To view thee with the sleeping dead,
 To leave thee in thy closing grave.

Oh ! had I then with thee been laid,
 The world's dark frowns I had not known ;
 Love's hopeless slave I'd not been made,
 Nor left in penury to groan.
 Yet be it mine, 'mid fortune's frown,
 Life's storms with fortitude to brave,
 To gain the port—the clouds o'er blown—
 And slumber with thee in one grave.

George the Fourth Lodge, Newton Heath.

T. K.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY ALFRED SMITH, P. G.

Surgeon to the Ripon Dispensary, and to the Earl of Ripon, St. Wilfred, and Bruce Lodges.

THE circumstances, the aggregate of which form the position and fate of individuals and communities in this transitory life, cannot but afford matter of mournful contemplation to the reflecting and discriminating mind. The pages of human history present a perpetual record of crime, folly and misery, varied indeed in amount and character, but pervading the annals of every nation, kindred, and tongue. The voice
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of suffering humanity has uttered its loud wailings through all time. Scarcely are the murmurings of one generation hushed in the all-silencing stillness of death, than the moans of the succeeding race ascend to the ear of heaven. The turbulence of passion, the craving of avarice, the aspirations of ambition, the sting of remorse, the throb of anger, the swell of sorrow; these are in incessant operation, wasting and withering, blighting and desolating the hopes and enjoyments of man. From infancy this restless being is agitated by impulses, and pushed on by his desires in a course of unquiet pursuits and unsatisfying exertion; the goal of happiness receding as he advances, or the objects of his wishes crumbling in his grasp into the ashes of disappointment. Of all those who start in the race of human life, how many tumble into the grave ere they have had time to mature their energies, and try their powers; how many are drifted by the uncontrollable billows of fate far from the shores they struggled to reach; and how many, under the guise of indifference, or in the shades of retirement, pass the lingering remnant of their existence in vain and secret lamentation over wasted time, lost opportunities, and unfulfilled expectations! The whole surface and seeming of society is hollow and untrue. The allurements of pleasure, the enjoyments of power, the charms of beauty, the possession of wealth, do not confer the happiness which they promise. And while the things which dazzle, and excite, and delight us in the prospect and pursuit are unsubstantial in their nature, and unsatisfying in their possession, the evils which beset our course, and the doom which finishes it are real, dreadful, and inevitable. The pain which racks the quivering nerve, the grief that wrings the widowed heart, the tear that gushes from the parent's eye upon the grave of the child, the pang of hunger, the decay of age, and the agony of death—these are sufferings and sorrows, real, unequivocal, and stern. Some of them time may soften, philosophy blunt, or religion soothe, after the bitterness of their dreadful energy is past; but ere this can be done, the stern executioner exacts the full penalty of the victim.

While the gleams of joy which gild our onward path with a rare and transitory splendour, vanish ere we can bask in the ray, the clouds which overshadow our sun, and the sorrows which sadden our hearts leave a gloom upon the memory of the past which will often, for many years,

"Mix with each thought, with every action share,
Darken each dream, and blend with every pray'r."

The rich man rolls in his gilded chariot—it is cushioned and lined for luxury and ease—the costly trappings of his polished harness glitter in the sunshine—his sleek and spirited steeds bounding along the road—his dress and ornaments are splendid;—look at his countenance. Do you see there the bright glance of pleasure, or even the placid smile of content? Alas! the eye is sunk in grief, or dull with disease—his face is furrowed with care—his lineaments are haggard with woe—his heart struggles, perhaps bitterly, with the workings of malice, anxiety and despair—or his thoughts are far away, with the wanderer, the ungrateful, or the dead. What to him is the gaudy pageantry of equipage and attire? What is to him the wealth that cannot purchase joy, nor assuage the smarting of sorrow? With all his abundance, and all his grandeur, he perhaps envies the simple peasant who toils for the bread that he eats.

The ambitious man, covetous of fame, occupies a splendid position in the eyes of the admiring multitude. He has met intrigue with intrigue, and opposed policy to policy. Success has smiled upon his schemes, and honour crowned his exertions; his reputation stands high among men, and glory is as a halo round his head. But nor success, nor titles, nor glory can blunt the cankering tooth of care that gnaws busily at his heart. The giddy height to which he has arrived is to him a painful and a dangerous eminence; one slight swerve, one false step, one rash motion, one precaution omitted, and down he falls headlong into the abyss of disgrace;—all his hopes blasted—all his plans defeated—all his schemes frustrated—to be trampled upon by the very men who admired and half-worshipped his greatness. What anxious days are his—what sleepless nights! How tightly the iron band of thought presses upon his aching brain! His hair is grizzled with premature old age, his features are pale and sallow with intense study; and while thousands wonder at the splendour of his talents, and envy the honors of his rank, the miserable man groans in spirit, and the prayer bursts from his over-charged bosom, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest!"

The man of pleasure seems to revel in delight. For him the wine-cup sparkles with a brighter and a purer glow—for him the eye of beauty flashes with a lovelier light—the perfumes of “*Araby the blest*” regale his enchanted senses—the voice of music entrances his listening ear—his couch is strewn with the soft and fragrant rose, and his path is among blossoming flowers—revelry and luxury, the dance and the song, the jest and the laugh, the gold and the gem—the homage of man and the smile of woman wait upon his bidding! Is this happiness? Alas! Under the flowers hides the serpent with sharp and sudden sting! With the song of mirth in his ear, and the wine upon his lips, he tosses about in weariness and woe; his dreams are of sharp daggers and of bitter waters. The skeleton hand of death tears away the dismal curtain of the future—the shrivelled finger of remorse points back to the wasted hours of the past;—and listen to the cry of the jaded voluptuary, “all is vanity and vexation of spirit!”

When none of these kinds of magnificent misery enfeeble the frame, engross the energies, and embitter the existence of man, still there are causes in perpetual activity to cross, to harass, and to humble him. While the birds of the air flutter and sing in gladness, he trembles with apprehension, or languishes with disease. The moral and physical worlds are full of dangers and teeming with sorrows to him. The ever-heaving and tossing waves of human passions, interests, and labours, are continually casting up cares and disquietudes as well for the great as the lowly. Let not, then, the sons of toil and of penury envy the glittering fetters of the great, whose brightness indeed they see, but whose galling they do not perceive; and let them not think because heavy their burden, and painful their lot, that the noble, the wealthy, and the proud are exempt from the ills which, different in kind rather than in degree, are the common heritage of all. The higher classes have, further, an innumerable host of minor troubles, which are peculiar to themselves. A dog that runs in upon his game—the not being invited to a dinner, or a ball—the fashion of a new garment; these, and matters of the like importance to these, will ruffle the temper, and destroy the rest of those who may have at the time no weightier matters of uneasiness. So true it is, that where heavy calamities, or serious misfortunes do not oppress, there are minor annoyances, and trifling evils which serve equally the purpose of producing discomfort and distress.

With the middle classes one might hope to find that the spirit of content would take up her abode. The poet charms us with the picture which his “*imagination bodies forth*,” when he says—

“He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man’s door,
Embittering all his state.”

And yet, turning from the romance to the reality, what is the actual condition of this numerous class, who seem to be so happily removed alike from the temptations of wealth, and the privations of poverty? Are not its members, in sober truth, the most anxious and uneasy of the community? Care stands by their beds to await their awakening in the morning; it pursues them, with ceaseless and urgent steps, through the busy hours of the day, and hunts them to their pillow at night. They live in perpetual warfare with each other, struggling with overstrained faculties, plotting with restless ingenuity, and vying with unceasing competition for gain. The unremitting exertions to provide for a helpless family—the continued effort to keep up appearances of respectability, often formed upon an erroneous estimate—the frettings and devices to procure and return favours, advantages, and emoluments—the jealous envy which sickens at the greater prosperity of others—the sinking despair which accompanies the contemplation of their own losses and misfortunes, harass the mind, and overcloud the existence of thousands with constant anxiety and gloom. The fluctuations of trade, the uncertainties of business, the fickleness of public favour, the unforeseen emergencies, the unexpected turnings of events, and the impositions of fraud, are fruitful sources of vexation and disappointment to the multitudes who labour for wealth. And in this ever-hurrying race, where all are eager for the prize, where there is no respite nor rest, where, like the rolling billows of the sea, men are for ever urging each other onwards with untiring and irresistible impetus, who shall tell how many yearly or daily break down and are trampled under foot? What vast numbers, unable to maintain the

struggle, with exhausted powers and shattered health, fall silently and unregarded, save by their own narrow circle, into the darkness and dust of the grave ! How many with premature grey on their temples, with wasted bodies, and wearied spirits, and disappointed hopes, vanquished in their contest with the heartless world, sink in poverty and misery into the cold embrace of death ! The sorrows of a man's life are not written upon his features, nor are the causes of his death engraven upon his tombstone ; he disappears from the busy crowd, and few have leisure or curiosity to inquire into or to search out the hidden mysteries of his fortunes and his fall. Such are a few imperfect sketches of the disquietudes which fall to the lot of those descriptions of persons who seem in this life to be the most favoured. The contemplation of them may serve to shew that human happiness and misery are not distributed with so unequal and partial a hand as the unreflecting may be apt to imagine.

It may indeed be doubted whether the working classes, who earn their daily bread by their daily labour, do not enjoy upon the whole a greater share of happiness than others. Their condition is the most natural. The constitution both of the mind and body is best adapted to constant and regular employment ; and the health and comfort of both are thus most effectually promoted. The sure results of idleness and inactivity are disease, lassitude, and ennui ; it is exertion which secures to our faculties and energies their perfect tone and vigour. So burdensome and disagreeable is the want of exercise and employment, that those who are placed above the necessity of undergoing them for the means of a livelihood, are obliged to seek for them in many various ways. The country gentleman toils in the chase, or in the cultivation of his land, in geological or other pursuits, often as laboriously as the peasant at his daily work. The church, the bench and the bar, the army and the navy, abound with individuals who seek in the occupations which they afford, little else than a refuge from indolence ; because indolence is incompatible with enjoyment. The philosophy of this subject may indeed be summed up in the words of Goldsmith, who thought and wrote of human life with a faithfulness and accuracy seldom to be found in the books of the present age. "Every mind," he says, "seems capable of entertaining a certain amount of happiness, which no institutions can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent of fortune. Let any man compare his present state with the past, and he will probably find himself upon the whole, neither better nor worse than formerly. Gratified ambition or irreparable calamity may produce transient sensations of pleasure or distress. These storms may discompose in proportion as they are strong, or the mind is pliant to their impression. But the soul, though at first agitated by the event, is every day operated upon with diminished influence ; and at length subsides to the level of its usual tranquility. Every wish, therefore, which leads us to expect happiness somewhere else but where we are—every institution which teaches us that we should be better by being possessed of something new—which promises to lift us a step higher than we are, only lays a foundation for uneasiness ; because it contracts debts which it cannot repay, it calls that a good which, when we have found it, will in fact add nothing to our happiness. To enjoy the present, without regret for the past, or solicitude for the future, has been the advice rather of poets than philosophers ; and yet the precept seems more natural than is generally imagined. It is the only general precept respecting the pursuit of happiness that can be applied with propriety to every condition of life." The working classes form the most numerous, and therefore the most important portion of society. They have been well designated as the basis of the social pyramid, upon which all the others rest, and by which they are supported. From them have issued at various times many of the greatest benefactors of mankind ; the noblest spirits of their country, men of nature's aristocracy, the least of whose achievements it has been to render their own names illustrious in all time, and in all nations. It is they who recruit our armies, and man our navies ; who labour in the fields and the workshops ; who cultivate, fabricate, and produce all that supplies the wants, the comforts, and luxuries of all. They are a nation's strength and her pride. In their welfare we may read the prosperity of their country ; in their adversity, her decline and destruction. It is to their benefit chiefly that all the other departments of society should be subservient. For them the warrior unsheathes his sword ; for them the philosopher trims his midnight lamp ; for them the statesman studies ; for them the poet sings, the historian writes. Their condition is all-important in the eyes of the wise politician, and the benevolent philanthropist.

Enjoying in the daily pursuit of their various avocations, and under favourable circumstances, no small share of happiness, yet are they subject to visitations of evil and distress of a kind so real, and of a nature so urgent, as to defy the reasonings of philosophy, and the sympathy of their fellow-men, be they ever so just, or ever so sincere. Their labour is their capital, its remuneration their subsistence. The greatest calamity, therefore, which can befall them is the suspension of one or the other, whether by sickness, or the want of employment. If we separate an individual from the mass, and contemplate his situation, his resources and his prospects, we shall perceive with what force these observations apply. He is in the prime of life, in full health, and the father of a family. He works daily at his calling or his trade, and the price of his industry supplies him with the necessities and comforts of life. His wants are few, and his sphere is limited; his labour sweetens his food, and makes his slumbers sound; his home is clean and comfortable, and content sits smiling at his board. So long as this state of things continues he is a happy man—happy in fulfilling the duties of his station—happy in enjoying the purest and most satisfying pleasures of life. But how soon and how suddenly may this bright picture be sullied and overcast by the gathering clouds of adversity; and even when founded on the best principles, and enjoyed by the best means,

"How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour!"

In a few days, perhaps a few hours, you see the demons of gloom and sorrow brooding where peace and prosperity smiled before. Disease has laid his withering hand upon the husband and the father, and gaunt poverty frowns over the unfurnished board. The wife, distracted alike by grief for her suffering partner, and anxiety for her famishing children, weeps in terror and despair. And, if this continue, there is the depressing, the heart-sickening prospect of eating the bread of charity—bitter as gall in the mouth of every honest man. If the scene darken as it proceeds, and if in the distance the angel of death be seen approaching—if through sorrowful days and wearisome nights he draws nearer and nearer still, and at last in that abode of hunger and distress he seizes his victim, and wrenches away all the strong ties that bound him to those bleeding hearts—what pen shall describe, what imagination conceive the desolation and misery of that dreadful day! Is this a fanciful, an unreal, or an uncommon picture? Will those who, thoughtless themselves, heed not the distresses of others, and despise or oppose the means used for their alleviation, dwell on this page with attention, and still ridicule or undervalue THE BENEVOLENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP? It is the active exercise of this benevolence which will succour and support that man and his family, without compromising his self-respect, or destroying his independence. It will supply him during his sickness with proper medical advice; it will give his family food and raiment. If he die, it will convey him with decency and respect to the "house appointed for all living;" it will protect and assist his widow and his orphans; and it will do all this in the most kind and affectionate manner, as his privilege and his right. It is not sufficient that the party be relieved—but it is done in the spirit of brotherly love, and without subjecting him, in the slightest degree, to obligation or reproach.

Or it may be that his troubles take a different complexion, less terrific and disastrous indeed, but still sufficiently formidable and dreadful to interest the sympathies of the feeling heart. From circumstances, over which he has no controul, his employment ceases. He seeks in the place where he resides from one master to another—but none have occasion for his services. He is able and willing to work for his bread, but the opportunity is not there afforded. But his wants, and those of his family are constant and urgent; his children cry for food, and he has none to give them. He would go elsewhere in search of work—but how is he to subsist on the road—or how are they to live whom he is compelled to leave behind him? If nothing interposed in these wretched circumstances, what is there before him but the stone-heap and the workhouse? Yet he has skill, it is of no avail—he has strength and industry, he cannot be employed—he has frugality, but there is nothing to save. Here are the horrible temptations of poverty to crime; and if once the golden barrier of honesty be broken down by the pressure of want, how often is the victim urged onwards through the slippery paths of vice to the prison or the gallows. I said *if nothing interposed* to save him, his prospects pointed to the workhouse or worse; but here *does interpose the Benevolence of Odd Fellowship*. It supplies him with the means of travelling, should it be necessary, from

one end of the kingdom to the other ; it watches over his health and safety throughout his progress ; it welcomes him and comforts him, a stranger in a strange place ; it cares with kind solicitude for those he leaves behind ; it furnishes him with friends wherever he goes, who greet him with warm hearts and liberal hands. Observe in imagination the weary way-farer entering at evening the precincts of a large town ; he has walked many miles, he is exhausted, foot-sore, and travel-soiled ; his heart is far away with his dear wife and his smiling babes ; he knows they are thinking and talking of him. Strangers with cold looks pass him by ; he is hungry, faint, and sorrowful. He looks on the immense mass of buildings which lie before him reflecting the red light of the setting sun ;—darkness gathers around his path ;—among all the thousands who inhabit those houses he knows not one—from how many joyous hearths does that smoke ascend !—and how leaps the wanderer's heart for joy, when, like a sunbeam, the glad thought dawns upon his mind, that, as soon as he enters the town, there are friends and brothers to receive and to welcome him—to relieve and assist him—to give him the best seat at the board, and the warmest at the fireside—to forward his interest if they can, at all events to speed him on his way refreshed and rejoicing ! It is not for those who dwell in their "ceilded houses," enjoying the comforts of a happy fireside, and surrounded by their families and friends, and

" If a moment's cloud pass by
To dim the lustre of their eye,
Fond hearts press round to soothe and share
The grief their love detected there,"

it is not for them, I say, fully to appreciate the wretchedness we have depicted, or the full merit of the kindness which relieves it ; but both are in real and constant operation from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. The description is drawn not from imagination, but from long and frequent observation ; and so far from being exaggerated, it falls infinitely short of the reality. And does not a system thus bountiful, and thus beautifully adapted in its bounty to the necessities of our fellow-men, recommend itself with a powerful claim to the approbation and support of good men of all classes ? And should not the contemplation of these things awaken in many a bosom the self-accusing spirit to exclaim—

" We do too little feel another's pain,
We do too much relax the social chain
That binds us to each other !"

The benevolence of our Order is, moreover, unfettered by those differences which so frequently occasion disunion and discord among men. It is superior to all the distinctions of sect and party. It is not necessary for its exercise that the inquiry should first be made whether its object is a Catholic or Protestant, a Churchman or a Dissenter, or of this or that political persuasion. That the man is a brother is his title—that he is in distress is his claim. How far the divisions and subdivisions which obtain in religious and secular matters may be an evil, or whether they are an evil at all, it is not our province in this publication to discuss,—but they obtrude not into the peaceful borders of Odd Fellowship, either to trouble its repose, or to contract its liberality. Free, and pure, and boundless as the air we breathe, is the benevolence we practise, founded upon the principle of common brotherhood, and hallowed by the spirit of sympathy and love. Many and various are the kinds of charity which prevail in the world. There is that which deals out at the parish board, with a frowning brow and an unwilling hand, its pence to the shrinking and humble pauper. There is the charity of ostentation, which subscribes its ten guineas it may be, that the great man's vanity may be gratified by seeing his name foremost in the published list. There is the charity of pride which doles out a subsistence to a needy relation that his poverty may not disgrace his name. There is that description of charity, unworthy of the name, which rummages over the poor man's house, asks a hundred impertinent and galling questions, and bestows at length a sixpence or a tract. But none of these are to be compared with the *Benevolence of Odd Fellowship*, any more than the candle by which I write, with the genial and brilliant rays of the sun in his meridian. Proceeding from the best affections of the heart, it is kind, ungrudging, and sincere. It neither puffs up with vanity the giver, nor humiliates nor degrades the receiver. It is marked by principle, forethought, and independence.

Let, therefore, those who belong to the Order respect and rejoice in their privileges —let them seek, with well-regulated zeal, to support its dignity, advocate its cause, and extend its boundaries. And of those into whose hands this paper may fall, who are not within its pale, it is hoped that the perusal of it may at least disarm their hostility, if it cannot recommend its cause. They will consider, perhaps, that it is unmanly to oppose or despise a system which they do not understand; and will pause before they treat with derision, contempt, or obloquy, an Order comprehending hundreds of thousands in its numbers; instituted for the purpose and constantly engaged in the office of diminishing the amount of human misery, and adding to the sum of human happiness.

North Street, Ripon, November 15th, 1841.

MEDITATIONS ON WINTER.

BY P. G. JOHN BOOTH.

THERE is a calm, a sombre, tranquil shade,
At least to lonely, meditative minds,
Spread o'er the face of Nature, when array'd
With storms, and clouds, and dreary-moaning winds!
Winter resumes his undisputed sway,
And all things beautiful decline away,
As we decline: yes! the sad spirit finds
In thee, rude Monarch! emblems of its own
Once fair and brilliant hopes, chilled by misfortune's frown!

Creation is a blank! each plant and flower,
Which but so late were blooming in their pride,
Have shrunk beneath the bleak gale's withering power
Inanimate! and everything beside
Has shared the same inevitable doom;
Nature is wrapt in universal gloom!
And we ourselves, whate'er our lot betide,
Feel the like influence stealing o'er the soul,
Raising up shapes, and thoughts, which we cannot controul.

A change has pass'd! The sky no longer blue
As it was wont to be in summer time,
Is veil'd with clouds of dark, portentous hue,
Through which the sun doth slowly seem to climb.
Shorn of his glory and his dazzling sheen,
How languid now he looks upon the scene,
As if in mockery of his former prime,
When like a giant in his might he rose,
Nor droop'd his fulgent beams till twilight's lengthened close.

No longer now the fields, where late we stroll'd
With feelings of serene and chaste delight,
Are cloth'd with verdure lovely to behold,
In the first flush of morning's aureate light;
No more in beauty do they meet our gaze,
And spring-tide freshness, as in by-gone days;
Those star-like flowers with which they were bedight,
Have vanish'd too beneath the sterile earth,
Till warmer suns shall wake them to another birth.

MEDITATIONS ON WINTER.

Swift rush the rivers on with tenfold speed,
 Sweeping resistless in their wild career,
 All things away that would their course impede;
 But ah! no more with polish'd bosoms clear,
 Reflecting heaven, sun, moon, and the bright train
 Of starry hosts that gem the azure plain—
 No more their murmurs fall upon the ear,
 Like far-off music, with its silver tone—
 But swollen now they flow, with hoarse resounding moan.

See, where old ocean heaves with hidden life!
 In gathering ranks, lo, how the billows rise!
 Onwards they roll impetuous to the strife,
 Lifting their foam-wreath'd summits to the skies;
 Hark! how they break with loud and deaf'ning roar,
 Like peals of thunder, 'gainst the rock-bound shore!
 Back flows the tide—again the waves arise,
 And dash on to the charge with boisterous glee,
 Making the caves to ring with their wild minstrelsy.

Up floats the glittering spray, in many a wreath,
 And circling curl, fantastical to view;
 Form'd from the boiling waves that burst beneath
 In eddying foam—and now they sail like blue
 Aerial phantoms, round the mountain peaks,
 That covered are with snow, on which the streaks
 Of sunset fall—shedding a crimson hue
 Of transient glory—gleaming for awhile,
 Then vanishing away with faint, delusive smile.

Darkness now reigns supreme! save where on high,
 A few pale-stars, give out their sickly light;
 No moon shines forth t'illumine the murky sky,
 But on yon rock the beacon blazes bright,
 And throws its beams across the waters wide—
 To the lost mariner a welcome guide—
 Warning him of the dangers of the night!
 Like those sweet gleams of grace in mercy given,
 To teach our erring hearts the road through earth to heaven!

How sad and mournfully the fierce winds sweep
 Around our habitations—how they moan
 In dreary, fitful gusts at midnight deep,
 With dull, monotonous, unceasing tone—
 Like the low death-wail, or the piercing cry
 Of lamentation, when the bolt's shot by,
 And left us on earth's wintry waste alone,
 Reft, broken-hearted, to deplore our fate,
 And mourn, as mourn the winds, o'er Nature desolate!

The songs of birds among the shady trees,
 Flooding with melody the ambient air—
 The soft, low echoes of the whispering breeze
 Are heard no more—but naked now and bare,
 The forest stands, exposed to the might
 Of the wild whirlwind, scattering in its flight
 The wither'd leaves that once bloom'd green and fair,
 Like youth's elysian dreams of hope and joy,
 Nurtur'd by love's sweet smile, without one base alloy!

Yet do I love thee, Winter ! and thou art
 Full dear to me, with all thy gloomy train
 Of horrors—thou dost cast around the heart
 A kindred spell, whilst thick across the brain
 Rush shadows of the past—the rapturous days
 Of boyhood ! how imagination strays
 O'er all their scenes, though nothing may remain
 Of them, save grief : yet hush the struggling soul,
 Joy shall be hers at last though loud life's tempests howl.

All other seasons bow them unto thee,
 Stern conqueror of the year ! thy sovereign sway
 Doth far extend ; upon the trackless sea
 The isles of ice that never melt away
 Are thy rude monuments ! whilst on the land,
 Vast chains of hills magnificently stand
 Capp'd with eternal snow, which never ray
 Of sun shall pierce ; and tree, and shrub, and flower,
 All, all alike seem dead, beneath thy magic power.

But *are* they dead—those fragile things of earth ?
 And shall they bloom in loveliness no more ?
 Nor rise again unto a fresh, new birth—
 And is their short life o'er—for ever o'er ?
 No ! they but slumber in the ground awhile,
 Till thy dread reign be pass'd, and Spring's sweet smile
 Shall spread its influence over sea and shore !
 Then shall they feel the all-enlivening breath,
 And burst, to live again, the icy bonds of death !

Not so the dreams of youth, and hope, and pride—
 Not thus the visions of our early years !
 Born with rich rainbow hues, away they glide
 With noiseless wings to more congenial spheres ;
 Yes, happiness is fleeting—and the glow
 Of youthful pleasures but an empty show
 That lasts but for awhile—then disappears
 For ever ! so our budding hopes decay—
 Even thus our joys depart, and where, ah, where are they ?

Ay, where are they—the vanish'd and the dead ?
 Their recollection dwells not in the heart !
 Alas ! the memory of bliss once fled,
 Like its enjoyment, quickly doth depart ;
 But a whole age cannot erase the thought
 Of sorrow, which one moment's sin hath wrought,
 Nor heal the agonizing, burning smart,
 That rankles in the soul—nor from the brow
 Wipe the deep lines of grief, where once shone youth's warm glow !

Yet, though the star of life be set in clouds,
 And all youth's vain imaginings in gloom,
 The veil that now mysteriously shrouds
 Our earthly destinies and hides our doom,
 Death soon shall pierce, and then with swelling voice,
 In songs of praise, we shall rejoice—rejoice !
 To find our joys for evermore shall bloom
 In heavenly glory—if we meekly bear,
 With faith and hope, those ills it is our lot to share !

Loyal Wentworth Lodge, New Malton.

VOL. 7—No. 1—F.

MUSIC.

BY GEO. P. JENNINGS.

"Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats,
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above."—POPE.

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony;
Sit Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls."—SHAKESPEARE.

If we were to canvass the opinions of the different classes of society, as to their relative construction of the word heading this article, what a variety of definitions we should have. By one we should be referred to some saloon or tap-room, where a single fiddle was called into requisition to qualify, or perchance increase, the noise and clamour of a holiday night. Many a well-to-do gentleman of the old school would point you to his daughter Victoria, just finishing her third year under Mr. Daudle, and who was embellishing an overture of Rossini's, or a waltz of Weber's, with involuntary variations, which would enrapture the original composers, could they be fortunate to get within hearing. In a country village the seat of harmony is the singing loft at church, where a violoncello and clarinet are every Sunday made to yield as much noise as can be scraped or blown out; or perhaps a barrel-organ may be the fount of harmony for the choir. Put the question to a loungee of Regent Street, and he would twirl his "imperial" and lisp Tambo-ri-n-i, or Rubini; while some might be found of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that music was a noise, and less disagreeable than any other sort of noise. I have often been inclined to doubt if the great moralist really and truly held such an opinion; or indeed, if any one could hold it. But of the abovenamed individuals, were any in that belief, I would wager the dandy of the opera house to be the man; for though he might be nearest to truth in his opinion, fashion, not music, is the charm which nightly draws him, and some score others, to that scene of brilliancy and splendour. But enough of this: let us to our subject.

Music is undoubtedly the divinest gift that was ever bestowed on man, as a boon to soothe the rugged path of a wayward world. There is no feeling in the human breast but there finds some sympathetic chord. It is the genial voice of nature; of nature in her solitude and loveliness, and strange would it be, were man, the noblest and greatest of her works, exempt from its influence. "The empire of music," remarks Professor Taylor, "may with truth be said to be universal. It echoes in the forests and the groves, it whispers in the breeze, it murmurs in the brook, it rushes in the torrent, and roars in the tempest. Its presence is everywhere—on earth, in sea—in the world which is, and that which is to come. There is music in every accent of joy, in every response of gratitude, in every plaint of sorrow; we meet with and own the power of this language in every walk of life—

"In every burst of sympathy,
In every voice of love."

Suppose the world destitute of these sweet and melting accents—suppose this chanting and endless variety all withdrawn, even for a single day, and in its stead dull monotony

and death-like silence. How would the most insensible heart and obdurate ear long and pray for its return, and own the beneficence of that power which had made all nature vocal !”

Music may be almost said to have been co-existent with the world ; so far is it beyond our powers to trace it to its earliest source. The heathens attributed it to their gods, and its immediate patron was one of the greatest in the mythology, and in the revels of Olympus. Music and singing are always found as the chief enliveners of festivity. In sacred history we have the distinct mention of musical instruments so early as Tubal, the sixth descendant from Adam, who is said to have been “ father of all such who handle the harp and organ.” In the time of the patriarchs it is evident that both vocal and instrumental music were in common use ; thus Laban is represented to say to Jacob, on the sudden manner of his leaving his house, “ Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp.”

It appears probable that the music of the ancients was chiefly vocal, and regulated by the rhythm of the poetry, and the instrumental part was confined to the accompaniment of the voice. One chief reason of this would, doubtless, be the state of perfection in which the voice would naturally exist, when compared to the very rude description of musical instruments, at that early period. The poet and the musician were for many ages united in the same person, and the verses of Homer were probably sung to melodies of his own composing. Homer always makes mention of music with admiration, but he in every instance speaks of it as an accompaniment to poetry and singing ; and the instruments most generally in use appear to have been the lyre and flute. Thus in the ninth book of the *Iliad*, Achilles is described, as—“ Delighting his soul with the shrill lyre, which was beautiful, curiously wrought, and the top was of silver. This he had taken from among the spoils, having destroyed the city of Etëion, and with it was delighting his soul, and singing the glorious deeds of heroes.”

Music appears to have formed an important part of the religious services of all nations. The priests of early times were doubtless too well aware of its power over the minds of their followers, not to avail themselves of its assistance, especially when mystery formed a more important portion of their creed than understanding. It was early admitted into the rites of the Egyptians and Hebrews ; and it also constituted a considerable portion of the ceremonials of the Greeks and Romans. It was early introduced into the worship of the Christian church, as the Acts of the Apostles testify in many passages. Pliny reported to the Emperor Trajan, that “ the Christians assemble before day-break, to sing alternate hymns to Christ and God.” Much greater care was indeed then taken respecting this part of the service, than is generally the case in the present day. The council of Laodicea, held about 360, directed that “ none but canons, and the choir who sing out of the parchment books, should presume to sing in the church.” St. Ambrose was a great proficient in music, and introduced many improvements in singing and chanting. “ At this time,” says St. Augustine, in 386, “ it was first ordered that hymns and psalms should be sung after the manner of the Eastern nations, that the people might not languish and pine away with a tedious sorrow ; and from that time to the present, it is retained at Milan, and imitated by almost all the other congregations of the Christian world.” He also adds, that, on entering the church and hearing the choir singing, “ As the voices flowed into my ears, truth was instilled into my heart, and the affections of piety overflowed in tears of joy.”—St. Augustine is said by Bishop Stillingfleet, to have the merit of first introducing church music into England ; where it was afterwards greatly improved by St. Dunstan, who was himself an eminent musician, and is said to have furnished the English churches and convents with organs. The first organ known in France was from Constantinople, as a present from the Emperor Constantine VI. to king Pepin, in 757. They became common in England, Germany and Italy in the course of the tenth century. The Gregorian Chant was established by Pope Gregory, about 550.

The importance attached by the Catholic church to the musical part of the service, and the perfection to which they carried it, are well known. The splendid masses and services of Mozart and others, are a lasting monument of its excellency, and the finest part of the music now retained in the Church of England is derived from this source. The attention paid to it by the Reformers is thus spoken of by an able writer on this subject,—“ The Reformation produced little change in the solemn musical services of

the church. Luther was devotedly fond of music; and in conjunction with his friend Melancthon, he framed a ritual, in which the choral service was retained in as much splendour and magnificence as the time would allow. Several hymns are yet extant composed by this eminent Reformer; and though it is doubtful whether that admirable piece of sacred music, "Great God, what do I see and hear," which is generally attributed to Luther, was written by him, it is certain that his proficiency in this science was far from contemptible. Calvin employed Guillaume Franc to set his own version of the psalms to easy tunes of one part only. They soon became so popular, that the people seemed to be infused with the tone of psalm singing; and these compositions were used alike to stimulate their devotion, and to rouse their courage, when they rose against their persecutors. This was not the first departure from the Romish ecclesiastical style of singing. Plain congregational singing was practised by the early Wickliffites in the fourteenth, and by John Huss and his followers, in the fifteenth century."

We must, however, pause in our path, or we shall be outrunning all moderate bounds; for were we to continue anything like an historical sketch of choral music, we should soon come in contact with the names of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, to say nothing of a host of minor, though kindred worthies, which form a phalax formidable enough to cost any music-loving scribbler some dozen or two pages to dispose of them. We must therefore pass on with a brief homage to their names, and especially to their immortal leader, who stands in proud pre-eminence above all his compeers, whether we regard the extent and vastness of his works, or the gigantic splendour of the genius which produced them. If indeed there ever existed human genius able to grasp the productions of Divine inspiration, and enrich them with the lustre of the sister art, that genius existed in the mind of Handel; he is in the orchestra what Milton is in the library, and they must go down to posterity hand in hand together; forgotten they can never be, they have each in their separate art given an imperishable language to man—a language that enwraps the soul;—

"That speaks,
And will speak on for ever—whilst one chord
Holds true to feeling; and ere that chain breaks,
The rose shall perish ne'er to be restored—
The lark soar hence in silence—the fond word
Of love and early friendship be unknown—
All harmonies of beauty be unheard—
All holy inspirations lose their tone—
And man forsake his home, to fade and fall alone."

The oratorio, or sacred musical drama, was first invented early in the fourteenth century. Like other departments of dramatic representation, the opera appears to have been first founded on sacred subjects. They were not introduced into England till 1732, when Handel produced his oratorios of Esther, and Acis and Galatea, though the latter is not, strictly speaking, of the class generally understood by the name, as the characters and incidents are founded on the heathen mythology. The opposition he had to contend with is well known by all in any degree conversant with musical history; and when he first brought out his Messiah, the noblest musical achievement of man, he was compelled to leave London, and take a refuge in Ireland. Such is the fortune of almost every great improvement in science or art, in the days of ignorance and prejudice.

Dramatic music, or, the opera, appears to have first come into notice about the close of the sixteenth century; prior to which time there had been little else except masses and madrigals. During the seventeenth century many eminent operatic composers flourished on the continent, especially in Germany; and the opera was shortly introduced into England, where they soon became a formidable rival to the established theatres. The novelty of these performances created great curiosity, and many were the criticisms on the absurdity of heroes, kings, &c., issuing their commands in "sing-song," or lovers pleading to their mistresses to the accompaniment of a band of fiddlers; several articles on this subject may be found in the *Spectator*. At first the language in which these operas were performed, was always English; but towards the end of that century, Italian singers began to be encouraged, and many distinguished vocalists arrived from that country. The principal of these was Nicolino Grimaldi, commonly called Nicolini, who was pronounced the greatest performer in dramatic music that had yet appeared on the stage. The Italian opera was for many years found to be more expensive than

profitable, and it was discontinued for a few years, till in 1720 a fund of £50,000 was subscribed for recommencing it and carrying it on, which was accordingly done under the direction of Handel. In about seven years they were, however, again without funds, and the performances would probably have been entirely abandoned, had not Handel determined to try them again at his own risk, and engaged a band of performers for that purpose; and from that time the Italian opera has been, with various degrees of success, the most choice and fashionable species of entertainment in London; though without doubt, fashion has done much, perhaps as much as love of music, in raising it to the height to which it has arrived.

Of all musical compositions, whether vocal or instrumental, that which has always come most home to the feelings and minds of the mass of society, is the song. We all know what a song is—everybody knows it; but few know the combination of qualities requisite for its composition. It requires, on behalf of its author, genuine poetic feeling and a large portion of the true music of the soul. The possession of the same qualities are also equally necessary for the composer of the music of a popular air; and it is for the lack of these qualifications that such hosts of songs are consigned to oblivion, almost as soon as they are published. Song is universal to all; it is the child of every climate, every language, and of every age. The patriot and the warrior respond with renewed ardour to the well known melody of a national air; the seaman bids adieu to his native shore, braves the storm and tempest, enlivens his hours of enjoyment, varies the monotony of the midnight watch, and hails with delight the return to the land of his birth, in rude but immortal song. The polished citizen of Europe, and the untutored Indian of the prairie, celebrate the charms of their mistress, and keep up her absent remembrance, with the strain of love. The plough-man lightens his labour in England's meadow downs, and the Russian serf, in his ice-bound desolation, strives to forget some portion of his wretchedness, in the rhymes of their native land. And witness the effect on hearing a well known air—one that has been the companion of our joys in by-gone days, after a long exile from the scenes with which our youthful years were familiar; "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning," is a part of one of the oldest and noblest lyrics in the world; and such has been the feeling ever since, in all ages, and among all nations. We may, at our own firesides, and in our own land, admire and prefer the rich melodies of Italy, or the wild harmony of Germany, and prefer them to the simpler airs of Britain; but ask any Englishman who has spent the summer of his life in foreign countries, what then, of all music, sounded to him the sweetest; the reply will be, one of the songs of Albion—some strain of his native land—something that reminded him of the "sea-girl isle," of

"The flag that's brav'd a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!"

One reason of the great popularity of this department of vocal music, is the facility of its performance; it is within the reach of almost every one, for nearly every person with the organs of speech perfect, could sing with a tolerable degree of practise, much less than is requisite to obtain an equal proficiency on the simplest instrument; and this is further increased by the well known fact, that the majority of audiences applaud a piece of music, or singing, in the proportion of its pleasing, and not according to its merits as a scientific composition. Often have I known some of the finest pieces of the first masters listened to by a mixed audience, with an impatient attention, and honoured by a slight applause, evidently given only out of compliment to the performers; when the next piece, a simple air, of no merit in itself, except being "pretty," has met with a rapturous encore. The chorus singers of Lancashire have long been celebrated for the power and precision with which they sing the choruses of the great composers, which is the more creditable to them, when we consider the little attention hitherto paid to singing as a branch of national education. Much has been done in the last two or three years to remedy this deficiency, and it is to be hoped that it will be continued and persevered in, that the lower classes of society may have the means of improving this choicest gift of nature, with the same facility as is offered them for acquiring arts of no more practical utility, and of far less intellectual value.

I know not that this article can be concluded more appropriately than with the following words of the high authority previously referred to, Professor Taylor,—“Whatever tends to refine, to civilize, to exalt the intellectual faculties of man, is not only ornamental,

but useful. This is the character and purpose of all the arts, whether painting, sculpture, poetry, or music. Rising above and beyond the limits of the sensible and material, they delight in the contemplation of the infinite and spiritual, and know no bound or limit for the sphere of their exertions. Every power and every faculty with which man was endowed, was given to be improved and enjoyed. There is the same mutual adaptation between knowledge and the human mind, as between light and the eye, sound and the ear, seed and the earth. When the Almighty endued the human voice with sweetness, compass, flexibility and power, and made it capable of giving expression to every emotion of the heart—when he bestowed on the ear the power of the nicest discrimination, and rendered it one of the channels through which pleasure is conveyed to the mind—can we doubt that these gifts were dispensed with a view to their enjoyment, or that, by cultivating the powers thus bestowed, we are not only best consulting our own happiness, but rendering to their Giver the acceptable tribute of obedience?"

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY ROBERT ROSE, THE BARD OF COLOUR.

HOME of my childhood, thou art ever dear !
 O'er ocean's waves sweet visions of thee come ;
 Through the dark changes of each rolling year
 I fondly turn to thee, my far-off home !

At eve I oft direct my gaze above,
 To the pure beauty of each vesper star ;
 Thus dost thou shine my early home of love,
 Thou art my light, soft glimmering afar !

My country ! although wrapt in mental night,
 For knowledge o'er thee scarce its ray hath spread,
 Can I forget where first I hailed the light ?
 Land of my birth ! thy shores I long to tread !

In thought, my mother's voice chides dull delay,
 And lures me to my home, that long-lost scene ;
 But if again my footsteps there may stray,
 Say, shall I find it as it *once* hath been ?

How dare I ask ? when well I know the scythe
 Of restless Time is ever busy here ;
 Perchance, and 'neath the thought the heart must writhe,
 That mother hath departed from this sphere !

Ulysses erst before his kindred stood
 A stranger at his mansion quite forgot ;
 How oft I muse in melancholy mood,
 And fear, like his, may be my mournful lot.

I sadly stand *alone* too oft to sigh,
 When pondering on that land so far away ;
 Alas ! no kin are near me should I die,
 There's none to sooth me in life's waning day.

A wanderer here, oh ! who for me would mourn,
 If the vast sea of life should o'er me close ?
 Home of my childhood ! may I safe return
 To thee, then smiling sink to my repose !

So daily grows my craving wish to see
 My home, that I would almost dare the wave
 On a frail plank, and risk my life as he
 Whom e'en earth's conqueror admired as brave.*

If offered here no other prospect fair—
 As a tired bird would seek its ark of rest,
 To fold its weary wings—I'd hie me there,
 To nestle in its bowers supremely blest !

I, who left home in childhood, with changed form
 Will go to seek the spot of life's glad morn ;
 My mind will *never* bow unto the storm,
 Long as a home remains 'tis not *forlorn*.

In the still night, amid the orange trees,
 Or the tall palmy groves, I revel wild,
 And hear the voice of love upon the breeze,—
 Once more, in dreams, a free and happy child !

I wake—the city's din comes o'er my soul,
 In place of India's cataracts and streams ;
 Fleet as a rack the charm doth from me roll,
 Which lives for me but in my midnight dreams.

Just when my mother's voice I seem to hear,
 And greet her honied accents kind and bland,
 Too oft my smile is wedded to a tear,
 To find I yet am in the stranger's land !

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

A SKETCH OF OUR ORDER, BY A MEMBER.

CHAPTER VI.

The Romantic Lodge, and Bartholomew Giggleswick's Sketches.

THE LADY IN THE LODGE.

CONTRARY to the expectation of every one, a few days in bed; a short deprivation of the sight of Odd Fellows, and a little exercise round her own chamber, brought the comely Dame Busybody once more into the village. Miss Megson's directions for her private funeral turned out to be all moonshine, and some began to think they were only drawn up to gain popularity ; for as soon as the Dame went out she began to mend surprisingly, as she had affirmed she would not be better first ; so confinement for a day or two, after the recovery of the Dame, was sufficient to restore her dying spirit to its wonted activity.

The invalids were cordially greeted by their companions, whose regret was unimaginable that the affair should have ended so unsatisfactorily ; and at the same time assured them that the cause of their illness was only conjectured at in the village, and that none knew the truth.

* This alludes to the boy who was brought before Napoleon, who could hardly believe it credible that he had, on a few loose pieces of timber clumsily put together, ventured out on the open sea to dare the raging elements. The poor boy cried, and said he wanted to see his mother, and had for this gone thus imperfectly equipped. Napoleon, a generous enemy, freed him to his native country. The boy has often since struggled with hardships for a day's subsistence, but never would part with the coin given him by Napoleon.

The reader may imagine that the frustration of the scheme of the ladies to enter the Romantic Lodge, would have quelled their foolish wishes, and subdued their wicked desires, and would be justified in thinking so. But experience often fails to teach wisdom, and whole lives are wasted in endeavouring to obtain in our own way, that which nature has almost thrust upon us in hers. Time still passes on—day still follows day, some are gilded by the bright sun, and others blessed with the bland rain—earth is still as lovely as when the Creator pronounced it “very good”—existence is still the same, and its sequel as unfathomable as at first—there are the same sources of pleasure and delight—the same thousands of objects to gladden the earth, and make merry and joyous its inhabitants as at the morning of creation; but for all this we are still bent on our own selfish, miserable ways. The village and the villagers were the same—there was the same early rising in the morning and labouring in the fields, and the same dancing upon the green at eventide, as had been for many years, but yet they wished to know something else—something about the Odd Fellows.

In honour of the attempt as detailed in the last chapter, (they said nothing of the failure,) a tea party was held at the house of the Dame. The whole of the adventurers were present, and after making sure of the tea, they talked about one thing and then another—the strangeness of the times, and the waywardness of men, and then joined their whole vocabulary of ideas in heaps of vows of threats and vengeance against the race of Odd Fellows.

“It is horrible to think at,” said Brownbill.

“Think at—I’ll think no more, lest I think myself into an enthusiast,” said Stitch; “but vow fearful vengeance a——”

“What sort of vengeance?” asked the Dame.

“Eternal vengeance!” hurriedly correcting herself, answered Stitch.

“Yes, eternal vengeance; that’s long enough and strong enough—eternal vengeance,” replied the Dame, and half finished an intimation that if she could not serve them out in this world, perhaps she might in the next.

The Dame had suggested schemes until she was tired, and as a relief from such dull company, leaned back on her chair, bent her right arm a little, put forward her left, and began to yawn alarmingly; Miss Megson sneezed—Brownbill hiccupped—Tweedale sat at one side of the fire and looked lost—and Stitch sat at the other side and looked vexed. They sat in their several positions as long as they thought proper, and then Stitch got up, said nothing to nobody, but walked out and went straight home—Tweedale followed her example, stood up, put her hand over her eyes, and walked as easy as a blind man home—Brownbill gave one more hiccup, and shaped it like a “good night,” and left the house—Megson once more sneezed, and was soon after Brownbill, and the Dame, left by herself, then stood up, shook herself, knew not how the others had got out, and managed to get up stairs. And thus ended the tea party.

It is an inherent principle of the human heart, and one productive of infinite pleasure to mankind, to have a fondness for our old acquaintances, to possess affection for persons or objects long since dead or decayed, and to feel a veneration for places or persons which we may never again visit, or whom we may never again behold. It is this principle which makes old age, as it were, a promontory, from whence we can view with thrilling sensation our by-gone days in the dreamy, fairy images, with which memory never fails to clothe, and fancy and affection to picture, our early days and their associations—it is this principle which so attaches us to the customs of our own day, that we feel the introduction of anything new as an innovation upon our quiet and peaceful passage through life. Enthusiasm may often be blameable, but yet it is as often the source of much good, and is only another name for sincerity. It was this principle, too far carried, which induced our adventurers to trouble themselves so much about Odd Fellows. The village and the villagers were on good terms with each other, and had been so for many years, and the former never fell out with the latter, if the latter did not with the former; so they should have behaved with Odd Fellowship. It meant no harm to them, or the village—it wished not to destroy their regard, or to uproot their good feelings for time-hallowed usages—its design was to furnish them with means which would smooth the uneven way of life.

There was a complete change in the ladies; their meetings had given place to friendly intercourse with the neighbours, and the Odd Fellows neither figured in their

dreams by night, nor disturbed their quietness by day. This had been the case for many months, but an unknown unlucky event happening with the Dame, she fell into a passion with everything around her; she besieged her own house—beat the cat, punnelled the dog, and kissed the canary—upset all her furniture—turned tables upside down, and hung chairs on the legs—put a table crossways on the top, heaped the kettle, frying-pan, and other kitchen utensils, too numerous to enumerate, and then mounted herself on the top, and then smiled, and then laughed, and then shouted hurrah! Alone in her glory, she speechified—praised the women and condemned the men, and proclaimed her inveterate desire and immediate intention of knowing the “ins and outs” of the Romantic Lodge; and wound up an admirable harangue by saying she would try what Haggy could do.

Haggy was an old fortune-teller, who lived on the moors adjoining the village, and to whom all disappointed parties went to know the origin of their several misfortunes; the young women to know who were to be their husbands—and the married to know who their husbands’ sweethearts were; and to this person the Dame determined to go in quest of the Odd Fellows’ secret.

One evening when every object around seemed lulled into tranquility and gratitude—for everything seems to feel and partake of the soft, sweet influence of evening—flowers fold their rich habits, close their petals, and, pillowed on the wind, rest until morning; the merry birds leave the hedge rows and branches of the trees and take to their nests; and the quiet, still, unruffled air is filled with its tribute to heaven—two females wended their way across the unbeaten path of the moor to the fortune-teller’s hut, and hurried their pace as if fearful of being seen.

The habitation of Haggy was a rude, misshapen hut on the most unfrequented part of the moor, and was the abode of herself and son. The hut was composed of turf, furze, and branches of trees, and was roofed with rushes, weeds, and whatever the moor produced suitable for such a purpose; and the entrance was formed by two trees leaning against each other, and tied at the extremity with a stout cord. The inside was as rough and strange as the outer one; a table was supplied by a piece of the trunk of a tree, put in the centre of the hut, and parts of trees did the service of chairs. As they neared the habitation, they were met by a person running from the opposite side of the moor, who, on reaching them, gave a wild leap into the air, and then uttered a maniac’s laugh. He had a bow ready strung, and a quiver full of arrows; and every now and then he would arrest the rapid flight of some moor bird—their swiftness was nothing to him, nor their height a security against his unerring hand. His wild laugh and leap affrighted the Dame and her companion, who was no other than Miss Megson; but he made signs for them to follow him, which they tremblingly did. He bounded on before them, reached the hut, and brought Haggy to the entrance, and then ran back to the Dame and Megson. He then led them to the door, pointed to his mother, and after a laugh and a leap, he was again bounding before them like a wild man. Haggy was a woman of low stature, and looked, whether from time, or care, or her situation, very old. She had a thin, hollow face, and her thick, strong, uncombed hair hung distractedly down her bony cheeks. An old bonnet, which had not been made at once, formed of various coloured patches, covered her head; and an old cloak, made in the same manner, and of the same materials, helped to screen her from the inclemencies of the weather, and was secured by a fastening under the chin, the hood being worn partly over her bonnet. She had sleeves to the cloak, through which her bony arms grasped a stick. In this attire she stood at the entrance of the hut, and with both hands leaning upon her stick, she accosted the Dame and her companion with

“Good day, ladies.”

Something of the same nature rumbled in the throat of the Dame, but was scarcely audible, as the wild appearance of everything around acted as mildew upon her courage.

“What business with me to-day? The gratifying some idle, hateful whim—the feeding of some ugly passion that rankles within? What is it that takes you from your peaceful homes, and brings you here, on a barren moor, void of everything possessing comeliness and beauty? What is it that coils round your young hearts, and forces you to seek the forbidden, lawless aid of witchery?”

The rough, coarse address of Haggy made so deep an impression of fear upon her visitors, that the throbbing of their hearts almost caused suffocation.

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"Are they dreams, or facts—hearing, or seeing—thoughts, or actions, which have brought you here?" inquired Haggy, who was still standing at the entrance of the hut, forbidding all admission.

"We have been influenced by all these causes."

"Are they of yourselves?"

"No."

"Of others?"

"Yes!"

"Of men, women, or children—of birds, beasts, or fishes?" asked Haggy, as quick as her imagination could connect them.

"Of Odd Fellows," replied Megson, who now breathed a little more freely, and had begun to mend as she had begun to faint—of her own accord.

"Then dreams, or facts—hearing, or seeing—thoughts, or actions, of Odd Fellows have brought you here?" said the fortune-teller.

"They have; we wish to know what they are, and what they do," followed Megson, who had almost grown polite.

"A tangible errand indeed," returned Haggy. "Which is the chief cause of your being here—facts of to-day become to-morrow, as dreams, and these few will believe—hearing and seeing we may be deceived by—and one's thoughts of another's actions are generally as good as they are of the individual's self."

Haggy's summing up of the several causes startled the Dame, and Megson thought that a fortune-teller was not the best to console them.

"But come in, and sit down," said Haggy, turning round into the hut, which invitation was cautiously adopted. Haggy seated herself at the far end of the hut, and opposite its entrance; her visitors seated themselves on one side, and fixed their eyes firmly on her.

"What are the Odd Fellows?" asked Haggy, after waiting for her visitors to commence the conversation.

"That is what we came to you to know," replied the Dame.

"Then you will be disappointed—never heard of anything of the sort. What is it you want to know about them?" interrogated Haggy.

"For many years," answered Miss Megson, "there has not been anything in the village but what the women had a knowledge of it—nothing to do but the women witnessed it—nothing given away but the women had a share of it—and nothing given away that the women gave a share to. This was as it should be. But latterly, the men have gone to themselves; they go out, come in—when they like; and if we say a word to them, it is the same as talking to the fifth wheel of a coach. This is bad enough in old men, but in young men it is worse. We have tried and tried until we have no means left to try with, and are yet no better."

"Perhaps far worse," edged in Haggy; "for there is the scorching, withering wish to find them out, that will not let you rest."

"Until we have found them out," resolutely affirmed the Dame.

"Perhaps you trouble yourselves about the Odd Fellows, when they do not trouble themselves about you. Our peace lieth not in knowing the business of others, but in well husbanding our own. Return home, then, be careful what ye do yourselves, and you will be sure to discover that it will be but of little advantage to know what others do. You may come again in three days, and while you are away, I will consider it over."

Disheartened and confounded they obeyed Haggy's order, went their way, and found themselves at home before they knew it; as the disappointment was too great for Busybody, and the failure too much for Megson, they found relief, when arrived at home, in crying, hiccupping, and choking.

Active as they had been, their companions had not been less so. Brownbill had made acquaintance with Lucy, the bar maid of the Ivy Bush, which acquaintance had been brought about very singularly. A conversation respecting the Odd Fellows took place between these two, and Lucy, who had felt acutely for the inroads about to be made, as she thought, by the former upon the privileges of her sex, and had never opened her mind to any one, thinking that she was alone in her opinion, now ventured cautiously to unfold to Mrs. Brownbill, all she thought; and was glad on

finding that there was one who thought like herself—overjoyed when she knew that there were more—frantic when she found that they had once tried to find them out—and very sorry when she was informed that this heroic endeavour had failed.

The day following the return of the Dame and Megson from the fortune-tellers, as Brownbill, Stitch, and Tweedale were sitting in Busybody's house, breathlessly listening to the account of the Dame of the hazard they had run in visiting Haggy, and how the magnitude of their errand was too tremendous for her to fathom, assuring them that she had assured her, that nothing less than unexampled courage, perseverance, and diligence, would enable them to compass their praiseworthy undertaking, they were surprised by a low tap at the door,—“Come in,” said the Dame; and in walked the bar-maid of the Ivy Bush.

“Oh, this is the person of whom I was speaking; and who, I doubt not, will be a valuable auxiliary to our numbers,” remarked Brownbill. “Be seated, Lucy, for we were anxiously waiting your communication of the means whereby you think we can obtain the summit of our wish, even to the admission at their meetings.”

“Well,” began Lucy, “there is an old clock case which has stood in one corner of the room for many years, and which old Jenkinson will not allow to be removed on any account; and in which I think any one might conceal herself, without the least fear of suspicion, for a whole week.

“Admirable,” exclaimed the Dame.

“It shall be so,” said Megson.

“It shall—it shall,” echoed the rest.

The Dame in her enthusiasm volunteered to conceal herself in the clock case, and Lucy promised to convey her, unknown to any one, in the Lodge-room.

It was an antique clock case, in which no clock had been placed for a long while, fashioned in the style of by-gone days, and like the generality of household furniture then in use, was intended to last for generations. It was capacious and massy, curiously carved, and stood in one corner, like a huge figure, and threw the shade and quietness of antiquity over all.

On the afternoon of the following Saturday, Busybody and Lucy were in the Lodge-room, minutely examining every corner and crevice in search of some better place of concealment than the clock case; and after a futile attempt for the greater part of half-an-hour, they agreed that the clock case was the best, and in it Lucy saw the Dame quietly concealed.

The Lodge was opened, and the usual business of Odd Fellowship proceeded with. The Dame drew her breath with difficulty, as she heard the several claimants upon the Order's benevolence answered with a quickness which could not but unfold to her how greatly they had been mistaken in their imaginings of the doings of Odd Fellows. Disappointment is one of the worst of the lesser evils of this lower world. Busybody would have been as happy as she could be, if their views of Odd Fellowship had been confirmed; but she was now as miserable as she expected to be happy. They had only thought of Odd Fellows in one way, and they only wished to find them out in one way, and that was the way they thought; but she found it otherwise. To relieve the sick, the distressed, and the destitute, was what she learned they assembled together for; the widow, the orphan, the worn-out traveller, be he a returned villager or stranger, friend or foe, were whom they searched for, whom they welcomed; it was the sick couch, or still worse, the poor hearth, where withering poverty, (man's own-made pestilence,) had blighted every hope and prospect, which had been sought for, and from which their benevolence had chased away deep despair.

Dame Busybody had breathed little, sighed less, and coughed none, but had now began to feel her situation a little uncomfortable. Rush out she durst not, and stay in she could not. She grew sick, filled her mouth with her apron and swooned. This occasioned a noise in the case, which caused a general suspension of everything that was going on—no one spoke, or even breathed; all sat with half-opened mouth, and eyes turned to the clock case. It was there again—again—again; but all sat silent, riveted to the spot. Amidst this general failing of hearts, two members, for the love of being thought heroic—and manfully meeting a ghost is heroism of no ordinary nature—rushed to the clock case, threw open the door,—looked in, looked out—then in again, and then round the room, but said nothing. By this time many members had regained their usual courage, so that two or three went to the clock case, where they found, almost suffocated

and gasping for life, the intrepid Dame Busybody, who was helped out, carried home, and left there in the care of her friends.

This singular circumstance was discussed in the Lodge, and the reasons why, or now she got there, were matters upon which speculative conversation was wasted for several hours. It was the last effort of the secret-seekers. Busybody again recovered, and gave a faithful account of her adventure and the Odd Fellows, who after this became favourites, and the ladies proclaimed their praises wherever they could. The "better end" of the inhabitants joined the Order, and the old curate preached a yearly sermon; the blacksmith became an honorary member, and strangers who stopped at the smithy were sure to hear of the Order; Miss Megson married her sweetheart, and lived long and happily; Dame Busybody remained a maiden, and died at a good old age; and Brownbill, Tweedale, and Stitch, enjoyed long the happiness of a quiet home, and often laughed and joked at their manœuvres and the Odd Fellows' secret, and ended their days in good humour with them and the village.

For a long while, amongst the Order, the event of that night was well remembered, and the figures, postures, and strange appearances of everybody were often subjects of evening reminiscences; but they are now forgotten—never heard of—and like their originators, are gone down the stream of time, into the ocean of eternity.

(To be concluded in the next.)

STATISTICS OF THE ORDER.

THE number of members initiated from March 1st, 1840, to March 1st, 1841, and their ages, are as follows:—

TABLE I.

Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.
18	897		18412		31848		39829
19	1915	26	2225	33	1386	40	500
20	2193	27	2100	34	1524	41	320
21	2079	28	2350	35	1499	42	210
22	2020	29	1883	36	902	43	165
23	2528	30	2054	37	722	44	133
24	2590	31	1188	38	911	45	41
25	2460	32	1636	39	1037		
	18412		31848		39829		41198
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By multiplying the numbers initiated, with the respective ages at which they entered, we have 1,130,069 years of life; which sum, divided by 41,198, the number of members initiated, will give us an average of less than 28 years for all who entered during the last year. It is certainly singular that the average ages for the last three years, should agree so very nearly; but it is more singular, that the proportions of every age should also agree. To bring this more clearly before the reader, we will take the number initiated in the year ending March 1st, 1840, namely 32,723; in the year ending March 1st, 1841, the numbers entered were 41,630, which is an increase of about 25 per cent., or one-fourth more than the number of initiations in the year previous. By adding the 25 per cent., or one-fourth increase, to the numbers entered at every age, we shall have very nearly the correct numbers initiated during the present year. The same result also takes place by comparing the year ending 1839; but what adds to the singularity is, that at certain ages there is a very perceptible falling off in the numbers initiated, as compared with the previous year; for instance, from 18 to 21 years of age, there is an increase; from 22 to 27, a decrease; at 28 years an increase; at 29 a decrease; again at 30 an increase; at 31 a very perceptible decrease; it then rises and falls until at 36 years of age, when there is again a very considerable reduction;

at 37 it is lower still ; but at 38 and 39 the initiations increase ; and at 40 years of age, another marked reduction takes place in the numbers initiated. As those tables are printed in the Magazine, it will repay the trouble of the curious to compare them.* I cannot account for this singularity, unless at certain ages we are more desirous to associate with our fellows, or to provide for a future day. Very likely at 36 years, the production of the register may act as a check ; and at 40 years, the extra initiation fee no doubt is the cause.

The number of deaths which have taken place in the year ending March 1st, 1841, and their respective ages, are as follows :—

TABLE II.

Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.
0†	123		487		930		1245		1349		1386
19	5	28	54	37	33	46	25	55	6	64	3
20	12	29	47	38	40	47	12	56	4	66	3
21	24	30	61	39	45	48	12	57	3	67	2
22	46	31	35	40	49	49	15	58	6	68	1
23	52	32	58	41	38	50	6	59	5	70	1
24	49	33	43	42	41	51	10	60	3	71	1
25	57	34	50	43	18	52	9	61	3	72	2
26	64	35	44	44	20	53	10	62	2	73	2
27	55	36	51	45	31	54	4	63	4		
	487		930		1245		1348		1386		1401

Now if we take the average age of the 144,442 members living on March 1st, 1840, at 33 years of age, (which I do not think they will exceed, but if they do exceed that age it will be so much more in our favour,) and compare that number with Mr. Ansell's tables, there should have occurred about 1800 deaths during the year ; but as the deaths during the year amount only to 1400, it follows that the mortality in the Order is about 25 per cent. less than the materials from which Mr. Ansell made his calculations. For the purpose of testing still further whether the mortality in the Order is less than the table framed from the Friendly Societies' experience, I have adopted another method, namely, multiplying the number who died at their respective ages, with the number out of which one person should die at such age, according to the experience of Friendly Societies, and the result is as in the following table, which shews the age and the number of persons that should be living to correspond with the deaths, as per table 2, in accordance with the Friendly Societies' experience. The average age is rather better than 31 years :

TABLE III.

Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.
20	3264		55205		86055		102177		105478		106234
21	4536	30	5246	39	2790	48	564	57	84	67	36
22	6762	31	3045	40	2940	49	645	58	150	68	18
23	6656	32	5104	41	2280	50	240	59	125	70	15
24	5223	33	3560	42	2460	51	430	60	81	71	12
25	7011	34	3750	43	1080	52	396	61	75	72	20
26	7040	35	2948	44	1060	53	430	62	46	73	16
27	5555	36	3060	45	1612	54	168	63	84	0†	4182
28	5022	37	1848	46	1300	55	296	64	57		
29	4136	38	2280	47	600	56	132	66	54		
	55205		86055		102177		105478		106234		110533

Now as we had 144,442 members, and which is about 30 per cent. more, it follows that the deaths in the Order are considerably less than they should be according to the

* See page 52, January, 1840 ; and page 333, April, 1841.

† The numbers under this mark are such whose ages are not stated in the returns, and which I have taken at 34 years of age ; that being the average age of the total number of deaths.

experience of Friendly Societies ; it seems rather singular that the deaths in our favour by this test are somewhat similar to the previous comparison, namely, about 25 per cent.; for if we add 30 per cent., say 33,159, to the 110,533 members, supposed to be living, we have a total of 143,692 members, and which are about the numbers on March 1st, 1840 ; and if 25 per cent., say 350 be also added to the 1400 deaths which have taken place, we find a total of 1750, and which is about the number of deaths that should have occurred, according to the tables referred to. Before concluding this article, it may as well be observed, that although my calculations are not very exact, yet I conceive that they are sufficiently so, to illustrate the object aimed at.

J. DEISER.

Apollo Lodge, Manchester, Nov., 1841.

BLOSSOMS OF POESY.

BY GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS.

THIS is a small volume of Poems, published at Birmingham, and written by a young member of our Institution. We always hail with pleasure any manifestation in our Order of a love for intellectual pursuits ; and we, therefore, welcome this little book as another proof of the latent talent which exists amongst our brethren. The writer claims indulgence "for the strain of mournfulness that intersperses itself throughout the whole," and vaguely hints that there is some secret cause for it. It is, however, too common with youthful poets to cherish a feeling of melancholy, as something allied to the poetical character ; and to magnify any circumstance tending to produce that feeling. We should wish to inculcate a more cheerful philosophy ; we would have the spring of life always pleasant and hopeful. There are several of the poems which prove the author to be possessed of imagination and fancy ; but he often mars their effect by infelicitous expressions, and an incorrectness of rhyme. We perceive indications of something better hereafter ; and our remarks are made in a candid spirit, and with the hope that they may be found useful.

PRESENTATIONS.

August 11, 1841, a handsome Watch and Appendages, value £12, to P. Prov. G. M. William Brown, of the Queen Elizabeth Lodge, by the members of the Stockport District, for services rendered to the District, and to the Order in general.—A splendid Silver Medal to Jacob Thompson, Esq., by the Earl of Egremont Lodge, Whitehaven District.—A handsome Silver Medal and a Watch to P. G. Thomas Oden, by the Prince of Peace Lodge, Armley, Bramley District.—September 18, 1841, a splendid Silver Medal, value eight guineas, to Prov. C. S. Thomas Leadbeter ; likewise a Silver Medal, value £5. 10s., to P. G. Alfred Brown, by the Prince Howell the Good Lodge, Blaenavon, Abergavenny District.—October 5, 1841, a splendid engine-turned Patent Lever Watch, Silver Guard, &c., to Prov. C. S. John Dean, by the Leominster District.—October 23, 1841, Silver Watch Guard, Gold Key and Seal, to P. G. James D. Tindel, by the Odd Fellows' Pride Lodge, to correspond with a Patent Lever Silver Watch, presented on the 12th of April, 1841, by the Sarah Losh Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District.—August 13, 1841, a Medal to Prov. G. M. James Spicer Banyard, by the West Suffolk Social Design Lodge, Bury St. Edmonds, Wisbeach District.—August 25, 1841, a splendid Gold Watch Guard Chain, to P. G. S. B. Brown, by the Sir Oswald Mosley Lodge, Manchester District.—July 5, 1841, a splendid Silver Snuff Box, to brother Edward Swinden, surgeon, by the Benevolent Lodge, West Derby District.—July 1, 1841, a splendid Silver Medal to P. Prov. C. S. Parker, by the Cheltenham District ; also on September 20, 1841, a Gold Medal with a beautiful painting on ivory in the centre, by the Cheltenham Harmonic Lodge.—September 16, 1841, a valuable Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. Robert Davison, by the Arthur Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

District.—July 5, 1841, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Thomas Clarke, by the Queen Victoria Lodge, Didsbury District.—September 6, 1841, a Silver Lever Watch to P. G. James Sampson Maynard, by the Welcome Home Lodge, Manchester District.—June 30, 1841, a Silver Medal, value £5, to P. G. William Taylor, by the Willoughby Lodge, Alford District; also a Silver Medal, value £5, to brother G. W. Maddison.—July 5, 1841, a valuable Silver Medal to P. G. William Ingram, by the Lord Byron Lodge, Birmingham District.—October 25, 1841, a Silver Medal to P. G. William Wilson, of the Victoria Lodge, by the Johnson Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.

Marriages.

May 22, 1841, brother Thomas Jobling, of the Blooming Rose Lodge, Stockton, to Miss Ann Gales.—Oct. 5, 1841, brother John Passman, of the Cleveland Lodge, to Miss Ann Walker, of Helmsley, niece of P. Prov. D. G. M. John Storey, C. S. of the Stockton District.—Oct. 30, 1841, Past Secretary Gossan, of the Lord Byron Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss S. Bown, of the same place.—May 17, 1841, V. G. James Sharwin, of the Honest View Lodge, Rochdale District, to Miss Frances Swires, of Packer Meadow, Rochdale.—At the parish church of Crowle, Isle of Axholme, by the Rev. James Johnson, Prov. D. G. M. Thomas Blades, to Miss Ann Bates, eldest daughter of Mr. John Bates, farmer, of that place.—Sept. 5, 1841, brother James Storey, to Miss Mary Ann Robinson, eldest daughter of Mr. John Robinson, Pontip, and sister to the N. G. of the Greenwell Lodge.—Sept. 25, 1841, brother Joseph Coe, of the Greenwell Lodge, to Miss Grice, of Swallow.—P. W. Alexander Pawling, of the Arthur Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Mein, both of Newcastle-upon Tyne.—Aug. 12, 1841, at St. Mary's church, Cheltenham, P. G. Joseph Millard, of the Cheltenham Harmonic Lodge, to Miss Amelia Hooper, of Gloucester.—Aug. 5, 1841, at Highbury chapel, Cheltenham, P. Prov. C. S. Parker, of the Cheltenham Harmonic Lodge, to Miss Caroline Sophia Thomason, of Cheltenham.—June 9, 1841, brother John Laws, of the Isaac Gleave Lodge, Hylton, to Miss Isabella Coxon.—Sept. 8, 1841, Secretary Joacphin Valentine Curths, of the Wear Mechanics Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth, to Miss Helen Mary Bell, daughter of Mr. J. Bell, shipowner, Bishop Wearmouth.—Sept. 5, 1841, at St. Mary's church, by the Rev. R. Temple, Prov. G. M. James Lycett, of the Lord Hatherton Lodge, Stafford, to Mrs. Blakemore, of the King's Head Inn, in that town.—July 4, 1841,

William Shelley, N. G. of the Glory of the Globe Lodge, Secretary of the Faith Lodge, and D. G. M. of the New church and Haslingden District, to Mary Brocks, of Ashenbottom, near Haslingden.—June 21, 1841, P. G. Richard Waddington, innkeeper, of the St. Peter Lodge, Cullingworth, to Miss Lettice Gill, of Silsden.—Aug. 5, 1841, at Eardisland, by the Rev. F. Rudge, brother Samuel Hancorn James, Warden, to Ann Smith, niece of host Thos. Jones, of the Lord Durham Lodge, Kingston.—August 17, 1841, brother Henry Griffiths, of the Lord Hill Lodge, Leominster, to Sarah, daughter of Mr. Roger Haynes, of Broxwood, in the county of Hereford.—At the Old church, Bury, brother David Pickup, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Rawtenstall, to Miss Betty Hoyle, of Hall Curr.—Aug. 1, 1841, Lawrence Ashworth, Warden, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Rawtenstall, to Mary Hitchen, youngest daughter of Mr. Richard Hitchen, Edgeside.—P. G. John Clegg, of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, Huddersfield District, to Miss Aspinall.—Brother William Bates, of the same Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Lumb.—Brother John Halladay, of the same Lodge, to Mrs. Sarah Haigh.—Brother Sidney Readyhough, of the same Lodge, to Betty Thornton.—May 30, 1841, brother George Palmer, of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton, to Miss Sarah Roberts. P. G. Benjamin Thomas Sweeten, printer, of the United Brothers Lodge, Barnard Castle, to Agnes, second daughter of Mr. John Atkinson, printer, of same place.—May 12, 1840, at Llanely church, brother Thomas Williams, collier, of the Prince Howell the Good Lodge, Blaenavon, to Margaret Williams.—December 13, 1840, at Llanover church, brother Robert Wallis Blocklayer, of the same Lodge, to Elizabeth Lewis.—December 28, 1840, at Llanfoist church, brother Thomas Powell, collier, of the same Lodge, to Margaret Jones,

Blaenavon.—Sept. 11, 1841, at St. Mary's church, Abergavenny, brother William Jones, of the Gwenynen Gerddi Gwent Lodge, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Baker, and sister to brother Arthur Baker, of the Skirrid Farm, near Abergavenny.—April 15, 1841, at Cockermouth, P. Prov. G. M. John Gam-

well, cabinet maker, of the Whitehaven District, to Miss Isabella Hewetson, eldest daughter of Mr. Simpson Hewetson, grocer, Cockermouth.—November 20, 1841, at Whitehaven, by the Rev. J. Jenkins, honorary member of the Solway Lodge, brother Joseph Ramsbottom, of the above Lodge, to Miss Allen, of Whitehaven.

Deaths.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of another of the Order's warmest friends, namely, Mr. Samuel Norton, P. Prov. G. M., of the Leeds District, whose portrait appeared in the July Magazine. For some time prior to Mr. Norton's death, his friends saw with some concern that a severe break had taken place in his constitution; but they had not the remotest idea that he so soon would be snatched from their society; for though altered in appearance, he had his accustomed flow of spirits, and several of his friends passed some of their usual pleasant evenings with him the week before his death. On Sunday, the 10th of October, Mr. Norton was unwell, so much so that his son John, from Leeds, when he saw him, went and ordered his medical attendant to wait upon him, (which grieved the old man very much.) On the Monday he was better, and was about his business until seven o'clock in the evening, though still unwell. About ten they applied leeches to his chest, and he appeared to be going on well; after he had the places dressed he fell into a slumber, from which he never awoke, but left a world of woe for another where sorrow cannot enter, without a sigh, struggle, or groan, but placid and as serene as if still asleep, about five o'clock on Tuesday morning the 12th of October, 1841. In him the Order, but particularly the Leeds District, has suffered an irreparable loss; and take him for all in all, we shall not see his like again. It would be almost a waste of labour and space to dwell upon the merits of Mr. Norton after the short time which has elapsed since his biography appeared in the Magazine, though sheets might be filled with deeds worthy of example by all the members of the Manchester Unity. He was a kind father, an affectionate husband, a sincere and obliging friend, an honest man and a worthy Odd Fellow. His memory will be revered, and his actions, as a member of the Order, cherished, so long as his friends

exist. A Committee has been formed to inquire into and report the probability of erecting a monument to the memory of such departed worth.—Oct. 26, 1841, the wife of N. G. Goulsby, of the Sarah Losh Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District.—Feb. 2, 1841, Mary, the wife of V. G. John Horton, of the Queen Victoria Lodge, Heaton Norris, Didsbury District.—Aug. 16, 1841, P. Prov. C. S. John Aspinall, surgeon, aged 37 years, of the Earl of Effingham Lodge, Hindley District.—Jan. 21, 1841, Hannah, wife of Secretary Robert Batey, of the Arthur Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District, aged 28 years.—August 31, 1841, brother Thomas Reay, of the same Lodge, aged 35 years.—Sept. 6, 1841, brother John Slater, breaksman, of the Greenwell Lodge, Durham District.—April 19, 1841, brother Jas. Cummins, mason, of the Sword Cutlers Lodge, Chapel District.—Oct. 6, 1841, P. G. Thomas Clarke, of the Queen Victoria Lodge, Didsbury District.—Sept. 21, 1841, brother David Shepperd, of the Pilgrim's Rest Lodge, Ilkinston District, aged 27 years.—Aug. 14, 1841, brother Vincent Taylor, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, West Butterwicke, Isle of Axholm District.—Sept. 1, 1841, the wife of brother Isaac Davison, of the Lambton Lodge, Gateshead District.—Nov. 5, 1841, the wife of brother James Wilkinson, of the same Lodge.—Aug. 11, 1841, P. G. John Frith, of the Redemption Lodge, Marsden, aged 43.—Aug. 22, 1841, Hannah, the wife of Prov. D. G. M. Myers, of the Holthead District, in the 60th year of her age.—Sept. 9, 1841, P. Secretary Horatio Bamford, son of P. Prov. G. M. and Prov. C. S. Bamford, of the Holthead District, in the 32nd year of his age.—Jane, wife of brother John Brass, of the United Brothers Lodge, Barnard Castle, aged 39 years.—May 11, 1841, brother Horatio Baker, of the Gwenynen Gerddi Gwent Lodge, Abergavenny, aged 35 years.

[Marriages and Deaths too late for this Number will be inserted in the next.]

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E. H. Davis J. M.

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[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1842.

MEMOIR OF EDWARD KEATING DAVIS, G. M.

THE task of writing the biography of a living individual is always one which causes considerable embarrassment in the mind of the writer. The embarrassment is still more increased when you are in the habit of frequent and friendly intercourse with the subject of the memoir. Whilst you are afraid on the one hand that personal partiality may lead you to make use of terms of too great eulogy, you are also fearful that familiarity may have blinded you to many meritorious traits of character which would at once have been perceptible to the eyes of the stranger. In the present instance it fortunately happens that little more is left us than to enumerate the dates at which the various progressive steps were taken which have led the subject of this memoir to the proud situation of being at the head of the most numerous and philanthropic body of men that was ever before banded together in the cause of charity. It must be obvious to all that no person could have attained the high honour of presiding over an order like ours without having submitted to many and serious inconveniences. There is no chance for drones in the hive of Odd Fellowship; and he who cannot make up his mind to suffer large and repeated draughts on his time, patience, and pecuniary resources, need not cherish the hope that he will ever occupy a distinguished post amongst us. With these few preliminary observations we shall proceed with our labours.

Edward Keating Davis was born in Liverpool on the first of January, 1806. He removed from that town to Prescott in the year 1813, and in the following year became resident in Manchester. In 1820 he was apprenticed to the trade of a brass founder and gas apparatus manufacturer, and in 1827 he commenced business on his own account. He was initiated in the Wellington Lodge, Manchester District, on the 19th of July, 1831, and was appointed to the office of Secretary on the 29th of January, 1833. He afterwards fulfilled in due course the offices of V. G., N. G., and G. M. For these services the members of the Wellington Lodge presented him, on the 26th of July, 1836, with a valuable Gold Watch Guard and Silver Medal, bearing an appropriate inscription. He was appointed one of the Board of Directors in 1835, and continued to serve in that office for the two succeeding years. On the 13th of June, 1836, he was elected D. G. M. of the Manchester District, and the next year was chosen G. M. As testimonials of approbation of the manner in which he had performed his duties, the District presented him on the 11th September, 1838, with a Gold Finger Ring, on which was engraved the Arms of the Order, and also with a Silver Snuff Box. In June, 1840, he was appointed D. G. M. of the Order at the York A. M. C., and was

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last year elected G. M. at the Isle of Man A. M. C. Besides being present at York and the Isle of Man, he has also attended the A. M. Cs. of Rochdale and Birmingham.

It will be seen from this brief sketch that the career of Mr. Davis in the Order, has been anything but an idle one. By the manifestation of much patience and forbearance, together with a considerable share of perseverance, he has contrived to get through the various matters which have demanded his attention with credit to himself and satisfaction to others. The progress of Mr. Davis in the situations which he filled in the Manchester District was for a length of time attended with such feelings of pain and discomfort to himself, he might have completely crippled the exertions and damped the ardour of one less attached to the cause in which he was engaged. He was afflicted by a peculiar and tormenting disease which had formed in his tongue, and which often prevented him from speaking more than one or two consecutive sentences, without experiencing the most acute sufferings. To one who was placed in a position where he could not avoid giving utterance frequently to his opinions at length, this circumstance must of course have been a source of continual annoyance, though the great majority of those over whom he presided were unaware of the matter.

We cannot omit this opportunity of stating a fact which occurred during the time that Mr. Davis was in office in the Wellington Lodge. On the death of P. G. Moses Fry, of the Liverpool District, it was ascertained that his widow was left in a state of great distress. Mr. Fry had been deservedly respected in his lifetime for his social qualities, and also for his talents as an artist. When Mr. Davis had satisfied himself that the widow was a fitting and worthy object of charity, he immediately commenced using the most strenuous exertions in her behalf. Principally through his means a petition was got up in her cause, and circulated through all the various Lodges in the Manchester District. The petition produced no less an amount than £50. 7s. 5d. Those who know anything of the circulation of petitions must at once be aware of the trouble and assiduity which would be required to get together so handsome a subscription. This duty was undertaken by Mr. Davis and a few other members of the Wellington Lodge. One incident like this occurring in the course of a person's life speaks more in his favour than could the most voluminous eulogiums of a biographer.

Mr. Davis is generally respected both in his private and official capacities, and usually takes a sound and common sense view of all matters that come under his notice. He does not make pretensions to eloquence, but speaks clearly and to the purpose, never losing the thread of his argument in a multiplicity of words. His manners are quiet and unassuming, and in fulfilling the different arduous duties of his responsible offices, he has made few enemies, and created a great number of friends.

THE ORDER AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is a natural principle in the mind of man that he should wish for the society of his fellows. Our first ancestor could not be satisfied, though he was monarch of all the earth, and had "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moved upon the earth." The garden of Eden would not long have been a Paradise to Adam had not a companion been formed for him, but the Creator himself saw that it was not good that man should be alone. This feeling, or desire, has ever had a powerful influence upon the destinies of mankind, leading them to congregate together, and become strengthened by such union, so that they might the more readily achieve their purposes whether of good or evil. Were it not that this social quality were implanted in the human composition, no friendships would be formed, no dearer connections would be cemented; man would be little better than the forest-beast, roaming about "seeking whom he might devour." Cities would be unbuilt, the sea would be an impassable barrier, and the whole

world a desert and wilderness of gloom, where every man's hand would be raised against his fellow. This same principle is always in active operation, and men are not contented with meeting together according to the various ways by which their avocations bring them into contact, but they are continually devising some new plan which may bring them into closer and more intimate connection with their species. From this it cannot be denied that many things have resulted which have been productive of baneful effects, yet if we weigh the good against the bad, how much will the former preponderate. It is owing to this principle that men have formed themselves into small bodies, separated by some peculiar interests or motives from the general mass; and amongst others may be enumerated those societies which have for their object the protection of their members from those bitter calamities which are too often the attendants upon the sickness of the working-man. Societies founded upon this principle may be traced back to very remote ages, and in the times of the Saxons similar institutions are known to have been in existence in England. We are not going at present to attempt to clear away the mystery which involves the origin of our own Order, though at some future opportunity we may be tempted to do so. Our object in the few remarks we have made is to show how much that is really beneficial may spring from such compacts as those to which we have alluded. In proof of this we cannot bring forward a more brilliant example than our own Institution. Amidst the storms and convulsions which have agitated the world—whilst proud cities have been levelled with the dust, and empires have changed hands like the coin of gamblers—whilst the elements of subversion and change have been raging around, we have gone calmly and steadily on, like a charmed vessel which neither stormy wave nor adverse blast could prevent from reaching its destined haven. Odd Fellowship may indeed be compared to the favoured isle where it first flourished: the waters may foam and chafe around it, but its basis is a rock,—it stands calm and unmoved, and the dashing tide which assaults it falls white and shivering back. When our Order first ventured to erect its head, every witling presumed to level his puny shafts at it, and endeavour by ridicule, and slander, and malice to check its onward career. Every point that seemed in the slightest degree vulnerable was by turns attacked; the quaint name we had adopted—our places of meeting—our mode of initiating a member—our precautions against fraud—our secret injunctions—all were made the subject of sneering comment. No better argument can be adduced in favour of our Institution than the simple fact that all the malice and the ridicule of its opponents have been of no avail, and it has now attained a position and a strength unparalleled in the annals of history.

We number in our ranks not less than two hundred and twenty thousand individuals, comprising persons of almost every grade in life. Odd Fellowship knows no distinctions except those of worth and merit; and the man who earns his livelihood by the sweat of his brow is as welcome as he who is the inheritor of wealth and title. We have amongst us persons who move in the highest circles, and also those whose lot is the most lowly. The right of all is considered to be equal, and advancement with us must be earned, not purchased. It is to this, amongst other beautiful features in our Institution, that we owe our present prosperity. That prosperity has for a number of years past gone on steadily increasing—for the last few years its progress has been at a railroad

speed—and we do not discern anything which is at all likely to prevent its still further progression. Independent of the satisfactory and happy effect which the Order has had in alleviating sickness and distress, there is also another effect which ought not to be lost sight of. Many parties who, on account of dissenting from each other on particular topics, have previously met as enemies, on their admission into the Order find that a Lodge is neutral ground, and that there the lion and the lamb may repose together. We have known various instances of men who were foes becoming friends by the means of Odd Fellowship; and from the nature of its constitution and the spirit which actuates its members, we know of no way so calculated to rub off the asperities of life as the becoming a member of our Order.

We shall now turn our thoughts from our brethren at home, and say a few words with respect to our American brothers. We have had our attention more particularly called to them from the circumstance of a visit which has just been paid to England by P. G. M. James Alcock, of New York. This gentleman was deputed to wait upon the Officers of the Order and Board of Directors, and was introduced to the G. M. by the following letter :—

Grand Sire's Office,
New York, Feb. 7th, 1842.

To Edward K. Davis, Esq., G. M. of the Order.

M. W. Grand Master,
Permit me to introduce to your particular and special notice, P. G. Master James Alcock, of the G. Lodge of New York, and late G. Representative in the Grand Lodge of the United States.

He is a brother who is devoted to the principles of our beloved Order, and intimately acquainted with its internal affairs in this country. I refer you to him for any information you may desire.

Some eight years close and unremitting intimacy warrants me in recommending him to your attention, as one in every way worthy of any confidence you may feel disposed to repose in man.

He returns on a brief visit to his native land, with the highest honours of the Order conferred on him during his sojourn among us, and with the best wishes of all for a safe passage and a speedy return.

Any communication which you have, or may have, to make, you can safely entrust to him. With sentiments of the deepest respect and highest regard, I am, Sir, yours, in the bonds of F. L. & T,

JOHN A. KENNEDY,
Grand Sire of the U. S.

Mr. Alcock is a gentleman of pleasing manners and much intelligence, possessing a thorough knowledge of the working of the Order in America. From his interview with the Officers and Board of Directors, we anticipate the most satisfactory results. The letter below was addressed to them by the Grand Sire of the United States :—

Office of the G. Sire of the United States,
New York, Feb. 7th, 1842,

To the G. M., D. G. M., and Board of Directors of the I. O. of O. F. of the Manchester Unity.
Beloved Brethren,

It affords me much pleasure in being enabled to communicate to you the Travelling (or Yearly) Password of this jurisdiction for the year 1842, beginning with the 1st of January; and avail myself of the use of your cipher of July, 1841-42, as the medium of transmission.

In receiving from us this P. W. we sincerely hope no misunderstanding may arise as to its use, to which end it may not be improper for me to explain our mode of receiving brothers from distant Lodges; which I shall do with brevity.

First. The brother applying for admission, whether from another state or from a foreign country, must present a card or clearance from his Lodge, properly signed, sealed and attested, and with his own signature endorsed thereon.

Second. On being examined, he must prove himself in the T. P. W. of the year in which his card or clearance is dated, either of the country from which he hails (if the one used there is known to us) or in that of the United States. His signature will also be taken and compared with the endorsement on his card. Should he be correct in these, then,

Third. He is required to prove himself in the initiatory work known to the Order in this country, being the same, without alteration of sign or grip, as that received by P. Grand Sire Thos. Wildey, on his visit to the Order in England in 1826.

These are the only requisites for admission into any Lodge under this jurisdiction; but these regulations are required to be observed with fidelity. The endorsement is a requirement very recently adopted, and which was deemed necessary as protection against imposition in cases where a card may have been purloined. You perceive that we do not require foreign brethren to be possessed of our T. P. W. in order to secure their admission into our Lodges, provided they have that of their own jurisdiction, when it is known to us; but of one or other he must be possessed to identify the bearer of a card or clearance as its legal owner.

But these rules apply solely to admission into the Lodge. Where relief is desired, although the Lodge does not admit the brother, by reason of his not being correct in the *third* requisite, should he comply with the *first* and *second*, and on examination by a Special Committee, should prove needy and worthy, in every instance that has come to my knowledge, relief has been promptly and liberally bestowed.

For the cause of the great "*disadvantages under which English brethren arriving in the United States labour*," I respectfully refer you to the epistle from our C. S. of 27th ultimo, with the bare remark in addition to what is there stated, that no official information of the change made in the work by the A. M. C. of 1834, from the regularly constituted authority of the Order in England, has been received by us up to the present hour.

Let us unite in the hope that those now in authority, in both hemispheres, may not adjourn to posterity an effort that may be made to-day for the advancement, universality and perpetuity of our Order; but that they may be influenced by enlarged and comprehensive views, which shall look for nothing short of encompassing in our friendly grasp all nations and distinctions of the human family. And that their exertions in the propagation of the immutable principles on which it is founded, may find no spot on which to rest, until their aim is consummated in full and complete success.

And, under such feelings, permit me to express my confidence in your willingness to co-operate in this great work, and in accelerating the distinguished destiny of our beloved Order.

Very respectfully, Brethren,

I am, yours, in F. L. & T.

JOHN A. KENNEDY,

Grand Sire of the U. States.

The principal bar to a perfectly good understanding between ourselves and our brethren in America, has been the change which has taken place in the working of the Order. It has been found advisable with us that we should modify the system of Odd Fellowship, and adapt it as far as possible to the growing intelligence of the times, and the greatness of its increase both in numbers and respectability. The original system has been more adhered to in America, but several additional features have been introduced there, and consequently the language of the Order in the two countries is now almost entirely different. That we should go back to the old system, or that our American brethren should entirely remodel their Institution is out of the question. Something, however, may yet be accomplished, and we have little doubt that steps will shortly be taken by means of which members of the Order leaving England for America may be furnished with the necessary particulars to enable them to gain admission into the Lodges there, and become full members on payment of a fixed sum. Members from America do possess similar advantages with regard to Lodges belonging to the Manchester Unity. We trust that all will go on pleasantly and harmoniously between the brethren of the two countries: we are labourers in the same vineyard, actuated by the same motives, and having only one object in view—the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and good-will to all.

We have in our possession the first two numbers of the "*Covenant and Official Magazine of the Grand Lodge of the United States*." This periodical is published monthly, and many of the compositions are of a very high order of merit. We shall notice it more fully in our next.

From the feeling which prevails amongst the members of the Order in America, and the wishes which have been expressed on their part, it is not unlikely that arrangements will shortly be entered into for the circulation of our own Magazine in the United States. A proposition has also been made respecting the republication in the "*Covenant*" of the Portraits which appear in our Magazine, but nothing of a definite nature has yet been done.

ANSWER TO THE ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

Whitehall, December 23rd, 1841.

SIR,

I HAVE had the honour to lay before the Queen, the loyal and dutiful Address on the occasion of the birth of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from the Order of Odd Fellows of Manchester.

And I have to inform you, that the same was very graciously received by Her Majesty.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MR. E. K. Davis,
G. M. of Odd Fellows,
Manchester.

J. G. GRAHAM.

ODD FELLOWS' BALL.

A BALL took place in the Wellington Rooms, Peter Street, Manchester, on Thursday evening, the 6th of January, 1841, under the patronage of the Officers of the Order. The object was to raise a fund for distribution amongst the poor, and the attendance on the occasion was exceedingly numerous and respectable. The two following Addresses were written for the occasion at the request of the Ball-Committee, and delivered by their respective authors :—

THE FESTIVAL OF CHARITY.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

WHILST every brow with joy's bright wreath is bound,
Whilst maiden roses blush and bloom around,
And gentle tones and lovely eyes entrance,
Making the scene a garden of romance ;
Whilst on the air sweet notes of music stream,
And starry lights in radiance o'er you gleam ;
Whilst pleasure holds your souls in blissful thrall,
Turn ye a moment from this festival :
Think not that I your gladness would alloy—
By contrast only do we life enjoy—
The clouds that float between us and the sky
Make it more welcome to the gazing eye.
Think ye of those whose fate 'tis yours to cheer,
And light with transient joy their dark career ;
Think of the poor who in their dwellings lone,
Are breathing forth the sad and bitter moan,
Whilst by their hearths their shivering children cry,
With grief-worn cheek, and hunger-haunted eye ;
Look on the father, spirit-crush'd and weak,
Who long for toil has found it vain to seek ;
Gone is his strength of limb and buoyant tread,
And even hope flies at the cry for bread,
Whilst the tried partner of his love and care
Upon him bends a look of mute despair ;
Think on the scanty fed and lightly clad—
Pause for a moment—and again be glad,
For all assembled here this happy night,
Have at our call bestow'd their willing mite ;
Yes, all I see around have done their part
To soothe the wretched and the aching heart ;

All, all have aided in the work divine,
And laid their cheerful offerings on our shrine ;
Let pleasure reign, let mirth and joy be free—
This is the feast of God-like charity.

To you, ye brethren of a sacred band,
Whose deeds bear witness for you o'er the land ;
Ye, who go forth the widow's home to bless,
Ye, who are fathers to the fatherless,
Ye, who march onward in benign crusade,
And the pale realms of woe and want invade,
Waging with poverty untiring war,
Benevolence your ever-guiding star,
Whilst a proud banner floats your ranks above,
Bearing your watchwords—"Friendship, Truth, and Love;"
To you, our brothers, vain were words of mine,
Each soul of yours doth charity enshrine ;
And oh ! did men but read your acts aright,
Then on their minds at once would burst a light
Showing the path to harmony and peace ;
Then would dark scenes of war and discord cease,
The earth would all be an Elysian plain,
Its sons a brotherhood without a Cain.

Even as this festal-hall of bliss and light,
May all your after-hours be glad and bright ;
May joy dwell ever with you—may content
Be with each thought and every feeling blent ;
May plenty shower its bounties on each head,
And peace and hope on all their halo shed ;
My task is done—I may no longer dwell—
My heart, dear friends, goes with the word—farewell !

THE SPIRIT OF CHARITY.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

WHEN Messiah was born, and the Bethlehem star
Led the wise of the East to their worship afar,
A spirit came down from the realm of its birth,
To rest and remain with the children of earth.
It awoke in the soul of that God-given child,
Illuming his lips as he talked or he smiled ;
And when he went forth in his wisdom of youth,
To win by his gentleness, teach by his truth,
This spirit was heard in the words of his tongue,
As he raised his meek voice to the wondering throng.
It moved in his actions, it beamed in his eyes,
It burned in his tears, and it breathed in his sighs ;
It oozed in his sweat-drops of passionate pain,
It gushed in his blood—but it gushed not in vain ;
He had finished the task which his mercy designed,
But the Spirit of Charity lingered behind !
And then that pure being found welcome and rest
In some human hearts which it softened and blest ;
And they who could feel its warm pleadings within,
Sought out the lone haunts of affliction and sin ;
On the hungry and sad they were wont to intrude,
And even the unworthy were favoured with food ;
Benevolence sheltered the fatherless child,
And the widow forgot her distraction, and smiled.
They entered the dungeon where prostrate in gloom,
The frail son of error awaited his doom ;

They appealed to his manhood, they soothed his despair,
 Till his obdurate nature was melted in prayer.
 They ventured where danger and pestilence ran,
 On the message of death, through the dwelling of man,
 And often they stood 'mid the dying and dead,
 Alone by the side of some sufferer's bed ;
 Giving pity and aid through the terrible night,
 Unscathed and undaunted as angels of light ;
 But if in such mission one chanced to fall,
 Like a martyr he died, with the blessings of all ;
 Human hearts so devoted were rare, it is true,
 But the spirit of charity strengthened and grew,
 Waxed wider and brighter, like opening day,
 Till millions rejoicing acknowledged its sway.

A small band of friends with a noble desire,
 Which the breath of the spirit had fann'd into fire—
 Met, talked, and determined with laudable pride,
 To scatter the seeds of benevolence wide ;
 To befriend the poor wayfarer far from his home,
 When fortune compelled him neglected to roam ;
 To cheer him in sickness, in death to be kind,
 To those he might leave in deep sorrow behind ;
 To fly to the succour of fatherless grief,
 To give to the desolate widow relief ;
 To strengthen the feeble, to soften the strong,
 Till love should subdue all the errors of wrong ;
 To cling to their purpose with temperate zeal,
 Till the world shall be taught to respect them and feel ;
 These, these were their objects, how noble ! how high !
 How worthy of souls which are never to die !
 And, oh ! how much nobler, how higher by far !
 Than the deeds which are done by the minions of war.

The result is a proud one. These friends of the race
 Are gathering, and widening, and soaring apace,
 And the loneliest hamlet on Britain's green isle,
 Partakes of the light of their Covenant smile ;
 And the cities and towns of this beautiful land,
 Are thronged with the sons of this glorious band.
 If you go to Colombia, the free and the fair,
 This tree of benevolence flourisheth there !
 In the wildest, the uttermost regions of earth,
 This star of humanity bursts into birth ;
 And this wonderful brotherhood, strange though it be,
 Embrace o'er the hills, and shake hands o'er the sea !

But where doth this spirit of pity appear ?
 The peri is present, the angel is here,
 In the hearts of the men who have toil'd with success,
 To solace affliction, and lighten distress.
 'Tis here, in fair woman's compassionate glance,
 It breathes in the music, it moves in the dance ;
 It glows in the bosom, unmixed with alloy,
 Of all who are friends to this generous joy.

Before I return to the world and its care,
 Be this my sincerest, my holiest prayer ;
 May the Christian exhort, and the Patriot appeal,
 Till God shall awaken new hearts that can feel ;
 New hands that will open obedient to heaven,
 And scatter what God hath abundantly given ;
 May the idols of self from their altars be hurled,
 And the Spirit of Charity govern the world !

ON THE STUDY OF PHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY.

ESSAY FIRST.

BY JOHN LEIGH.

(Surgeon to the Earl of Sefton Lodge, Manchester.)

IN several late numbers of this Magazine letters have appeared from various parties, recommendatory of the adoption of some plan for a more general diffusion of knowledge in the Order; and it has been proposed to endeavour to raise the tone of the Magazine by rendering it the medium of communicating such knowledge. I hail the appearance of these letters as indicative of a growing taste for the noblest pursuits, and as an evidence that the importance of higher mental cultivation is impressed on those most capable of furthering its attainment. In an address to the members of the Lodge to which I have the honour to belong, I some time ago endeavoured to call their attention to the advantages of combining, as far as possible, with the benevolent objects of our Institution, the diffusion of sound literary and scientific knowledge, inasmuch as such knowledge by elevating the mind, refining the taste, chastening and improving the understanding, and increasing our powers and resources, tends to ameliorate and raise our condition, and, by the extension of its blessings, to better mankind; and, moreover, since philanthropy is our bond of union, thus to increase the sphere of our utility and duty. I endeavoured to shew that we were a body possessing great capabilities, professing high principles, and united by the strongest and best ties that can bind society together; that from the very nature and objects of our association we were fairly entitled to regard ourselves as the more intelligent and sensible portion picked out from the mass of society.

Since, then, we claim this high intelligence, this great capability for the highest development of the faculties, together with great numerical strength, possessing moreover the great facilities already afforded by our association as a body, does it become us, when all around are flocking to the founts of knowledge now opened to them in our educational institutions, eager to drink of their pure waters, to allow the stream to glide by us untasted and forgotten? When a fair garden is open to us, teeming with the richest fruits, that would impart new life and vigour to our frames, shall we leave them unplucked, whilst others press to enjoy them? When the beautiful face of Nature smiles upon us ready to impart her secrets and display to our admiring gaze the wisdom and beneficence of her Creator, shall she remain unquestioned? In my own heart I feel the answer to these inquiries, and it is on the conviction of our ability and willingness to know, that I ground the following observations.

Preliminary to entering on the study of Natural Philosophy, as on any other branch of knowledge, it is desirable, nay necessary, to inculcate and foster a taste for the investigation of the various subjects of science, and especially where it is intended to imbue with the spirit of inquiry large bodies of people made up of individuals having preformed tastes, dispositions and feelings. In most of these the taste must be formed, as it does not pre-exist. The attention must be excited, curiosity awakened, and admiration of the beauty of some new truth, if possible, kindled in the mind, so that it shall be stimulated to the prosecution of other discoveries for the production of equally agreeable impressions. Men are not born philosophers, and it is necessary to exercise and educate their faculties for their perfect development.

There is, perhaps, no means better calculated to direct the attention of the uninformed to the pursuit and acquirement of knowledge, than by presenting to their minds some new facts concerning subjects, or some new properties and qualities of bodies with which they previously believed themselves to be well acquainted. To awaken sentiments of wonder and admiration, and kindle in the breast a desire to penetrate the mysteries of nature, and master the truths of philosophy, is the first step towards the development of those powers which almost all men possess, and which when called forth and steadily directed to the bright path of science, soon reach results tending to increase the happiness of the possessor, and to benefit mankind. The merest accident, the merest trifle has often served to stimulate into life and vigour the genius whose germs had long lain dormant, but vivified by this impulse, it has shot out in its strength, and brought forth the noblest fruits. Nor let it be supposed that a finished education is essential to such results, and that amongst the wealthy and polite alone are to be found the votaries

of science. No! wide is the path that leads to her fane, and though bright and tempting are the fruits that greet us on the threshold of her domain, yet every step we advance there are brighter still beyond, and alike attainable by all. The greatest names that adorn our annals and shed a lustre over our history, have been borne by men nurtured in the humblest sphere, but whose curiosity had been excited and energies called forth by the simple observation of surrounding objects. It is often, perhaps generally, supposed that the only key to the attainment of a knowledge of the phenomena and laws of nature is in the mathematics, and that prior to entering on natural investigations, it is necessary to go through what would be to many a dry routine of operations on the laws of number and space. Let it not be supposed that I would depreciate the value of mathematical studies, for they are essential to the pursuit of some of the highest and most recondite branches of science; besides that they are inestimable as furnishing us with new and higher powers of investigation. A course of mathematics is also an excellent mental discipline, serving when our minds have run loose, again to collect our powers, to give a greater degree of accuracy and precision to our modes of thinking and speaking, and enabling us to concentrate our minds, and fix our attention on whatever shall demand them. Still a very limited acquaintance with these is all that is requisite for the attainment of a large amount of knowledge of the phenomena and operations of nature. All men cannot be profound, and there is very much to be learnt calculated to increase our happiness and respectability by the simple exercise of our faculties on the objects that surround us and are within our reach. All the branches of natural history, botany, a great portion of geology, nearly the whole of that vast beautiful and most useful of all sciences, chemistry, may be pursued independently of mathematics. The laws of living actions, the science of mind, and of the organization and government of society are without their pale. The laws of number, space, and motion, claim they for their own; and how much we owe to them let the beauty and precision of our mechanical contrivances, and the unerringly accurate predictions and sublime discoveries of our astronomers testify.

These are but preliminary observations to what I would earnestly wish now to press upon you, that is, the mode of study, or the best means of attaining to a competent acquaintance with the various branches of knowledge by independent exertions; albeit it is at all times desirable to avail ourselves of the labours and experience of others as contained in their works. In entering upon the study of the various phenomena of nature, I would recommend, as the first step, to cultivate and exercise the power of observation, and especially the observation of common circumstances. For want of exercising this power, there are numberless circumstances taking place around us, which if observed would call forth our admiration, but which pass unrecognized; many wonderful and beautiful operations of which we are unconscious, events full of instruction pass unheeded by. There is not a stone in our path but could tell a wondrous tale of storm and flood that in ages long gone by had swept along, or perchance of fiery rivers poured from the fierce volcano—not a flower that opens its beauty to the day, but in its varied hues and exquisite structure tells of its great Creator—not a shower that falls but reads a lesson to the mind of him who looks on nature! On a bright and sunny day when everything seems joying in the bliss of existence, when the birds carol gaily in the trees covered with verdant foliage, when the earth is spread out like a green mantle before us, and the sunbeams dance on the glad waters that ripple softly by, how delightful it is for the observer to stroll into the fair country. The rocks that skirt his path call to his mind the convulsions that at times have broken up the earth, and have now given it its diversified appearance; or in the crystals, they contain, he recognizes, those beautiful laws of crystallization which have given form and lustre to mere brute matter. The herbage on which he reclines tells him it sprung and draws its sustenance from the coarse and noisome manure poured upon the earth; the river that winds its path beside him carries his thoughts to the distant ocean, from whose bosom its waters raised by evaporation have again fallen to irrigate the earth, and are now carried on its tide back to their parent sea. Anon, perchance, the sky is clouded, the warbling of the birds is hushed, the wind whistles in the trees, and the storm begins; in the lightning's flash the observer recognizes an agent which he can accumulate and retain in vessels, yet can neither see nor understand, which can rend rocks and rive trees, and yet which has nor substance, weight, nor body,—which he can collect and play with as a toy, yet at whose touch he is stretched a blackened corpse, whose influence guides the

mariner over the trackless waste of waters, and whose bidding the laws of chemistry obey. Is there is no scope for observation, no food for contemplation in all this? How often does it happen that in distant places and distant objects we seek to gratify our curiosity, whilst the rich treasures of our own neighbourhood remain unexplored. There are few localities that do not possess objects sufficient to awaken our interest, and we shall generally find on searching into the properties of surrounding bodies, that the most common and familiar are the most marvellous of all. There is perhaps no district that affords a greater variety of objects, and of such surpassing interest, than our own. In its machinery and manufactures it stands unrivalled, and a life might be spent in their examination, whilst the natural features of the country are so diversified as to afford an almost exhaustless field of research; its flora is exceedingly varied, affording perhaps as diversified a field as any district of similar extent; geologically considered, it will yield in interest to none, whilst its natural products are of inestimable value. To take an illustration of the preceding remarks from one of these products: What substance is so familiar to us as coal, and of how many of our comforts is it the source! Its cheerful blaze and genial warmth give comfort to our homes; to its ready aid we owe the luxuries of the table—to its dazzling light the brilliancy of our streets, and the splendour of their shops; by its mighty power our ships traverse the broad Atlantic despite the elements, whilst our vast machinery moves at its bidding, and gives commerce to the world; by its help we annihilate space and time, and travel with the speed of the hurricane; as if nature had provided against the uncertainty of our climate, she has given us in the products of coal a protection against the weather. our waterproof fabrics depending on this substance. In another shape it gives to the printer the means of forming some of his richest hues—to the confectioner his lightest sweets; its pitch preserves the bottoms of our ships, its oil their fabric from decay. These remarks to most of you will require a little explanation, and I have taken this substance, coal, as affording me an opportunity of illustrating and verifying the proposition with which I started, that it is desirable to begin the study of natural objects, by cultivating our powers of observation, and especially directing them to the observation of common circumstances.

Our illustration, coal, is a body so familiar to us, so frequently observed, so accurately noted, that doubtless most of us believe we know all concerning it; yet how few of us are acquainted with many of even its ascertained uses, and none of us with all of them. But a few years ago, our ships were at the mercy of the winds, either locked up in port, or driven from their course, as the fickle elements determined. Now what shoals of vessels crowd the ocean, bearing their precious freights to distant lands, outstripping the winds in speed, or proudly breasting their fury—and this is accomplished by coal. Reflect on our little *manufactures*, truly so called, the produce of manual labour, and now behold our vast machinery impelled by this black mineral; look at our railways, and the thousands who fly from place to place, and who never dreamt that this substance was destined thus to speed them on their way. Behold the blaze of light that pours from our shops and illumines our streets, and ask whence comes this light? The answer is from coal. Not fifty years ago all the salamoniac used in this country was imported from the deserts of Arabia, being but a few hundred weights, the produce of the dung of camels, to be employed by a few medical men; now more than forty tons a years are made in Manchester alone from coal, to be used by the printer, the worker in metals, &c.; besides carbonate of ammonia, to be used by the baker, confectioner, and others; caustic ammonia, to be used in washing, clearing, and scouring various fabrics, and a hundred other useful purposes. Within a still more recent period, a few pounds were annually brought of naphtha from Italy and Siam, as a mere chemical curiosity, but without use; now thousands of gallons are made every year in Manchester and its neighbourhood, from coal, to be used in the preparation of waterproof coverings, being the only cheap solvent of indian-rubber, or caoutchouc. The oil that is formed along with this to the extent of many thousand gallons per year, is used to saturate wood, and thus preserves it from decay; the sleepers on many of our railways are thus saturated. The pitch that remains is applicable to all the purposes of wood pitch. There are a vast number of other substances obtainable from coal, but which have not been as yet applied in the arts. Now, the discovery of all these products, valuable or unapplied, as the case may be, is the result of simple *observation* of the properties of the parent substance.

Observation, which may be called the mechanical portion of the study of philosophy, I have laid considerable stress upon, because it may be justly regarded as the basis of all physical philosophy, the means by which we have arrived at our present extensive knowledge of science. Mark the rapid advances, the gigantic strides with which knowledge has progressed during the last century, and compare it with similar terms of previous eras. Whilst the Aristotelian philosophy prevailed, men occupied their time and devoted their energies to mere conjectural imaginings, and consequently vain, futile, and useless were the results of their speculations; but now when the *senses* are exercised, the faculties of the mind directed to actual occurrences, and nature investigated, observe the difference.

When we have habituated ourselves to the practice of observing, we should next endeavour to collect our observations, or to store up in our minds the facts we have noted. Mere isolated facts on particular subjects, often lead to erroneous views respecting them, and it is therefore desirable that we should obtain as many different observations of the same subject as possible in its different aspects, phases, or conditions; and thus any discrepancies in our observations would be detected, and the first erroneous impressions be corrected. It were well to observe phenomena without any preconceived views respecting them, at all events at first. There are many men of considerable powers of mind, who are but indifferent observers, and such are usually satisfied with a single observation, or make their limited observations bend to preformed theories; which latter, therefore, being built not on positive data, but mere conception, soon fall to pieces. Extensive collections of observations, however incongruous they may seem, are especially valuable, by enabling us by their contemplation and study, to compare them with each other; and thus to associate such as are of a like character, and to separate them from the dissimilar. This will lead to classification and arrangement of facts.

Tables of miscellaneous observations of the very highest value are often formed with this distinct view. Witness the registration tables recently formed, together with their classification, in the reports of the Registrar General. In the registration books, a great number of facts of a very mixed character are noted just as they occur; these are subsequently examined at the office of the Registrar General, and those of a like character classed together, and separated from the rest. Tables are thus formed from which are deduced conclusions of the utmost importance to the well being of society, and published in the annual reports of the Registrar General. From the tables of mortality amongst the rest, the ratios of insurance are calculated at the different offices of this description, purchase of annuities, &c. In forming our collections, or tables of observations, these should be made as extensive as possible, before we enter on the next steps, and then discarding all loose and inaccurate methods of investigation, we should set about rigidly comparing them with each other, and then abstract from the general mass, and associate together such as possess some circumstance or circumstances in common; thus we shall find that our observations fall into a natural arrangement, and these abstractions may be still further carried out, until we have at length a complete reduction of our observations arranged in their natural order, and associated by common properties. By this practice of abstraction we shall gradually acquire that valuable habit of generalization, which is characteristic of some minds, and which indeed may be said to be the distinguishing feature of the highest order of mind.

In the progress of our observations we shall sometimes find that the same circumstance is noted in regard to a great number of subjects, or that the same property or quality is observable in a great variety of bodies, and the more extensive are our observations, the more general will this identity appear to be, until at length when we have noted a sufficient number of instances, we begin to regard it as universal. We then designate this repetition a law, a term frequently used in physical science as the expression of a general fact. Thus it was observed once that a certain substance in uniting chemically with a certain other substance, always did so in a definite and constant proportion or quantity, never deviating from this into irregular portions, greater or less, of this quantity. The same circumstance was then observed of a number of other bodies, until at length it was found, as our experience became enlarged, that all bodies possessed this property of uniting in constant quantities; and it is now established as a law of matter, that when bodies combine chemically with each other, they always do so in regular and determinate proportions, and that where combination takes place in more than one quantity, the larger always bears a very simple relation to the smallest. Thus

it is that we arrive at the general operations of nature, and discover with what perfect uniformity and regularity all her processes are planned and conducted.

A knowledge of the laws of nature it is essentially necessary to obtain, in order to bring within our cognizance such new circumstances as require preliminary essays for their discovery. This is done by what is termed induction, which is simply the application of our knowledge of known circumstances, to the investigation of unknown; and which leads to the discovery of new or the extension of known laws. When we have generalized a fact, and well ascertained its relation to a number of known subjects, we may often predicate the occurrence of the same in a number of others, in which it has not as yet been investigated, and experience will frequently confirm our anticipations. It is known that all planets yet discovered move in nearly circular, or but slightly elliptical orbits, and that at their perihelion, or nearest point to the sun, their velocity is amazingly increased, decreasing as they approach their aphelion. Were a new planet to be discovered, it would be inferred to obey the same laws, and would almost certainly be discovered to do so. Again, when bodies containing the same quantity of different elements crystallize, they are found to assume the same form. Should new substances containing the same combining equivalents be made known, they would be inferred to, and would probably possess the same crystalline tendency. This is to reason by induction, a system of logic, introduced by the great Lord Bacon, and which may be justly regarded as the pioneer to discovery; for, guided by a knowledge of the laws of nature, and pursuing the process of induction, we are led to the conception of new views respecting the constitution of things, and by placing them under new conditions, test the accuracy of our opinions and often elicit new truths. Thus, the late Sir H. Davy perceived the close analogy in properties of the alkalis and earths, with known metallic oxides; and believing them, therefore, to be similarly constituted, submitted them to a new condition, a new power of analysis. The result established the accuracy of his opinions, and brought within our knowledge a number of the most remarkable substances in nature, and of whose existence we were before utterly ignorant. The discovery of the alkaline and earthy bases, was the grand and beautiful result of the application of that great instrument of the human reason, induction, by the mind of one of its masters. The inconceivably important discoveries and researches of Professor Liebig, as developed in his lately published works, may be cited as new instances of the successful application of this great principle. In these beautiful emanations of a vigorous and powerful mind, it is difficult which most to admire, the wonderful truths now first opened to us, the perfect system of observation and reasoning which led to his discoveries, or the clear, lucid, and logical style in which they are presented to us.

In the prosecution of our observations and inquiries, and in our deductions from them, it behoves us to exercise extreme caution in the formation of our conclusions, and especially when those conclusions would seem to involve some contradiction to the general harmony and perfection of the Creator's works; for though it hath pleased Him to endow man with a higher organization than the rest of His creatures, yet hath not man a genius equal to the majesty of nature; and hence, when in our contemplations, as will sometimes happen, we seem to discover evidences of imperfection, of fault, or inconsistency, let us confess with humility that they are beyond our understanding, rather than less perfect than the rest of creation.

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good."

Some years ago, an astronomer of eminence thought he had discovered in one of the planetary motions an imperfection in the system, and which must tend to its ultimate destruction; a greater than him has since demonstrated that this apparent imperfection is the grandest contrivance of all, and is essential to the performance and stability of the whole.

When we have obtained a number of general facts, or laws, we may sometimes by a comparison and collation of these, deduce a still more general conclusion, or associate and combine them into a law of still more universal operation; thus we form what may be called general principles, by abstraction from minor principles. The laws of magnetic, galvanic, and electrical agency, have of late years been thus associated,

and general laws, or principles of electricity, deduced. The possession of these laws, or principles, is of the utmost value, as they constitute vast and powerful implements for the eliciting and reference of new truths, enabling us to extend the sphere of our knowledge, and to bring our scattered facts within their proper boundaries. Some of these general laws appear to be absolutely, and almost of necessity, universal, never being for a single instant, or in a single instance, suspended; such is the law of gravitation, of radiation, of heat, and light, &c. To other laws we sometimes find very remarkable deviations, or exceptions, and for this we usually recognize such a necessity, or rather in this, such an evidence of special design of wisdom and beneficence, as must call forth on their contemplation the strongest feelings of veneration and devotion towards the Divine Contriver. We are confused, bewildered, and lost in the universality of gravitation, in the survey of the mighty objects it rules, in the vastness and unerring precision of its operations; we feel and know that one instant suspended, all would again rush into chaos. The sublimity and power of the Being who conceived and framed this law, who projected matter into space obedient to its mandates, awes and overpowers us. The deviation which other laws admit of call forth our gratitude and love. Let us take a familiar instance: We have all seen ice float upon water, it is then lighter than water; now it is a general circumstance, or law, that bodies by all abstraction of heat, contract in bulk, and become heavier in proportion to their bulk. Thus, in a common thermometer, the mercury sinks in the tube when we expose it to cold; and this contraction goes on until the mercury is frozen. All gases contract alike by equal abstraction of heat; liquids and solids unequally, both for different substances and different temperatures. Water affords a remarkable exception to this law. When we abstract heat from this fluid, it gradually lessens in bulk, until it acquires the temperature of 40° Fahrenheit; it then begins to expand, and at 32° Fahrenheit, shoots into a mass of ice, which being lighter than water floats upon it. In the freezing of lakes and rivers, or bodies of water, at first the surface water becomes colder and heavier, and sinks to the bottom, or becomes mixed with the rest, a new and warmer portion then takes its place, which in its turn descends; this goes on until the temperature of the water sinks to 40° , then the surface water becomes lighter as it cools, and remains at the top until a film of ice shoots over the surface, and being a bad conductor of heat, preserves the temperature of the water below; all those who have been dipped in skating know that the water is not so cold as they imagined. Were not the laws of contraction suspended in water at a certain temperature, the interchange of colder and warmer strata would go on until the whole mass attained the freezing point, when all would congeal into one solid piece, which the heat of summer would never melt; and what a different earth it would then present to its present varied and animated surface! It would revolve through space a frozen and unvivified mass; its solid waters would contain no living thing; the various tribes that throng its surface would be still for ever, the music that now swells upon the air would be hushed, and one dead silence would prevail, the gay green herbage would find no place, and the volcano and earthquake would rule alone. At the polar regions the cold is so intense and long continued, as to freeze even large bodies of sea water; but the action of a less amount and duration of cold is wisely prevented by the presence in the waters of the ocean of a large quantity of saline matter, which enables them to resist a much lower temperature without congelation. The juices of plants, by the salts they contain, no doubt resist the inclement weather to a considerable degree; though these are also further protected by falls of snow, which envelopes and defends them from the cold without, otherwise, as no doubt sometimes happens, their juices freeze, and by expanding, burst the delicate tissue containing them, and so destroy the plants. Thus do we see continued provision made for every exigency, a constant and watchful care exercised, and displayed over every part of creation. It is, perhaps, in these exceptions to general laws, for special purposes, that we find the most indubitable evidences of design.

For the sake of convenience, certain apparently natural arrangements, or divisions, of our knowledge of the objects of creation have been formed, and called sciences; these are all more or less connected, though in some it is more apparent than in others. The various branches of natural history may be associated, whilst the different portions of what are called the physical sciences, have a strong bearing on each other, and the philosophy of one may be happily applied to the phenomena of another. It is advisable, then, to study them in connexion, or to endeavour to obtain a pretty general knowledge

of each, as giving us a more comprehensive view of the phenomena and laws of nature, and correcting the contracted and one-sided views which the study of one class of subjects alone has a tendency to give us.

I will illustrate these remarks, and conclude this brief exposition by an example of connexion in the sciences, which it does not occur to me has been before pointed out. The science of chemistry has demonstrated to my mind satisfactorily, by the laws of combining equivalents, of Isomorphism, and its modifications, Isomerism, &c., that the matter of which this earth is composed is formed of certain very minute indivisible corpuscles, or atoms, associated and united together by chemical or mechanical union. The annals of meteorology inform us of the fall to the earth at various times, of considerable masses of solid matter, and which, on examination, have been found to consist of well known earthy ingredients; though the mode of their union, and the circumstances of their occurrence, almost preclude the idea of their being of earthly origin. Indeed the prevailing hypothesis now is, that they are bodies revolving in space, but which arriving within the sphere of the earth's attraction, have been brought to its surface. The observations of astronomers have shown us that the moon, a star, is composed of matter like our own earth, at all events of mountain and valley, having active volcanoes, and subject to the same general laws. The planetary system affords much of the same evidence, and the material nature of the suns that stud the firmament is not less proved. It is probable then that this vast universe of stars is composed of matter like our own, differing in qualities, perhaps, but like it, made up of ultimate molecules, or atoms, and obedient to the same general laws. Now we find the atoms, or molecules, of our own earth, or its different forms of matter, endowed with properties exactly fitting them for each other, those being the most strongly developed which tend to the production of the most important compounds. Thus, we find oxygen possessing powers exactly fitting it to unite with hydrogen, for the production of water, and so universal is this adaptation, that the conviction becomes irresistible that some of these were endowed with properties in direct reference to those of pre-existent others; or that the properties of the whole were pre-conceived and adapted to each other; ere the Almighty fiat called them into existence. The cumulative evidence is complete of their creation, and, extending our reasoning as before, of the creation by the same hand, of the mighty orbs that form the universe. Thus do those glorious worlds acknowledge the same, the one Creator:

"For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

He that created can destroy, and in his own good time may annihilate all the matter he has made.

"The cloudcapped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,"
And all the mighty orbs that with it roll,
May yet dissolve,
"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Humphrey Chetham Lodge, Manchester.

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

BY J. P. DOUGLAS,

Author of "*A Dream of Youth*," "*The Minstrel's Harp*," &c.

FAR in the desert a voice is heard,
Sad as the song of a mateless bird;
Nothing of gladness, oh, nothing is there,
But love mix'd strangely with despair;
'Tis Hagar lamenting for her son,
For the life whose sands are nearly run;
And that woman's grief, on the winged blast,
Is carried abroad o'er the wilderness vast.

God of our fathers ! hear me ! Thou
 Before whose throne all nations bow—
 Look on me ! God, whose eye is bent
 Over the spanless firmament,
 Whose ear is open to the cry
 Of suffering humanity—
 One cooling drop of water give,
 That he, my first-born, yet may live !

God of our fathers ! Thou whose hand
 The trusting patriarch brought to land,
 When long the thirsting earth had drunk
 The floods—and men and nature sunk
 Beneath the whelming waters wide,
 That crush'd the heathen in his pride ;
 Thine hand wrought strong deliverance there—
 God of our fathers ! hear my prayer !

Slow sinks the sun, majestic and calm,
 Lighting the tops of the feathery palm ;
 Sickly and pale the flowers are lying,
 Lullabied by the faint winds sighing ;
 Yet shall the dews their bloom restore,
 And their leaves be fresh when night is o'er ;—
 But I for him no hope can have,
 Son of an outcast and a slave !

Thus did she speak ;—the desert air
 Rang with the voice of her despair ;
 She could not brook, nor bear to see
 His panting spirit's agony ♣
 But stood aloof—a statue meek,
 With quivering lip and blanched cheek ;
 Unwitting that her grief could move
 The fount of mercy and of love.

That fount is stirr'd—an angel form,
 Bright as the rainbow in the storm,
 Hath come to soothe the mother's fears,
 To charm away her needless tears ;
 And pointing to the stream which flow'd
 Richly within that sad abode—
 He cast the veil from time's dark flight,
 And held the future to her sight !

Yet Hagar, yet shall Ishmael be
 Chief of a people, wild and free !
 His crown—the bow, the spear, the lance—
 The desert his inheritance :
 Countless his tribe—and every hand
 Shall be against him and his land,
 Whilst every clime beneath the sky
 Shall find in him an enemy !

And is it not ? Through every age,
 In every line of history's page,
 Doth not the record strongly show—
 Man finds the Arab still his foe ?
 And we may learn, that he who gave
 His only Son a world to save,
 Though all things else change as a dream,
 His word and promise will redeem !

Maryport.

M A Y.

WHEN buttercups and daisies deck the mead,
 When lowing kine in verdant pastures feed ;
 When throistles whistle, warbling linnets sing,
 When woods and dales with notes melodious ring ;
 When hedge-rows lovely smile in lively green,
 When budding leaves on taller trees are seen ;
 When Flora dances 'midst the sunny shower,
 And 'neath each footstep springs the modest flower,—
 'Tis then I'd quit the town, its noise and strife,
 And court the pleasures of a country life.
 'Mid sylvan walks and rural scenes I'd stray,
 Or by the murm'ring brook I'd wind my way ;
 Where falling waters form a glassy shower,
 I'd sit and muse and pass the fleeting hour ;
 There watch the speckled trout "elastic spring,"
 And on the water see the circling ring ;
 Or mark the lively squirrel jump and play,
 While blackbirds lightly hop "from spray to spray ;"
 Or watch the rabbit bound devoid of care,
 While from her covert starts the timid hare.
 'Mid scenes like these contented I can be,
 Where freedom smiles around, I feel most free ;
 Haply midst shady walks thus can I stray,
 Till Sol o'er western hills sheds his last ray.

ZETA.

Loyal Bolton Lodge, Leyburn.

THE ODD FELLOW.

A TALE.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT a week after the events had happened which were recorded in our last chapter, a jovial party were assembled in the kitchen, or rather that ambiguous apartment which, in small public houses, answers both for kitchen and tap-room, at a house in the town ; the landlord of which was some relation to the Irishman, O'Reigan, and to which he had inducted our old acquaintance, John. The remainder of the worthies present, were the tall man in black, so often mentioned ; a smart young man in the dress of a butcher ; a person in the garb of a sailor ; and three athletic countrymen, who, by their appearance, seemed to be day-labourers.

"Very true ! very true !" exclaimed Sanders, (the tall man) taking the pipe from his mouth, and knocking out the ashes on the edge of the table. "As Mr. John says, there's nothing certain in life, but death ; and you're not certain of that, if you happen to want it. For my part, I'm an admirer of the Institution of Odd Fellowship, and wanted to join it once ; and I should have joined it, only——"

"Only they wouldn't have you, darlingle !" remarked the Irishman.

"To tell the truth," replied Sanders, "that's exactly the reason. I must say I was rather nettled, and asked them why I was to be refused ; and what reason do you think they gave ?"

"Something complimentary, no doubt !" replied O'Reigan winking at the butcher.

"Yes, *very* complimentary !" returned Sanders. "They said, as they had hitherto admitted none but respectable members, they thought they should be doing themselves less than justice, if they suffered one among them whose habits were known to be disreputable. That they were struggling to draw the eyes of the world to the moral

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good they were working ; and it would be most foolish on their part to enrol among their numbers, so decided a practical illustration of evil. But I think they were wrong ; if their example was good, and I'm not the man to say it wasn't, nor isn't, they might have reformed me."

"Well," observed the butcher, "now I think *you* are wrong there, and not they. Because, without a doubt, if you'd reform'd yourself, they'd have admitted you directly."

"Perhaps so ! perhaps so !" replied the tall man. "But it raises angry thoughts in a man's heart to be told that he's worse than others ; especially when he doesn't happen to think so himself. However, I don't find fault with them ; I dare say they were right."

"To be sure they were, honey !" remarked O'Reigan. "Little as I know about the matter, it wants small taching to shew that pable are always ready to cavil at what they don't understand ; and Bathershin ! a nate broth of a boy, sich a *genus* as you'd ha' been for a spicimin of the *Order*. But a song boys ! a song ! I'm a rig'lar, so I can't volunteer, you know."

"Right !" exclaimed Sanders. "A song ! Here's young Toughmeat, here, sings an excellent song. Silence, gentlemen, for Mr. Toughmeat's song !"

"Oh ! I've no objection ;" replied the butcher. "Not a bit. You know," (and here he lowered his voice) "you know, of course, that I come a courting here. Now, I've a great desire to be an Odd Fellow, and shall be one too, only I think she's rather against it. Now, when I begin to sing, I know she'll come to listen ; so I've got up a bit of a song, which I think'll just give her a hint."

"Capital !" shouted the whole party. "Silence for Mr. Toughmeat's song !"

"You'll bear chorus, gentlemen !" said Toughmeat. "Its an old tune ; you all know it. And as for the composition, you know I'm not much of a scholar ; so here goes without further ceremony :—

TOUGHMEAT'S SONG.

"Mr. Samuel Chine was a butcher smart,
Who found his way to many a heart ;
Whether of widow, or tender maid,
But that, you'll say, was part of his trade.
Now Cupid, who is e'er alert,
Did, in his *liver*, a dart insert ;
For he said, hearts now were grown so cold.
They were never given—but always sold.
Sing hey, sing ho ! so he could but grieve,
That folks wouldn't love like Adam and Eve,

"But Cupid had not rightly guess'd,
Tho', lover-like, Chine couldn't rest ;
For his liver affected he fell so ill,
That nothing would cure him but blue pill.
So Cupid once more gained his dart,
And sent it, this time, thro' his heart,
Confessing a heart, with love half-charg'd,
Was not so bad as a liver enlarg'd
Sing hey, sing ho ! still he could but grieve,
That folks wouldn't love like Adam and Eve.

"So when reliev'd from "Pil. Hydrarg.,"
Chine fell in love with one Miss Barge,
Alleging a man was, without a wife,
Like a human body without any life.
"Oh, Patty Barge !" said Mr. Chine,
"As freight you carry this heart of mine ;
And if you wreck it, I plainly feel,
You'll be my death by 'bowl or steel !"
Sing hey, sing ho ! I can but grieve,
That folks wouldn't love like Adam and Eve.

"Law, Sammy !" answered Patty Barge,
"Weak stomachs 'tis have words so large ;
But do not drink of poison'd cup,
Or, tho' a dead butcher, you'll *cut me up*.
Yet if you will give death a treat,
I'd never be stuck like butcher's meat ;
But taking good advice from me,
In the *river* you'll prove a 'Felo de se.'
Sing hey, sing ho ! but do not grieve,
You'll find my love's not "make believe."

"But Chine, don't go out of commission,
And I'll be yours on one condition,
I'm told an Odd Fellow you mean to be,
And if you are, you're no fellow for me."
"Then I've only just to remark," said Chine,
"That I doubt you never will be mine;
For whether in married or single state,
I'll be an Odd Fellow as sure as fate."
Sing hey, sing ho! and I can but grieve,
That folks wouldn't love like Adam and Eve.

"Now Cupid, who is love, you know,
And his *home*, Odd Fellowship below,
Ask'd what it was she wanted, forsooth,
In her marriage, but 'Friendship, Love and Truth.'
It was plain, he said, heart didn't meet heart,
Therefore Chine should have another sweetheart;
And Patty, single to this day,
Laments that Chine turned her away.
Singing hey, singing ho! I can but grieve,
That a willow garland I must weave.

Let Patty's fate, then, maidens warn,
Things they can't know of, not to scorn;
For *Love* will e'er be faithful warder,
To all connected with the *Order*.
Miss Barge we may commiserate,
For truly painful was her state,
To see *olive branches*, as poets fable,
Twine *ten little odd fellows* round Chine's table,
And Chine and his wife. you may believe,
Loving away like Adam and Eve."

When the plaudits and laughter which the song occasioned had died away, there was silence for a few minutes, which was broken by Sanders observing to the seaman, "I think, friend, you and I have met before; though, just now, I can't exactly say where."

"Not unlikely!" returned the other, who appeared to exhibit a slight uneasiness at this symptom of recognition, and which he tried to hide by puffing forth immense volumes of smoke. "It's many years though since I was in these parts before."

"Many," returned Sanders abruptly. "How many?"

"Mayhap, ten or twelve," replied the stranger, now evidently disconcerted.

"Humph!" said Sanders, "mayhap six or seven would do."

"Why the devil don't you let the man alone!" exclaimed the Irishman. "Hasn't he kept you at a distance these ten or twelve years, and Allileu! would you be after pushing yourself into his notice now, you unmannerly spalpeen?"

"You mind your own business, Mr. O'Reigan!" replied Sanders. "When I want advice I'll ask it; and I won't ask it of you then. And these *gentlemen* are your companions?" he continued, turning again to the sailor, and glancing most ominously at the three countrymen alternately.

"Why yes!" returned the seaman hesitatingly; "we certainly came in together, we travelled in company for the last twelve miles; otherwise I can't say they're exactly my companions. But here's my service to you!" he said suddenly, as if desirous to change the subject; the three fellows regarding one another rather anxiously.

"Yes!" said one of the three. "We found him tired and hungry, and we did what we could for him. There's nothin like misfortune to make people companionable."

Sanders regarded the speaker with a suspicious stare; but he made no farther comment.

"Come, come!" said the dragoon, "let's have no more o' your blarney now; but let's have a song from Mr. John here, who is as dull as a ridgemint of infantry on a forced march."

"I never sings!" replied John; "I never did sing but once; and that was on my wedding day, and I never means to sing again."

"Murther!" exclaimed the corporal; "have you been married then?"

"Why, yes!" returned John, "I have, and I havn't! That is—I'm a kind of a sort of a widder man."

"The deuce you are!" exclaimed Sanders.

"Yes; I'll tell you. I was married to a widder that wasn't a widder," answered John.

"Ay! that wasn't a widdier when you'd married her again, honey. Is it that what you mane?"

"No, nor it wasn't that neither. But if you'll promise not to laugh at me, I'll tell you the whole story, the more particularly as part of it relates to one o' them chaps we was speaking of."

"Laugh! laugh at you!" returned the dragoon; "do you take us for hyænas, that you think we should laugh at your sorrows? Oh bother! don't be hurting our falings in that way. Laugh! By the powers! I've lost my pocket-handkerchief, or I could cry at the very idea!"

"Well then," said John, "you must know I was never brought up to any particular trade, or calling, only *work*—I always had plenty o' that. I was but eight when my father died; and mother had been dead some time then, so I immediately farm'd a clapper and a tin horn, and started business on my own bottom; and the first job I got was tenting crows at fourpence a day."

"Two shillings per week!" exclaimed o'Reigan, "a noble pay to begin with, and no arthly objection to a rise in the wages. But you were tenting crows, you say? Did the crows pitch their tents far from your own home, darlint; because, if they did, I should think the villains took nearly all your pay to find shoe leather?"

"No," replied John, "I was very comfortable, taking it all together. Well, I wed, and trampled and tented for six or seven years, and I then got a little farther up in the world, and was a kind of harrand boy to the whole village; and used to make sometimes as much as five or six shillings a week; and I continued in that course o' life till I was about nineteen, when I got a little farther up still, and was taken as half harrand boy and half shopman by a very respectable widdier that kept a chandler's shop in the place, and sold coals."

"Half errand boy, and half shopman," observed Sanders with a grin.

"To be sure!" replied the Irishman; "half man, and half boy; wasn't he just nineteen—a kind of a hippety hoy. By my faith he spakes like a book—you won't say catch him tripping. Get on, frind John; if you take notice of all his blarney, we shall niver git you married."

"Well, as I said before," continued John, "I was a kind o' man of all work for the widdier, and a very kind, motherly sort of a woman she was. It wasn't so many years before, but I remember'd very well, standing at the church door to see her go to be married. Her husband was a sailor, and he was lost at sea. Well, after I had been with her about a year, and I expect I suited her very well, one night, just when I was a fastening up the shutters, she says to me, 'John,' says she, 'how long do you think it is,' says she, 'since my first poor dear husband were lost at sea?' 'Your *first* husband,' says I, very innocently, 'why, how many husbands have you had?' 'Law, John!' says she, and she gave me sich a look across the counter; 'how you do take a body up,' says she; 'I didn't say *first* husband, did I?' 'That you did,' says I; 'and I was a beginning to think you'd got a second, only I know'd better when I comed to think,' says I. 'Law, John,' says she, and she blushed up to the eyes; 'I hope you won't be thinking,' says she, 'that I'm thinking of taking a second husband, for I wouldn't have *you* think so, for the world,' says she. 'Lawk, missus,' says I, for I was as innocent, bless you, as a cade lamb, with a bit o' blue ribbon tied round his neck; 'why not?' says I; who could blame you? You're a nice personabish sort of a body that any man might take a fancy to; and have a nice shop,' says I, 'and a capital little trade in the small coal way, and would be a very desirable match,' says I, 'for any honest, hard-working man.' Well, missus giggled, and colour'd a bit, and at last she says, 'why, John,' says she, 'I don't know, but of one honest, hard-working man that I could take a fancy to, and perhaps he wouldn't fancy me; now,' says she, 'I look upon you to be honest and hard-working as anybody; but law, you're quite a child.' 'What's that?' says I, 'a child! Well, that's a good un!' says I, and I could hardly help laughing, for I was a great tall, raw-boned fellar, about as big again as she, and had sich a wonderful appetite as astonish'd everybody. 'Well, Mister John,' says she, 'I means a child in comparison wi' myself; but, law,' says she, 'what *am* I saying—and what *will* you think of me?' and away she runn'd into the little back parlour, and after I'd fasten'd the shutters, away I went home. Well, do you know, I couldn't get to sleep for thinking o' what she'd said. There was something so particular in her manner; when, all of a sudden, it com'd in upon me like a flash o' lightning,

that *I* was the honest, hard-working chap she'd taken a fancy to; and I never got another wink o' sleep that night. First I thought of the widder, who was a nice, tightish sort of a woman, not quite forty, and bore a good character, and wasn't none o' your gad-about, tea-drinking women; and then I thought o' the shop, and the coal-trade; and then I thought I *wasn't* the man—and then I thought I *was*! Lawk! I never turn'd over sich a night in my life. Well, to make a long story shorter, I *was* the man, and what's more, I think, was the happiest man in the world; and I bought the wedding ring, and had a bran new suit o' clothes made o' purpose—(the coat was the prettiest thing, perhaps, you ever seed—a bottle-green frock, with brass buttons, rather bigger nor half-crown pieces, uncommon neat and fashionable, for, says I to myself, I'm now going to be a man o' substance, and a master man, says I, and I may as well be laugh'd at for being *in* the fashion as out of it) and we was regularly axed in church, or at least, the people was ax'd whether we might be married, and the day was fixed, and off we went to church. Well, I was so proud, do you know, for all the little boys in the parish went along with us to the church-doors (for they wouldn't let 'em into the church) and *we was married*. Lawk! I don't know now, whether I walked home on my head, or my heels, I was so pleased. Well, the day pass'd over very comfortable, except that we were all of us, a matter o' twenty, scrowdg'd into the little back parlour, and we got the dinner over, and the tea over, and were all as merry as crickets, and I'd jist done singing a song, which I'd larnt o' purpose—(there come *sich* a knock at the shop-door—I don't know what was the reason on it, but that knock made every one start, and look at one another—it was but a single knock, but it was a dead, heavy, thumping knock, jist as if a great stone had been thrown at the door, and at first I thought it was, for the boys had been a drumming under the winder on old kettles and pans the best part o' the evening—but being repeated, one o' the women gets up, and goes to the door, and in a minute in she comes, bringing in with her a tall stout man in a sailor's dress. Deary me! I never seed sich a face in my life—it was as pale as ashes, and his lips were quite blue; and he stood with his hands in his jacket pockets, looking at the widder, who, as soon as ever as she claps eyes on him, screamed out, and fell into a fainting fit. I know'd him in a moment—it was the widder's husband as was lost at sea; or, at least what we thought was lost at sea. Well, thinks I to myself, this *is* a pretty kittle of fish, and I've reither an idea who'll be kicked out here presently. Well, the women was bringing the widder that had got two husbands to herself, as fast as they could, with cold water and burnt feathers; and there stood the sailor all the time, but never spoke a word to nobody, till she was quite recovered, when she bursts out a crying, and runs into his arms. 'What, then, you *are* glad to see me, arter all, Molly?' says the sailor. 'You can't doubt it, Thomas,' says she; 'and if I cry, it is because I am sorry for this young man, Thomas—*very* sorry—who is as good a cetur as ever stepped in shoe leather. Oh! if you had but come back a week or two sooner.' 'Why for that matter,' says the sailor, 'I'm not the man to do an unfair thing, do you see—if I am, shiver me! You promis'd to be mine till I was dead; well, you thought I was dead, and that was nearly the same thing to you, though mayhap not exactly the same thing to me. Therefore, as a matter o' right and conscience, I don't see but this here youth is as much your husband as I am; the more especially, as the same parson married us both. So you've nothing to do but say the word, and I sheer off directly—nor shall you ever see me again. I can't say no fairer—can I?' says he, looking at all the women, who all was a looking at him. Well, in course I saw it was time for me to put in. 'Sailor!' says I, going up to him, and offering him my hand, which he took, 'you *cannot* say no fairer. You are this here widder's first husband, and I'm her second—at least,' says I, 'I thought I was. I can't tell a lie, sailor!' says I,—'I can't say I'm glad to see you—though I should ha' been if you'd come back a month sooner. As it is,' says I, 'I thinks even *you* must be sorry for me yourself, as well as the widder, your wife; for where I thought I was master, I can't even be servant. Look!' says I, and somehow I began to feel as if I couldn't see,—'look at those people outside; before I can reach home, I must pass through them—I must see 'em laugh at me—I must hear 'em jeer me—that's none so pleasant is it? I said *home* too,' says I,—'I have no home, till I've hired my lodgings again, which I gave up this morning. Howsoever,' says I, 'it's time to be going—I've no business here, any how,—you're her lawful husband! and I hope God will bless you together!' and I bursted out a crying, for I couldn't stand it no longer. Well, the sailor was kind

enough to offer to go wi' me, and to punch the head of any one that so much as offer'd to laugh at me; but in course, I declared off that, and was a going out, when I thought I'd just stop, and hear what was doing outside. In course there was a deal of laughing and jesting, and the blood rush'd into my head, and seem'd to tingle in my face and ears, when I heerd how they was a pulling o' me to pieces; when jist then, one of those chaps we was speaking on, and what master's so fond on, an Odd Fellow, gets on to the step o' the door, and calls out for silence. 'Silence!' says several fellars, 'here's (I forgit the man's name now) is going to make a speech;' and so, after a little more laughing, and what they call "chaffing," he spoke to 'em as near as I can recollect after this fashion.—'My lads!' says he, 'I dare say none of you are aware of what you're about, or what you're going to do. Do you know that you're going to do a very wicked thing? You're going to let a fellar cretur see that you take a delight in his misery! Can't none-on you conceive, that though its *his* turn for sorrow to-day, it may be *yours* to-morrow, and you won't laugh then, I take it. Is every one on you placed above the reach of misfortune? If you are, laugh and jeer at *his* misfortune—No, don't even then—for the honour of human natur, don't laugh, even then. There's one thing I wish, I wish you was all Odd Fellows, and then you'd blush for your conduct—no,' says he, correcting hisself, 'you wouldn't blush, for you wouldn't think of doing such things—you would know better then; and depend on't, Providence is a just Providence. If any one o' you stops here to laugh and insult the mis'ry of that poor friendless young man, I wish—no—I don't wish—I needn't wish, for I am sure that it will come home to him, in his turn to feel sorrow, and to feel it unpitied, as sure as I stand here to warn him of it. Go home, my lads! go bome! and instead o' making merry at another's expense, thank Heaven that you are not the one singled out to feel sich sorrow and grief, as my heart tells me, poor John Welldon is a suffering at this moment.'"

"And did they go?" exclaimed Sanders and O'Reigan, almost simultaneously.

"They did!" replied John; "they saw the folly and wickedness o' the thing when it was pointed out to them, and not one on 'em stopp'd to insult me."

"By the pow'r's!" shouted the Irishman, "but I'll be an Odd Fellow before long, or like Mr. Sanders here, I'll know the reason why! But, frind John, how did you get on after that, and how did you scrape acquaintance wi' the old jontleman?"

Here the three countrymen took advantage of the pause in John's tale to leave, and civilly wishing the party good night, quitted the house.

"Don't ax me for any more, now," replied John, as soon as the bustle occasioned by the others leaving had subsided; "the thoughts o' that ere marrying job always make me feel uncomfortable, and I shouldn't ha' told you what I have, only to convince you that I spoke truth when I said I consider'd Odd Fellowship the best Institution under which men ever enroll'd themselves. I'll tell you the rest o' my story some time or other, but not now."

"Yes, yes—another time," observed Sanders rather hurriedly, who, from some inexplicable cause seemed to have suddenly lost every trace of the deep attention and interest he had before manifestly taken in John's narration, while he appeared hardly able to withdraw his ardent gaze from the face of the sailor. Both John and O'Reigan observed this with astonishment, and there was a dead silence; each felt that something more than common drew Sanders' attention, and all anxiously gazed in each other's face, as if trying to unravel the mystery. At length the seaman rose, stepped cautiously to the door of the apartment, and having taken a careful survey of the adjoining passage, returned once more to his expecting co-mates.

"Are we all good men and true?" he asked anxiously, and in a low voice.

"True as steel!" replied Sanders; "there are none here but friends, I'll swear for it—except it be yourself. But what the deuce, Hugh Willmot! I always knew you for a wild roystering blade, and when they sent you across the herring pond, perhaps, I was the only one that pitied you. Still, I never thought to find you in the company of footpads and cut-throats."

"I saw you knew me!" returned Willmott; "but how did you know that they were what you say?"

"Easy enough! In the first place, I remembered seeing one of them tried at the last assizes for the murder of a poor old widow; and he only escaped the gallows he merited by a legal flaw of some kind. And, in the next, I happened to see one of them,

dexterously enough, steal Mr. Corporal O'Reigan's pocket-handkerchief; I could scarcely help laughing when I heard him complaining that he'd lost it."

"Oh, murther!" exclaimed the Irishman, "and you let him go off with it! My beautiful bit of three-and-ninepenny-ha'penny Ingy silk! Och! what a basty world this is! There's friendship for you! Oh, by the pow'r's! but I'm clane struck! Now may the devil fly away wid all my pipe-clay when I'm getting ready for parade, if, once in his life, I don't strangle that varmint wid the very identical article!"

"Hold your tongue! you blare-mouth'd fool!" said Sanders, at the same time clapping his hand unceremoniously over the other's mouth. "If Hugh Willmot is the man I take him for, and I can judge what he means by his eye, you shall have the pleasure of doing what you propose before long; but you needn't tell the whole town, need you?"

"You're right," replied the sailor. "Do any of you know a gentleman of the name of Lovell?"

"All of us!" returned Sanders, checking John, who was about to speak. "What of him?"

"Nothing more nor less than that if we don't prevent it, he'll be robb'd, and p'rhaps murder'd this very night. Isn't he in the habit of carrying a good round sum of money on his person?"

"He is! he is!" exclaimed John wildly. "I have known him leave his pocket-book in his coat, with as much as a thousand pounds in it in notes! I have often begg'd him to take more care of his money. I see it all. He is gone this very night to spend the evening with Mr. Wintown, and those fellars have gone to waylay him. The Lord forgive me! I'm sitting here drinking and sotting while my poor master is p'rhaps being murder'd at this very moment!"

"Hush!" replied the sailor. "Not so fast; I happen to know, for certain, that he will not leave the Squire's till ten o'clock, and it is not yet nine; so you see that we have plenty of time, and indeed we are yet too soon. As for you, young man, who are his servant, though I little knew such to be the case, rest satisfied, I have no doubt, that without exposing Mr. Lovell to harm, we shall be the means of delivering those three detestable villains (for such I know them to be) into the hands of justice."

Willmot now entered into an explanation of his plans, to the arrangement of which we must leave him and his confederates, while we follow the thread of our narrative.

The evening was beautifully mild and serene when Lovell left the hospitable roof of his friend, to return to his inn. There was nothing perhaps in the whole round of his enjoyments which gave him a purer, or more unalloyed gratification, than a rural walk, especially when evening was deepening into night. His mind was pure, and his step free as the breeze which wantoned joyously around him. Cheerily went the old gentleman along the verdant path, now listening to the buzz of some nocturnal insect, and anon turning his head to the sound of the distant watch-dog, which seemed by its baying to give warning, that as the night approached, he felt the importance of the trust reposed in him. Star after star came twinkling into view as the twilight faded into night, till the glittering glories of the firmament called forth in the breast of Lovell those spontaneous emotions of piety, which the justly-poised mind ever feels at beholding the works of the Creator.

"Father of heaven!" he ejaculated, perhaps unconscious that he was speaking aloud,—*"Great are thy works, and greater still thy mercies! Omnipotent, and yet all-powerful but to shew goodness ineffable—exceeding thought, surpassing wonder—Incomprehensible, yet in incomprehensibility sublime beyond conception—All-seeing! and All-wise! Who hast deigned to form and model man from thine own image, and bestowed on this thy work sufficient light to know that thou art, wast, and ever shalt be worshipped, world without end. Accept the adoration of the clay thy spirit animates. Inscrutable! beyond expression's reach have been thy mercies and thy bounties showered upon me—on me, all undeserving; yet not so, while thou deignest grace and peace. And while I feel the peaceful rest of an approving conscience, can I suppose thy grace is yet denied me? Eternal goodness! blessed is thy name—blessed thy works—most blessed for most perfect! • What to thee are man's most earnest praises? yet what less than praise can man bestow on thee? what less than give the only tribute in his power to offer? I ask not thy protection—it is around me; I seek not for thy bounties—I've received them; but let thy praise be ever on my lips, and let my heart be echo to my*

words." Lovell, who had stopped and reverently uncovered his head while he uttered the foregoing address to the Deity, had now resumed his walk, and felt slightly startled at perceiving by his side, a tall and powerful-looking countryman; at least such, so far as the imperfect light would allow him to judge, was his appearance.

"A fine night!" said the fellow. "You were star-gazing so long I thought I must have gone on without you; else it's pleasant to have company home, when one's returning from work."

Lovell, who was decidedly of a different opinion, was confirmed by this observation that all was not right. "Returning from work!" he said; "you work late then, friend?"

"Well, I may say from work," answered the man with a forced laugh: "I haven't been home since I were at work."

Lovell now began to be seriously alarmed. From the size, and evident muscular power of his unpleasant companion, he felt that he should stand but little chance in a personal rencounter; and, though as it happened, he had not much money on his person, still the thought of ill-usage was insupportable to him. The fellow, too, was armed with a weighty cudgel, and he saw, in fact, that without some extraordinary chance in his favour, he must be entirely in his power, if attacked by him.

Neither spoke. Lovell was engaged in his reflections, and the other trudged along by his side, whistling. They were now approaching a more sequestered part of the road, thickly shaded on each side by trees, and Lovell took the wisest course that was, perhaps, left him to pursue. He suddenly stopped.

"Are you ill?" asked the fellow, turning short round; "or are you sulky, and don't think me good enough company for you?"

"Look'ee, friend!" replied Lovell. "I am not above the company of any man, when I know that that man is an honest one. If you are, you will be kind enough to pursue your journey without waiting for me; and if you are not, we shall, at least, have a fair field and an open sky for the tussle which will take place between us, before I give up one penny of the money, little though it be, that I carry about me." And so saying the old gentleman stepped back two or three paces, determined, if possible, not to be taken unawares, at the same time inwardly, but fervently, recommending himself to the protection of the Almighty.

"Oh, for the matter o' that," replied the man, "it's o' no sort o' consequence to me, whether I go on, or stop. Nor, I take it, will it be much difference to you," he added in an under tone, "whether you're knock'd o' the head here or under cover." With that he applied his fingers to his mouth, and whistled loudly.

Lovell was not daunted even at this. He saw at a glance that it was time to be decided, and collecting all his energies, he struck the fellow heavily across the wrist of his right hand with his never-failing and trusty ebony walking stick, so heavily indeed, that his hand fell from his mouth powerless to his side, cutting short his whistling in the middle. This blow, entirely unexpected on the part of the ruffian, changed so completely the relative position of the parties, that had no other assailant been at hand, the utter discomfiture of the robber must have been the inevitable consequence; for Lovell, highly irritated and excited, plied his blows with such hearty good will and success, that the other, being only able to use his left hand, found it impossible to shield himself from the shower of blows which the still vigorous and active old gentleman literally rained upon him. But the whistle, short as it was, had been heard, and the comrades of the villain were hastening to his assistance. They were, however, not the only fresh actors that appeared on the scene. As they rushed forward, the voice of the Irishman was heard exclaiming, "Och, murther! if the ould game cock isn't at it, tooth and nail, fighting away like a ridgemint of cavalry. Here goes in for St. Patrick, and the honour of ould Ireland!"

Almost at the same moment pealed forth the sonorous voice of John, with "Master, take heart! John's near you!" and the truly savage roar of Sanders, as he shouted,— "Down with the bloody miscreants! murder 'em every one!"

The plans of the sailor had been well laid. They had posted themselves in such a manner as to entirely cover the entrance to the part of the road before mentioned as shaded by trees; it being their intention, under all circumstances, to have prevented Lovell from entering it. The unexpected activity of the old gentleman, had, however, brought matters to a crisis, which as it proved, answered their purpose quite as well;

as the thieves, thus actually caught in their felonious employment, gave John and his party their much-desired opportunity of attacking them at once. So great, indeed, was the surprise of the ruffians, that though, as before stated, all powerful men, they were knocked down, seized, and bound, with a celerity which did infinite honour to the activity of the worthy sailor and his party; the Irishman, indeed, continuing to invoke every saint in the calendar, and utter his somewhat gallinaceous war cries, long after everything in the shape of opposition had ceased.

"What are you at now?" suddenly exclaimed Sanders to O'Reigan; who, to his surprise, was deliberately seating himself upon the chest of one of the discomfited thieves.

"And ar'n't I going to kape my promise?" answered O'Reigan. "Isn't my beautiful bit of Ingy silk tied round the spalpeen's neck—and ar'n't I going to strangle the murd'ring taef o' the world wid it?"

To this Sanders made no other answer than by collaring the Irishman and dragging him off the unhappy wretch, who was actually beginning to suffer under the other's manipulation, whispering at the same time in his ear,—“Never strike a fallen foe!”

"It's clane an act o' justice!" replied O'Reigan, whose ideas were at the best of times not too remarkable for clearness, and who, in his grapple with the robber, having felt a silk handkerchief round his neck, immediately concluded that it was the one which had been stolen from him. "I tell'ee it's——"

"It's nonsense!—it's folly!" returned Sanders, cutting him short; "nay more, it's sheer brutality. We have done *our* duty—let the law do the rest."

The Irishman was again about to answer, but Sanders clutched him by the arm; "See there!" he whispered, pointing to Lovell, who was to be seen by the dubious light, on his knees, his head uncovered, with John standing by his side. "If such as you and I cannot pray, let us not interrupt the devotion of others." The Irishman stood abashed, and the clear manly voice of Lovell became distinctly audible, exclaiming, "Supreme of Heaven! accept my gratitude. Was I not right when I said thy protection was around me? Wonderfully fearful is thy agency! Truly may I repeat—great are thy works, and greater still thy mercies!"

VITA.

National Flag Lodge, Whiteley, Wisbeach District.

(To be continued.)

THE GIFT OF POESY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

APOLLO laid his lyre upon a stone—

The stone was seized with music, and the touch
Of mortal could awake the god's own tone
For ever after. Marvel ye not much:
Wherever God may choose, or man may dwell,
This is an ever acting miracle.

When once the gift of godlike poesy

Hath touched the heart, it answers everything
In its own tongue, but in a harmony

Instinct with heaven. Let the world then fling
Its arms of honour round the poet's breast,
And heaven shall hear earth's music, and have rest.

THE IRRESOLUTE MAN.

Beware Irresolution ; all things must
Resolve : trust not the theorem, but mark !
I once was man, am now resolved to dust.

OLD EPIGRAPH.

MR. NICODEMUS ANTIBRASS was a gentleman of small private fortune, and unblemished morals. No one could live more irreproachably than Mr. Nicodemus did ; and the admiration of his friends could only be equalled by his satisfaction at their admiration. He had always a bottle for a friend ; and, as enemies he had none, he might never have known the amazing number of friends in the parlour, but for the astonishing number of empty bottles in the cellar ; so much so, indeed, that as he counted the bottles, Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass could tell exactly the number of friends he could count upon in any emergency.

We have before said that Mr. Nicodemus's fortune was but small, while the circle of his friends was large ; and as, although he knew what a dreadful number of empty bottles he could always find, yet his friends always found full ones, and moreover, found him full of hospitality, it was but fair to leave him full of good wishes, and good wine. But Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass began to find that the more his friends dipped their beaks, the oftener his wine merchant brought in his bill ; and by the end of the first year, after his coming of age, he had come nearly to the end of his little fortune.

Mr. Nicodemus would now gladly have retrenched the expenses of his table, but his friends were too firmly entrenched around it. He knew his fortune for a year longer could never stand it out ; and he knew if he gave an entertainment for a year, or longer, that his friends would sit it out ; and then did he resolve to tell the truth, even though his friends should resolve into enemies. But Mr. Antibrass had one great fault—though he resolved, he had no resolution. It is true he said he had, and, perhaps, thought he had ; for no one could be more resolute in his conversation—indeed, all his talk was resolution, but then, unfortunately, all his resolution was talk. Mr. Antibrass, therefore, resolved, and re-resolved, and resolved again ; and, at last, resolved to do what required no resolution, namely—let things take their course. They did, and in six months Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass was a ruined man. He counted the bottles—they were empty ; he counted the friends he had reckoned upon—alas ! they were empty. He reminded them of the promises they had made him—he found they were empty ; and Mr. Nicodemus reflected upon his past conduct, pressed his hand upon his head, and came to the conclusion that it, too, was empty. He had lost all his fortune ; the consequence was obvious—he had lost all his friends. But Mr. Nicodemus was a philosopher—he did not blame his friends, he blamed his own irresolution.

It happened, however, that his friends were rather premature, for a few days after the publication of his reduced circumstances, the death of a maiden aunt put him in possession of property to the amount of upwards of three thousand a year. The same day that possessed him of his new fortune, repossessed him of his old friends ; and though Mr. Nicodemus resolved to drop them all, yet their resolution to hold on, more than equalled his to keep them off ; so that in the end Mr. Nicodemus found all the friends he had lost, though his little fortune was gone for ever. Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass pondered deeply on the nature of irresolution. "Strange !" said Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass ; "I lost all my friends through irresolution, and I've gained them all again through irresolution. Very strange !" said Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass, "that the same cause should produce two such opposite effects."

Now it chanced that Mr. Antibrass got introduced, by a friend, to a young lady named Miss Amelia Wellove, possessing the usual number of accomplishments—that is, she sang five songs, two English, two French, and one Italian, all of which she had learnt at school, in the short space of ten years ; she drew sweetly, which meant she had a little red morocco portfolio ; in which there was about a dozen little water-coloured drawings, nearly all of which her drawing master had done for her ; she played upon the piano and the harp, both a little, (a very little, by the way) but she had both those instruments, and was so amiable, so kind, and so tender-hearted, that she always combed, washed, and nursed to sleep, her little pet of a poodle. Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass cast his eyes upon the lady, and he cast his eyes upon the poodle. The lady was netting, and the poodle was dozing. It seemed to Mr. Antibrass a perfect picture

of social industry, and attached fidelity. The lady smiled and showed her teeth, and the poodle growled and showed his teeth. The lady got up, and placed a chair for him, and the poodle got up and placed himself in it. Mr. Nicodemus bowed himself into another chair, and the poodle bow-wowed at him from the other chair. They sat together; and the lady netted and chatted, and chatted and netted; and the more she netted, the more Mr. Nicodemus felt himself ensnared. Mr. Nicodemus got up at length to take his leave, and the lady got up to take his hand. The lady took Mr. Nicodemus by the hand, and he thought he was bit; the poodle took Mr. Nicodemus by the leg, and he was sure he was bit. As their hands met, his teeth met; and Mr. Nicodemus, who was, the one moment, smiling ineffably with pleasure, was, the next, grinning most horribly with pain. Two things, in taking his leave, vexed Mr. Nicodemus much, he longed to kiss the lady, but he had not the resolution—and he longed to kick the poodle, but he had not the resolution; so Mr. Nicodemus departed, liking much the freedom allowed him by the lady,—but disliking much the liberty taken by the poodle.

Mr. Nicodemus improved his acquaintance with Miss Wellove, and Miss Wellove improved upon acquaintance. He was never happy without her, for fear any one should make her a declaration; and he was never happy with her, because he had not the resolution to make the declaration himself. A thousand times did he resolve to declare himself, and twice as often did the lady expect his declaration; and it was not till Mr. Nicodemus asked one morning for what the bells were ringing, and was told it was for the wedding of Miss Amelia Wellove with one of his most intimate friends, that he found his irresolution had lost him his intended bride. Mr. Nicodemus was shocked, but he was a philosopher; he did not blame the lady, he blamed his own irresolution. 'Tis true, he sighed when he thought of the lady, and he swore when he thought of the poodle; but in this, as in other love affairs, sighs and oaths, of course, go for nothing, and by the time the wound in his leg had healed, he would have forgotten the wound the falsehood of the lady had made in his heart, but for the scar the teeth of the poodle had left in his leg. The friends of Mr. Nicodemus condoled with him on her ungenerous conduct, while they consoled themselves with his generous wine. Mr. Antibrass swallowed his chagrin, and his friends swallowed his champagne. What a friendly world it is! Mr. Nicodemus now resolved never to marry. But all ladies are not hard-hearted; and irresolution itself, worth three thousand a year, could not escape the grasp of some fair ones. Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass danced at an election ball with Miss Araminta Wildfire. She was very pretty and very fat, and she seemed to melt in his arms. Mr. Nicodemus's resolution melted in his heart. Still Mr. Nicodemus was resolved not to marry—Miss Araminta was resolved he should.—Mr. Nicodemus had no resolution—Miss Araminta was all resolution. He hinted at Miss Amelia Wellove—she spoke outright against her falsehood. He thought of the beauties of the absent Miss Wellove—he saw the beauties of the present Miss Wildfire. It was, as we before said, election time; and Miss Araminta carried the day. Miss Amelia was a plump one; but Miss Araminta was a plumper. Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass led to the hymeneal altar the blooming Miss Araminta Wildfire.

Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass soon found, in making his election, it was altogether an election matter. She had gained a seat in the house,—he had gained a representative for life. It was not long before he discovered she was determined to execute the office of speaker. The friends of Mr. Antibrass soon became disagreeable to Mrs. Nicodemus; and Mrs. Nicodemus soon became disagreeable to the friends of Mr. Antibrass. The friends of Mr. Nicodemus were all obliged to resign; and the friends of Mrs. Nicodemus took their places. His friends complained bitterly, but it was of no avail; a revolution had taken place in the house, and a change in the government. Mr. Nicodemus now began to find that his irresolution had drawn many disagreeable consequences upon him, and the most disagreeable of all was his wife. But Mr. Nicodemus was a philosopher—he did not blame his wife, he blamed his own irresolution. Time rolled on, and the appearance of Mr. Nicodemus began to alter. She worried her husband into a fever; and she fretted herself into a consumption.

Mrs. Nicodemus now got so sick, that she said she should die; Mr. Nicodemus had got so sick, that he hoped she would. Mrs. Nicodemus daily grew weaker, and Mr. Antibrass's hopes hourly grew stronger. Mrs. Nicodemus was now, indeed, so ill,

that Mr. Nicodemus was resolved to send for a physician; Mrs. Nicodemus, though so ill, was resolved he should not. Mr. Nicodemus said, then, she would die; Mrs. Nicodemus did die.

When she was departed, Mr. Antibrass sent for a physician. The physician said he was sorry, for he could have saved her life; Mr. Antibrass said he was sorry that he could not have saved her life. The physician charged three guineas, and was satisfied; Mr. Antibrass paid the three guineas, and was satisfied; and once more pondered upon the nature of irresolution. "Strange!" said he; "I lost a bride through irresolution, and I gained a bride through irresolution; again, I gained my wife through irresolution, and I lost her through irresolution. Strange—very strange! that the same cause should produce such opposite effects." But Mr. Nicodemus was again at fault. He could not drive off her friends, and he could not keep off his own. What a friendly world this is! No one of Euclid's axioms was clearer to Mr. Antibrass than the truism that any man may keep his friends, who can keep his friends. Mr. Nicodemus had been now some years a widower. He could not turn his mind to changing his state; but he turned his mind to changing his estate. He sold and bought, and built, and built, and pulled down, and sold again, till hardly one vestige of the original estate remained. It was now, however, that the consequences of his irresolution assumed a more serious aspect. One summer's evening Mr. Antibrass was returning from the sale of an estate which he had recently purchased, and by the sale of which he had lost upwards of two thousand pounds. The night was fast closing in, and Mr. Nicodemus was startled by observing that the current of the river, which he was in the habit of fording, appeared unusually deep and rapid; the commonly quiet and placid stream having been suddenly augmented by a violent thunder storm. Mr. Nicodemus drew up his horse, and looked long and doubtingly at the dark body of water which foamed and whirled along (for the place, furiously enough) and after riding up to the water's edge three times, and turning back cautiously as many; he thought he had better ride the extra three miles, and go by the bridge. But ere this point could be attained, Mr. Nicodemus had to traverse a long and gloomy lane, bearing a bad reputation as the frequent haunt of footpads. At the entrance to the lane, Mr. Nicodemus stopped his horse, pulled out, cocked, and held in his hand, one of the pistols he always carried with him. The precaution was not unnecessary. He had not gone many yards down the lane, when two fellows sprang from the hedge, and while one stopped his horse, the other, with a large clasp knife in his hand, came close up to him, and demanded his money. Mr. Antibrass had the pistol in his hand—the robber was close up to him—there was no chance of his missing his mark—yet he did not fire. He was irresolute. He told the robber to stand off, or he would; but he was still irresolute. The robber saw his danger; he was not irresolute—with an awful oath he hastily plunged the clasp knife in the left side of Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass, who, after swaying for a moment to the right, and then to the left, as if irresolute which way he should fall, came heavily to the ground with a hollow groan.

Mr. Nicodemus Antibrass was found late that night after an anxious search by his friends and dependants. Mr. Antibrass was not dead, but his wound was evidently mortal; he could speak, though in a low and broken tone. In death even, he was a philosopher—he did not blame the robber, he blamed his own irresolution. Mr. Antibrass knew his end was fast approaching, the mists of death were now fast thickening before his eyes; but even then, he seemed to ponder on the nature of irresolution. His last words were—"Strange! on the very night that I saved my life at the river through irresolution, I lost it in the lane through irresolution. Strange—very strange! that the same cause should produce two such opposite effects!"

A. O. F.

EPIGRAM.

POETS hold converse with the heavenly Muse,
And proudly quaff the sweet, nectarious dews;
Poets do banquet with the gods alone—
Then go to drink their ale and pick a bone.

R. R. R.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

A POEM.

BY BENJAMIN STOTT.

ODD FELLOWSHIP ! how strange uncouth a name
 Philanthropy hath chosen to convey
 Her purest streams adown the tide of fame ;
 Long may her soothing, holy influence sway
 The hearts of all mankind ; she brings the day
 When Charity and Friendship shall combine
 Their heavenly joys together, making gay
 And fair the path of life ; when sun shall shine
 Upon a world blessed with the love of God—divine.

Our great Creator surely loves the cause
 Of pure Odd Fellowship benign and meek ;
 For it hath birth in his eternal laws ;
 Its constant aim is ever still to seek
 And succour wretchedness ; to shield the weak
 And powerless ; endeavouring to allay
 The sufferings of the poor ; these acts bespeak
 A sympathy of soul ; they well display
 Our nature's noblest traits, which never can decay.

Blessed Odd Fellowship ! thy aim and end
 Is to promote the peace of man on earth,
 The sick to cheer, the friendless to befriend.
 Oh ! that my yearning heart could speak thy worth ;
 Thrice happy they who unto thee gave birth ;
 A glorious reward is theirs to gain
 In that immortal life where neither death,
 Disease, nor famine ever more shall reign,
 Nor grief nor misery shall be, nor aught of pain.

How many tales delightful to rehearse,
 The annals of thine history unfold ;
 How well deserving in harmonious verse,
 Thy countless good effects are to be told—
 Sure as the dross is sever'd from the gold,
 When it hath passed the burning furnace through ;
 So sure Odd Fellowship is now enrolled
 Among those virtues which are good and true ;
 With friendship, and with love, it doth each heart embue.

When men unite to help the sore oppressed,
 That unity is worthy of their race ;
 Protectors of the suffering and distressed,
 Immutable and just their deeds find grace
 And favour in the sight of God ; mankind embrace
 Their principles, and over all the earth,
 Abroad, at home, in every clime and place,
 They are respected for their moral worth,
 And from their kindness, gratitude and joy have birth.

How sweet the task to soothe the widow's woe,
 To calm the mind, the drooping heart to cheer,
 To feel with ecstasy that genial glow
 The soul enjoys that dries the orphan's tear,
 To hush the inward sigh, the anxious fear,
 And bring relief where poverty prevails,
 To make the home of wretchedness more dear,
 And watch with care when hope or reason fails,
 Or ill o'ertake which gentle sympathy bewails.

Ye frugal sons of toil, your country's pride,
 Unite as brethren both in heart and mind ;
 Sow ye the seeds of friendship far and wide,
 Dispense the precious gift to all mankind ;
 Odd Fellowship the souls of all shall find ;
 The heavenly banner soon shall be unfurled,
 Ignorance and prejudice shall fall behind,
 Grim superstition from its throne be hurled,
 And thou, Odd Fellowship, shalt renovate the world.

Thy principles are founded on the rock
 Of truth and purity ; they will withstand
 The rude attempts of all who fain would mock
 The just endeavours of thy generous hand
 To scatter peace and plenty o'er the land.
 Thy works reprove the foul reviler's tongue ;
 Thou hast not built thine house upon the sand ;
 Thy glory ever will shine forth, so long
 As virtue is superior to vice, or right to wrong.

Source of Benevolence ! thy form is fair,
 And like a spreading tree that doth adorn
 The fertile earth, thy grateful branches bear
 Delicious fruit, which nations yet unborn
 Shall reap with joy ; the weary and forlorn
 Are ever welcome to partake of thee ;
 Beautiful and fair as is the summer's morn
 Thy every thought and action still shall be
 To make the mortal life of man, pure, good and free.

Unknown to thee be bickering and strife
 Of party prejudice, or factious hate ;
 Unknown to thee that pestilence of life,
 The mad ambition that would rule the state ;
 The stubborn sceptic prying into fate
 Shun as a plague ; thy duty be to love
 All that is wisely good, or truly great ;
 So thou by meek humility shalt prove
 A splendid emanation from a God above.

In thee shall man consoling solace find
 For all his earthly grief ; for bitter woes
 The lame, the poor, the aged, and the blind
 Have succour found, since thy fair star arose,
 Dispensing blessings even to thy foes.
 The friends of man thy principles admire ;
 A true Odd Fellow, wheresoe'er he goes,
 Should he a shelter or a friend require
 Shall find them both—can human nature more desire ?

Hundreds of systems have been tried and failed,
 Whereby man's happiness might be secured ;
 Thousands, of life bereft, have been bewailed,
 And thousands been in dungeons dark immured.
 Pain, cruel pain, and grief have been endured—
 But thou, Odd Fellowship, thy simple plan
 Hath blessings to thy followers insured,
 For ne'er since Time his onward course began
 Hath aught been more beneficent to mortal man.

By what great effort shalt thou e'er attain
 The reign of love thou pantest to secure ?
 How shall thy longing spirit ever gain
 An equal happiness for rich and poor ?
 A time when guilt and vice shall cease to lure,
 And degradation fly the human mind ;
 These precious gifts thy principles ensure,
 For wheresoe'er thou art, there shall we find
 The heavenly boon of charity amongst mankind.

Can we by faith enjoy, or prayer implore
 A nobler treasure on this earth below
 Than Charity—whose virtues are a store
 Of greatest blessings man can ever know ?
 May Friendship, Love, and Truth spontaneous grow,
 And spread the principles of that just band,
 Which in the ranks of brotherhood doth go
 With love in heart, and fellowship in hand,
 Fanning the flames of truth with holy Friendship's wand.

Oh, blessed Charity ! thy fruits can make
 A pure celestial paradise on earth ;
 First attribute of God, thy charms awake
 The heart of feeling and the soul of worth,
 Whose actions unto heavenly joys give birth,
 And sow the seeds of love o'er all the land ;
 Those glorious seeds in beauty bringing forth
 All that is truly great, sublime and grand,
 All that humanity could wish, or heaven command.

What sweet sensations with thy name arise ;
 Associations, righteous, fair and good ;
 The soul drinks deep of thy extatic joys,
 The mind is filled with rich delicious food,
 In thy great cause have martyrs shed their blood,
 Holy examples of thy precepts mild,
 Thy simple law is ever understood
 In thronged city, or in desert wild ;
 'Tis loved by man and matron, maid and child.

Nations rejoice ! the reign of peace draws nigh,
 The boon of love to mortal men is given ;
 Cloudless and clear as is the summer's sky
 This earth becomes when from its face are driven
 Vice and hypocrisy, and all, oh ! bounteous heaven,
 That would our minds with thoughts unholy fill ;
 As knotted oak by thunder stroke is riven,
 The power of virtue conquereth every ill,
 Proclaiming loud that truth is great and glorious still.

Munificence of heart—what dear delights
 Thy true possession doth to man afford ;
 Thou canst allay the poverty that blights,
 Sooner than treasure from the miser's hoard ;—
 Blessed are thy actions, oft hast thou restored
 Peace to the mind where pining sorrow breeds,
 And given comfort when the soldier's sword
 Had clothed fair woman in the widow's weeds,
 Or made the orphan's tears fall o'er the warrior's deeds.

What power is that which charms the souls of men ;
 That lights the flame of friendship in the breast ;
 That prompts the heart to generous actions, when
 We see our brethren sickly and distressed ;
 That soothes the sorrows of the sore oppressed,
 And grasps the hand with fervent love sincere ;
 That gives the weary wanderer food and rest,
 And brings the kindred minds of men more near
 To heavenly happiness and lasting friendship dear ?

'Tis thine, Odd Fellowship ! thine is the power
 From whence these glorious feelings have their birth !
 Thou art to man, as is the genial shower,
 When summer's sun hath parched the fertile earth ;
 Or like the dew which morning's breath sends forth,
 Thy gentle influence sways the generous mind,
 Gives life to all, in man of genuine worth
 Engenders love divine for human kind,
 Wherein the noblest traits of nature are combined.

Long may'st thou flourish " in immortal youth,"
 Fountain of friendship — flower of every age,
 Emblem of happiness, and type of truth,
 Beloved alike by simple and by sage,
 Thy records need no aid of pompous page ;
 So long as time exists they will endure ;—
 May'st thou for ever selfishness assuage,
 Make mortal man on earth free, good and pure ;
 That he immortal life may worthily secure.

Shakespeare Lodge, Manchester District.

A LEGEND OF THE BEARS.

It was about the middle of January that an old acquaintance, who lived at Point Cepau, made an unexpected appearance at our domicile, on Eel River. On his first appearance it was evident that he was charged with tidings of unusual importance, of which, in the dearth of intelligence in that region, we were certainly anxious to be in possession. But the duties of hospitality claimed precedence over curiosity, and our endeavours were directed to get him up a meal, of which he seemed in no small need, having had a long pull and through heavy snow; this matter was soon achieved, and now "the rage of hunger being appeased," our pipes were lighted, and we composed ourselves with decent gravity, to listen to our guest's communication. But it proved no easy matter, to get at the marrow of Louis' story; he was in a state of high excitement with the news he brought us, and possessing a more than ordinary share of the talkative propensities of his countrymen, he would ever and anon be

" Starting from the theme, to range
 In loose digression, wild and strange."

And it was only after a serious cross-examination, that we were able to extract the facts of the case, from out the mass of bad French and worse English, with which he had endeavoured to enlighten us.

Cleared from the interminable windings of a Frenchman's story, the plain tale was this. That from some unaccountable whim, he had left the regular track, had skirted the plains of Escuminac, and then struck into the woods, on a course by which he calculated to reach a certain point on Eel River. But the old adage, that "there is

nothing certain under the sun," was fully exemplified in the case of our French friend ; either he had taken a wrong departure, or was not sufficiently acquainted with the course he had taken upon himself to steer, and the sun failing him when he had been about an hour in the woods, he had become bewildered (in the true sense of the word,) and as is generally the case with those lost in the woods, he had turned back nearly upon his own tracks, and so it fell out that night surprised him in total ignorance of his whereabouts. But this is a matter of small importance to the hardy settlers of that portion of her Majesty's dominions, and the light-hearted Frenchman, after a sacré or two, resigned himself cheerfully to his fate. He had his axe, his gun, the means of striking a light, and some small remnant of provisions; and with these in his possession, no true woodman is at fault. In choosing out his lair for the night, he hit upon what he considered a favourable position. A huge bank stretched before him, with a couple of dark, well branched spruces overhanging it. On clearing away the snow to make himself a more comfortable berth, he found a void space below, and upon putting down his axe to feel, he was startled by a growl, which for the moment took him all aback; however, he soon recovered himself, as he came to comprehend the matter. He had fallen upon a spot where certain bears had taken up their abode for the winter, with the intention of snoozing away their time comfortably, until the spring should clear the woods of snow, and bring with warm weather, a supply of food. Louis acted like a sensible man upon the occasion, he covered up with brush the hole he had made, and sought out another spot to encamp for the night. In the morning, having a clear view of the sun, he made a better land fall, and managed to strike Eel River, not very far from the spot he had calculated upon.

This was intelligence of some importance to us; there was the novelty of the thing, for bears had not been heard of in that quarter for some time; there was excitement, something to break up the monotony of our course of life, to say nothing of the addition it promised to make to our winter's stock of provisions. We immediately held a council of war upon the subject, and the first and most important consideration was, who were to constitute our party. Louis strongly maintained that there were at least a dozen bears in the den, but we calculated more near the mark, that three or four would be as many as we could hope for. We at length agreed, that our next neighbour, Paul, who was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," (and who ought to be a good hand, seeing that he was too lazy to do anything else) should be one, and Simon Cazeé, who lived a few miles down the bay, should be another; these, with Louis and ourselves, would make up six, which we considered sufficient, even if we were so lucky as to find a bear for each. This point settled, we proceeded in our preparations, guns were washed out, bullets cast, and everything that could be thought upon as necessary laid ready to hand. In the morning one of our number was despatched to summon our auxiliaries, who lost no time in joining us, full of anticipation of the mighty deeds they were about to perform. A light fall of snow had taken place in the early part of the day, consequently Louis' tracks were blinded; we therefore held a solemn palaver upon the lay of the land, the probable point where Louis had struck into the woods, from the plain (he had blazed a tree where he hit the river,) and thus, having the departure and a known point, to regulate our course from the river to the plains.

The following morning saw us mustered in front of the house a full hour before daylight, and Robinson Crusoe himself, when he started on his far-famed expedition to explore his island, could not have been in a higher state of preparation. Each man with a blanket slung at his back, like a knapsack, containing food and other necessities, an axe at our sides, and our snow shoes for the present hanging over our shoulders on the barrel of our guns; we seemed well prepared for all contingencies that might arise. Amongst other articles, Monsieur Paul had added to his portion of plunder, a frying-pan, in which it was his good pleasure to propose to 'fix' a mess of bears' stakes; and though it smelled very strongly of selling the skin before we had hunted the bear, we could not prevail upon him to part with it. And a bright and a glorious morning it was; the moon had gone down, but the stars were shining with a brightness and clearness unknown in less clouded latitudes. We were high in hope, confident in our own resources, and our nerves strung with a strong sense of excitement. We stepped forth, therefore, boldly and freely, and if any parties had followed us that morning, they would have found it difficult to have stepped in our tracks; nor would they have seen the print of a heel on the light snow that crusted the ice upon the river. We were at

length compelled to halt, lest we should miss the blazed tree. When daylight had made objects sufficiently visible, we again started, and soon found what we were in search of. The sun had not yet risen, and as our compass was unfortunately out of order, and there was not another to be got within a reasonable distance, we had been forced to proceed without one. We, therefore, marched forward warily, carefully noting the lay of the land, and the moss upon the trees; the sun at length showing, we proceeded with greater confidence, walking in Indian file, and making as good a track as we could, hoping to have the benefit of it on our return. We reached the plains of Escuminac without having found any of the trees which Louis said he had blazed at different times, as he last struck through. And a glorious scene they presented to our view: a vast plain of many miles in extent, unbroken by tree or shrub, exhibiting a continuous sheet of glittering snow, now tinged by the still level rays of the sun with all the hues of the rainbow, save where the wind had drifted it into heaps of all fantastic shapes, which sparkled in the morning sun like fairy palaces. But we were in no mood to note the beauties of the view spread before us;

"Little recked we of the scene so fair,"

the sight of the two spruce trees would have better pleased us at that time, than the most magnificent spectacle which nature could produce. Louis was certain of the marks at the point where he first struck into the woods; and in a short time we found them. We then divided into three parties, agreeing to enter at different points, about a quarter of a mile distant from each other, diverging occasionally to the right and left, to find either the blazed trees, or the two spruces, which marked where our treasure was laid. The signal agreed upon was a shot, and after about an hour spent in careful search it was heard; on reaching the spot, Louis, on a little consideration, decided that it was the tree which he had first marked. We felt now secure of our game, and spreading ourselves out in the woods, we in a short time came in sight of it. The object of our hopes now lay before us, and we commenced a close examination of the spot. We soon found the entrance, and carefully noted all the particulars of the place. It was a spot well fitted for the purpose; a large pine, having lived its date, had fallen in one of those heavy gusts which occasionally sweep the forest. It had rested upon a bank, about ten or twelve feet distant from it, probably the remains of some gigantic pine of a former age; and this, with its roots wrenched up from the earth, occasioned a space which, grown up on each side with close bushy firs, formed a very desirable situation for a winter's snooze, and perhaps had been so used for many years; but our friends were not doomed to finish their nap so comfortably. By the time we had taken the necessary observations, the sun had declined considerably from the meridian, and it was necessary to look after our encampment for the night. A spot was soon found where the sinking of the snow gave token of a spring beneath. A short time sufficed to raise a shelter, covered with large branches of spruce and fir, which with smaller ones laid beneath in a proper manner, offered a comfortable place of repose for the night. Whilst some cut firewood, others prepared our meat; we had shot five or six brace of partridges in our passage through the woods, and therefore we had the materials for an abundant feast, to which we were all inclined to do ample justice. Cookery in the woods is generally performed upon Shakespeare's plan—

"If, when 'twere done, 'twere well done,
Then 'twere well 'twere done quickly,"

we were soon, therefore, discussing the welcome refreshments, seated before a huge pile of blazing logs. We now settled our mode of attack, which was at least a novel one, and also appointed a leader, as our success would chiefly depend upon everything being done at the proper moment, and without confusion. Little repose was taken that night, the cold was intense, and the pine trees around us were cracking with a report as loud as a pistol shot; but we had most of us been used to rougher nights in the woods than the present, and the cold would not therefore have hindered our rest. Excitement, however, made us watchful, and the song and the joke passed round in quick succession. Our French allies contributed no little to the merriment of the night, full of the great exploits which they intended to perform next morning: their patter never ceased, and if we would have allowed them, our neighbours under the pine tree would have had their rest disturbed at once. It was with some difficulty we restrained them from making the attack without waiting for daylight.

Morning at length dawned, and action was the word; whilst one stayed to prepare the morning meal, the others proceeded to put into operation the plan of the preceding night. All the trees about the den were cut down, and carefully cleared out of the way, with the exception of two, which were so far cut through as to fall by a few blows from the axe. Everything being so far ready, we left to get our breakfast, and prepare what else was necessary. Birch bark had been got on the evening before, and placed in a situation by the fire to get perfectly dried. We now tied it up in bundles, placing gunpowder in different parts to add to the effect. All was prepared for action; the chief entrance was cleared, and a bundle of brush placed before it, which could be immediately drawn away at the signal. The place where Louis made his discovery was appointed for inserting the fire to drive them out. Every man was at his station; one with an axe stood by each tree, another was ready to haul away the brush, and the guns of all were laid near to their hands. Our leader looked round, and saw all prepared. A bundle of blazing bark was thrust in,—“give them some more—singe them well before they come out—haul away the brush,” he cried. As soon as the entrance was clear, out tumbled three brown beauties; they rolled out as if they scarcely understood being roused from their watch below; confused by the light to which they had been so long strangers, and half blinded by the glare of fire within, they seemed, as brother Jonathan would say, “in a pretty considerable of a fix.” They had little time allowed them to consider of the matter; our leader raised his hand, a few sharp blows of the axe sent the heavy branches of a birch tree thundering amongst them, followed in a second or two by another, falling in a different direction. They were now fairly roused, and a sharp savage growl burst from them. Whilst yet struggling amongst the branches, which they broke like reeds, a well-directed volley settled the matter; and if any doubt remained, a blow on the snout with an axe made all sure. As we were standing, enjoying the scene, and calculating upon a glorious dinner of bear stakes, we were saluted by a grumbling noise from the den, and we had scarcely time to look round us, before out tumbled another huge beast, with his shaggy coat all on fire. Maddened by this, and the smell of the blood of his late bed fellows, his dauder seemed fairly up; he reared himself upon his hinder legs, and churning the slaver and froth from his jaws, he glared upon us with a savage stare of stupid bewilderment, which might have afforded us matter of amusement, if we had had time for speculation; but a bear adrift is no fool to play with, and the attack at once commenced. He certainly had an advantage; for the branches of the fallen trees served him as a sort of rampart whilst they impeded our blows; but let us give all due honor to the brave who have fallen, and certainly Bruin deserved all we can say in his favor; he might have taught Professor Jackson himself a lesson in the art of self-defence. But we had no time to play; although if he had burst through us we were still sure of him, yet it might have cost us many weary hours before we could have hunted him down; for the snow did not lie above a foot and a half deep, and he could have squattered away through it at a great rate. Our leader called out—“Whose gun is yet loaded?” Luckily one answered. “Then fall back to me; when we are ready, we will give the signal, and then clear the way at once.” The matter was fully understood by us, and a minute brought the signal—we sprang off at once, and well we did so, for we were scarcely a yard apart when the bullets whistled past us, and the huge brute fell without a growl. Handsomely were the balls put in; one had struck him in the eye and pierced his brain, the other had gone in just behind his ear.

On searching the den we found a sort of recess, into which it would appear that our friend of the burning garment had contrived to insert his carcase, and from whence he must have found some difficulty in extricating himself. This accounted for his late appearance on the scene; however, there he lay, and a noble beast he was, of the very largest size, whilst the others were but small, apparently not more than a year old. The fun of our expedition was now over, and the labour had to commence. It was necessary that our game should be skinned before the frost had stiffened the bodies; we therefore turned to with a will, although not a very pleasant job. This being completed, we proceeded to make tabogans (a light sort of sledge,) used upon such occasions, which having finished, Monsieur Paul and his frying pan were called into requisition, and many a hearty joke passed round, elated as we were with the full success of our expedition; nor was our repose less comfortable that night that our friends' shaggy jackets assisted to furnish forth our couch. We started early on the next morning, and soon found our original track,

which proved of great service to us. After a heavy pull we at length reached the river, when we sped merrily along, and arrived at home before sunset. What seldom happens on such occasions, every one was satisfied with the division of the spoil next morning. A sacrifice of a portion of the meat, with the assistance of a few dollars, secured us the skins, and also the paws, upon which we made many a luxurious breakfast. Thus ended one of the most successful huntings which had been made in the settlement for many years, and very few of the settlers about Bay-du-vin failed to visit us, ostensibly to hear the particulars of our bear-hunt, but more truly to partake of the spoil, and to taste what had lately been a rarity amongst them.

Those days have passed—my wanderings in the woods are over; but I yet often look back with regret to the many free and happy hours which I spent under the boundless arches of the eternal forest.

CHRONONONOTONTHOLOGOS.

THE LOST MAIDEN'S APPEAL TO HER FAITHLESS LOVER.

BY JOHN BOOTH, P. G.

No wild reproach, no bitter word, in that sad hour was spoken,
For hopes deceived, for love betrayed, and blighted pledges broken;
Like him who for his murderers pray'd—she wept, but did not chide,
And her last orisons arose for him for whom she died!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THEY breathe thy name within mine ear,
Alas! they little know
How at that sound the silent tear
Of memory, starts to flow!
They breathe thy name—they little deem,
How dear thou art to me;
Oh God! that it were but a dream,
The hours I've passed with thee!

It may not be! The bitter truth
Comes maddening o'er my brain;
The sun has set upon my youth,
And ne'er shall rise again.
And yet do I reproach thee? No!
Though thou wert all to blame;
I would not cause *thine* heart the woe
Mine feels—but breathe thy name.

Ay, fondly breathe thy cherished name,
Since naught I've left beside;
And strive my misery and shame
From *human* eyes to hide.
Yes! I will guard the secret well,
Subdue my fruitless flame,
And when of thee their tongues may tell,
In silence breathe thy name.

Thy name! oh, how my joyous heart
Once triumph'd in the sound!
Thy name! what bliss did it impart,
With every virtue crown'd!
Naught then could check my girlish mirth,
Or cloud my spirit's glee;
For there was not in all the earth,
A name so dear to me!

But now what oceans vast of care
 And sorrow o'er me roll ;
 Oh ! save me from the black despair,
 That withers up my soul !
 For every time they breathe that word,
 A phrenzy shakes my frame ;
 Oh ! do not let me live abhorr'd,
 With blighted heart and name !

In vain ! the freshness of the rose
 Once fled, 'tis thrown aside ;
 So thou, of all my grief the cause,
 Now woo'st another bride.
 And canst thou act so base a part,
 And break through every chain ?
 Ah ! still I feel my foolish heart
 Must madly breathe thy name !

And call this folly if thou wilt,
 Thou canst not spurn me now ;
 Though mine the weakness—thine the guilt,
 That stained my once proud brow.
 And though I wander forth, bereft
 Of fortune, friends, or fame,
 One solace still for me is left,
 To die—and bless thy name !

Norton Terrace.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

No. 5.

"It is the property of weak minds to adhere with tenacity to petty objects within their own sphere of intellect, and overlook all greater concerns, however important."

It is a very singular fact, that although knowledge has made such rapid advances in Great Britain during the last half century, and with it brought a corresponding thirst for literature ; also the happy advantage of procuring books at an astonishingly cheap rate, yet such strong and truly ridiculous superstitions remain firmly impressed on the minds of thousands, whom we might expect from their natural shrewdness and quick perceptions, would indignantly discard from their minds all absurd and, I may add, impious beliefs. Having already attempted to dispel the faith in unmeaning supernatural appearances, it will not be amiss to follow up my musings on a subject nearly akin to my last, namely,—“Evil wishes !” There is something very barbarous in the custom (which prevails in many parts of Great Britain) of attributing diseases and misfortunes to the ill-will, or wishes, of certain individuals. One cannot help feeling pity, contempt and scorn at the idea ; pity that human invention is so base—contempt for the ignorance it betrays—and scorn for the want of confidence in an Almighty Power ; and added to all, the cruelty and barefacedness of accusing any person of such diabolical intentions and influences. It is singular and too true, that even professors of religion, persons held in esteem as virtuous and godly, have become so infatuated as to resort to such absurdities ; and instead of invoking their Heavenly Father “without ceasing” when in trouble, or sickness, grow faint and faithless, and betake themselves to a “wise man,” that he may unravel the cause, or agent, who has put the “evil wishes” on them ; and often spend large sums on such profane and unhallowed pursuits ; and more than all this, have recourse to certain disgusting ceremonies, dictated by the “wise man,” such as burning hearts full of pins, and similar things. Several instances have come under my notice, and I have been astonished (in arguing on the subject) at the firmness with which the supposed power of the said “wise men” has been defended. I cannot omit one circumstance, that of an individual paying the sum of

five pounds, besides wasting much time occupied in long journeys to discover the agent in a supposed evil wish, connected with a cow, which had died rather suddenly during the prevalence of a severe cattle distemper. Of course an unlucky individual was pitched on as the evil wisher, and consequently bears the anathema of the neighbourhood, however amiable, or innocent, or free of any ill feelings he may be. What seriously-thinking mind is there that does not lament the existence of so much infidelity? What feeling heart can withstand the desire of sweeping such grovelling notions from the earth? No one can feel astonished that bad people prefer the society and agency of Satan; but to know that professing Christians could or would resort to such agency (even if it did exist) is indeed a matter of serious regret. There are so many nefarious ways of getting a livelihood among a *certain* class, that the one under our notice may be ranked with them. If a man who is averse to labour, has tact and a natural aptness, and finds he is considered "wise," or "gifted," as the term often is, he naturally thinks if people must be humoured in such fancies, he may as well reap the benefit by acting a part in such a farce as any other, and like an expert comedian, prepares all the paraphernalia for action; namely, a list of names of families twenty miles round, a horde of old musty black-looking books, an ominous-looking chair, a heavy-looking pair of spectacles athwart his nose, a few coloured chalks, cards, circles, mirrors, and such like. His task is an easy one. We will suppose the plaintiffs tell their tales about their wives, husbands, children, or cattle, as the matter may be, of course making the disease marvellous and unprecedented. Mr. Wiseman draws up his eye-brows, and after much affected deliberation, asks sundry questions in such a way as to put the persons off their guard; little suspecting his drift, the answers are open and simple. Thus the key is given for accusing an unconscious and innocent neighbour; the decision (for the sake of effect) is deferred for some future interviews, and should the luckless suspected one chance to meet the absurd wisecracks on the road, he or she is avoided like a pest. It is most astonishing, that although the "wise man" tells all the particulars so marvellously correct, he never gives the *names* of the offenders; and why? "Oh," some will answer, "because it would be actionable." True, it is, but the truth is simply this, that the man knows but one thing more than his employers, and that is, how he duped them! It is Lord Bacon who says "Vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate;" and it is a vindictive spirit that impels persons to attach ill designs to their fellow-creatures; if they have a dislike to, or are in any way envious of them, they take every occasion to lessen them in the esteem of others. Yet prone as we are to believe ill sooner than good reports, still time and experience often cause a wonderful revolution, and the missiles they employ are frequently turned back on themselves. It is requisite to prove the assertion that a reliance in the power of these "wise men" is direct infidelity. The idea may startle some, and if it but draw one being to reflect on the serious subject, my feeble efforts will be amply repaid. What can they be called but infidels, who ascribe to man the attributes which belong alone to the Deity—superhuman knowledge and power; and the want of faith, that faith which leads a child of God to lean on his all-powerful arm in times of trouble and doubt; in fact, it is plainly a disbelief in the truths and promises of the bible. A Christian knows and feels that his "God maketh an hedge about his children, and about their houses, and about all that they have on every side!" Satan could not afflict Job without God's permission, and "his mercy endureth for ever." Instead, then, of running to man, weak erring man, for aid, we should rest on that love and mercy, and like the pious Job, humbly submitting, exclaim "What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" And what certain proof have we ever had of man's power in disclosing events which are so wisely, and in mercy, hidden from us. If such influences as "evil wishes," and "evil eyes," *did* exist, is there not One who "searcheth the hearts, and trieth the reins?" and can punish evil doers according to his will? With regard to the "evil eye," (whose reported withering influences on the health and prosperity of man, is another source of disquietude to many) I need not say much, as it so closely approximates to the "evil wishes." The only remedy against such supposed influences I can recommend is, not to envy or covet others' wealth, prosperity, or happiness, but look with joyful benevolence on the well-being of our fellow-creatures, and most assuredly as we "measure, so will it be meted to us."

Loyal Victoria Lodge, Spacey Houses, near Harrogate.

IMRIE.

FAITH TO BELIEVE.

FAITH to believe! oh, hallow'd words divine,
 Which shadow forth the glorious mystery
 Of the Incarnate God! before whose shrine
 Thousands of mighty angels bend the knee,
 And with the bright wings of the seraphim
 Veil from the throne their own immortal eyes,
 Rapt in eternal homage! can our dim
 And mortal natures ever dare to rise
 Up to that light ineffable, to seek
 (Thus fallen lowly as we are and weak)
 The Lamb without a spot—the sacrifice
 Offer'd for us upon Mount Calvary?
 Yes! for our sins He died, the Eternal One
 Who shall come forth to judgment! even for us
 He bore the pangs of life, and might not shun
 The cup of agony! and even thus
 Shall he judge mortal natures; had he known
 No touch of earthly anguish, then how stern
 Had been our last account! But thus to *learn*,
 And thus to *pity*, left He that bright throne
 Raised for Him e'er old Time began his flight,
 Or earth emerged from chaos—e'er the Word
 Said to the darkened sphere—"Let there be light!"
 He *was*, and *is*, our own forgiving Lord!
 Wash'd in his blood, behold! our deepest sins
 Shall be as wool cleansed in the crystal streams
 That water Eden! When our hope begins
 To cast aside the world and all its dreams,
 How does HE welcome every thought that springs
 To Him, and lift with his untiring wings
 The soul from its remorse! His promise shines—
 "Believe in me, and lo! ye shall not die!"
 Press forward ye whose wavering hope inclines
 To seek His mercy. He is ever nigh—
 Fear not—He too was man, and knows full well
 This earth's temptations; let your spirits thirst
 As the hart panteth for the water brooks—
The Lamb was slain for us! The very worst
 May cast upon his wounds his trusting looks,
 And clasp that hope which never shall deceive—
 The blessed hope of faith that does believe!

Leeds.

E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

THE EXCISEMAN OUTWITTED.

Paint Scotland Greetin' o'er her thistle,
 Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle,
 Or vile exciseman in a bustle
 Seizin' a still.
 Triumphant crushin' like a mussel,
 Or lampit shell.

BURNS.

IN one of those districts of the less fertile portion of Great Britain, where the pedestrian passing from one town to another, finds himself suddenly immured by apparently interminable forests of the sombre, yet majestic native pine; and where he

may thus, sometimes, plod on for miles together, lost in reverie, thinking o'er all the past, forming schemes for the future, and, if perchance of a gloomy temperament, or engaged in uncertain traffic, not less replete with apprehensions for that portion of his life which is rapidly forming a part of the time *which was*, without meeting with the slightest interruption to his meditations, by the sound of a human voice, or the sight of a human being,—I say, in such a situation as I have here attempted to pourtray, be it known to the patient and unaffected reader, that, on a fine morning in autumn, somewhere about the commencement of the reign of the memorable George the Fourth, might have been seen at no very remote distance from the small borough of Bl—rq—rie, in the county of P —, three men on horseback, variously equipped, and having just as great a variety of objects in view.

He whom I must take the liberty of introducing to the reader first, was an old man, whose indurated features bore indubitable marks of the ravages of hardship and care, and as he jogged on, at an easy trot, looked around him with a countenance in which was depicted a mixture of fear and suspicion. His dress was composed of a grotesque admixture of the ancient Celt and modern Saxon, the greater portion of which, however, was concealed from "vulgar gaze" by the aid of a very capacious *tartan plaid*, which, moreover, partially concealed two small barrels, or kegs, (as they are more frequently called) which swung across his rustic saddle, and formed his whole cargo. The appearance of his horse will be readily understood when I tell the reader it was a true, *not* overfed, Shetland pony. This *party* was proceeding in the direction of the county town, and consequently, leaving the borough first named, in the rear.

The next was a young man, in whose countenance was depicted an equal share of health and contentment, neither of which had as yet been infringed on by either tangible guilt, or deliberate intrigue. Had he been in a crowd, he might have been designated as, and distinguished from the others by, the appellation of *the white man*, such being his whole external appearance; his horse, likewise, differed from the one first mentioned, both in size and condition; but the cargos which both were doomed to bear, were apparently so similar, that had the very best judge in hoops and staves—nay, had even John Cupar himself been required to point out a difference in the two pairs of kegs, I hesitate not to declare, (I mean no disparagement to his judgment neither) that he would have been placed in a dilemma as arrant as that of the "ass between the two bundles of hay," or the coffin which contains the body of the heathen prophet. I say apparently there was no difference existing between the kegs, and literally and abstractly considered, such indeed, was the case; but if we use the word kegs in a general or indefinite manner, which leaves the reader at liberty to understand thereby, not merely the kegs, but also their contents, then, indeed, there *was* a difference, and not a trifling one either.

Methinks I can now perceive some of ~~my~~ erudite countrymen scratch their ears, and call out in all the impatience of disappointed curiosity,—“Od, man, what for dinna’ ye tell us what was i’ the inside o’ the barrels?” To such, I reply, “patience, my lads, and in time convenient you shall know all.” Suffice it for the present to say that there was *something* in them; and that they were borne in the direction of the borough first named, and being on that part of the road which lay between the party first named, and the county town, it followed, as a matter of course, that if both undeviatingly continued their journey, they must eventually come in close contact, a circumstance which most unquestionably took place, as I intend hereafter fully to demonstrate. But in the interim, I beg the reader’s leave to say a few words, by way of description, on the remaining one of the three horsemen primarily alluded to; and though I have, perhaps, rather uncourtously, considering his importance in a national point of view, deferred his description to the last, I trust the reader and I will not quarrel on this point. The individual referred to was, if a portly person and a fine exterior may be considered so, in every respect a gentleman; but unfortunately for the reputation of Mr. Gripe, (the supervisor of the district in which this little adventure happened, for such truly was the person in question) the majority of his acquaintance thought, and their opinion might be considered as near the truth as the left-handed men of Benjamin could hurl a stone, that a man might possess both these qualifications in a superlative degree, and yet be no gentleman—nay, might be even a worthless fellow. But lest I prejudice the reader, I will not at this juncture farther depict his character. Seated on a beautiful bay horse, he looked around him with an air of

vigilance; but so far was he from manifesting the least symptom of fear, that he appeared more like the ravens which occasionally issued forth from their diurnal lairs, and darted past him in pursuit of their fugitive prey: in short, such was his general appearance, that it required no great share of penetration to discover the nature of his employment. His movements were so desultory and uncertain, that I cannot, conscientiously, say for certain in *what* direction he was proceeding; but thus much I can affirm, and such affirmation I trust will be quite sufficient for our present purpose, that he was considerably nearer to the county town, than either of those whom I have already described.

It is necessary that I should now revert to the two first mentioned parties, who, as I before hinted, were speedily abbreviating the distance between them, and as they neared one another, the *white man* reined up his horse, and made a dead halt, at the same time with a countenance somewhat altered by the additional feeling of compassion with which he had become inspired on the first glance of the old man, beckoning in a most intelligible manner to the latter, who promptly obeyed the signal, and halted up his horse. Few were the words exchanged between them, and those few barely audible; among the which—"Oh, you *pe* my *goot* friend, what shall I do?" and a trepid use of the pronoun *he*, accompanied by a nod of the head towards that place where they probably supposed the notorious Gripe was then prowling, might be distinguished; and both simultaneously dismounting, the two pair of barrels were exchanged with a celerity worthy of such an emergency, and before anything relating to the covenant, which had evidently taken place between them, had transpired, both had remounted, and were pursuing their original paths at a considerably increased pace.

Leaving the white man to pursue his journey, we now follow his companion, Duncan Furoch by name, who had not continued his journey many minutes till he came in sight of the aforementioned Mr. Gripe. He appeared for some time not to notice the latter, but to have his eyes directed to some object, or rather, perhaps in search of some object, in the interior of the wood. No sooner, however, had he caught a glimpse of the supervisor than he stopped short, turned his horse round, and giving him a few unequivocal whacks with his stick, the formidable appearance of which served to imply an applicability to another purpose besides the one just mentioned, of perhaps no less importance to its proprietor, he darted down a lane which diverged at nearly right angles to the main road, and in a few moments was lost in the profundity of sylvan gloom. This manœuvre of Duncan appeared to have a most potent effect on Gripe, who immediately put spurs to his horse, and set off after him at full gallop, but, notwithstanding the superior swiftness of his horse over that of the pursued, he did not gain on the latter so fast as might have been expected, a circumstance which might probably be attributed to Duncan having a more perfect knowledge of the intricacies of the forest than his pursuer; notwithstanding, although it may very reasonably be expected to be the case, and that it moreover tended to procrastinate, it did not prevent the capture of the former, and at no great distance of time from its commencement, the pursuit terminated, whilst the woods resounded with the awful, portentous, and thrillingly-unpleasant words—"Stop, that's mine, in the King's name!"

However petrifying the effect such words might be supposed to produce on a person in Duncan's circumstances, and however irresistible the mandate, the latter either did not, or pretended not to feel disposed to obey the summons; but finding himself unable successfully to continue his flight, he turned round, and assumed an attitude of defiance, and, at the same time shaking the aforementioned stick in the face of the supervisor, intimated that something more than high-sounding words would be requisite to induce him to obey the aforesaid mandate.

It is matter of no small consolation to the peaceably-disposed portion of mankind, that a consciousness of deficiency in point of strength, courage, or armour, on the part of one or other of the contending parties, tends not a little to the tacit, and speedy adjustment of many disputes, which, where no such inequality existed, might lead to a very different issue; and had Duncan been armed as effectually as his antagonist, it is probable that I would have been under the necessity, of here recording an act of considerable bloodshed, if not of actual homicide. Happily, however, for my nervous readers, and unquestionably happier for the fate of the two worthies in question—yea, I may superadd, and not less important to the value of my little narrative, they were unequally matched, and the exhibition of a large cavalry pistol on the part of Mr. Gripe,

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suddenly convinced Duncan that his wisest measure would be to surrender quietly, which without further *parlance* he did.

Alas! poor Duncan! thy property—that which has cost thee an infinitude of toil and anxiety, that on which thy heart and hopes have been placed, the sale of which might have supplied that desideratum, which the application of thy most strenuous efforts on an unfavourable soil in an almost inhospitable climate, has still left in thy rent, is now about to be separated from thee for ever, and to be transferred into the hands of one, who, in all probability, will not profit by its inheritance. Alas, alas! the law of nature and the law of religion may both urge the compatibility of that divine maxim—"Do to others, as you would they should do unto you;" but should they even lift up their voice like a trumpet, the call would pass unheeded. The chastity of our religion, and the chastity of our legislation are unanimous in their assertion that the above maxim is in many cases extremely inconvenient; and contend with no small share of plausibility, that its operation would tend very powerfully to the subversion of many of our most commodious and wisest enactments. Doubtless, however, it is necessary that we should have *some* laws, and, perhaps the present are, in their nature, as perfect as can emanate from imperfect man; therefore, Duncan, submit thyself to them, and comfort thyself with the hope that the day is drawing near when thou shalt obtain that justice, which thou mayest look for, but must look for in vain in this selfish, heartless and austere world.

I come now to record an act on the part of Duncan, so improbable that I doubt not the reader will feel disposed to call in question its veracity; it is a part, however, which I cannot consistently omit, and as I am unable to assign any satisfactory reason for his so doing, I must content myself with simply recording the fact, namely, that Duncan, after his capture, accompanied the supervisor to C——, the residence of the latter, with his cargo, leaving with the reader the opportunity of forming his own conjectures thereon, as doubtless he does on many points where authors find it most convenient to leave the same undefined.

Mr. Gripe, presuming that he had performed a wonderfully laudable act, now set about what appears particularly gratifying to many people, than which, however, nothing can be more dastardly nefarious, namely, to affect condolence with Duncan for his privation, with which he occasionally coupled the most insulting taunts and teasing inquiries as to the reason of his not riding quicker, and so getting out of his way; adding, by way of consolation, that he need not be *too* much cast down, for he should have *one* good glass when he unbunged the barrels. To all these sneers, sarcasms, interrogatories, and promises, the reply of Duncan was brief, but pertinent—"only just *trap parm*."

The reply of Duncan, however, appeared far too improbable, and his whole demeanour was so much at variance with what he asserted, as to be deemed by Gripe absolutely unworthy a moment's consideration. Onwards they rode as already described, the supervisor repeating his taunts, and his captive as regularly affixing his invariable response.

If it were my intention, or if I deemed it any ways important to my story, I could here interest the reader by a glowing description of that part of the country through which they now passed, and which, it may be remarked, was just as much distinguished for its beauty and fertility, as that neighbourhood where they had first recognized each other was for its dreariness and sterility. I must, however, beg leave of the reader to defer the above task to a more fitting opportunity, and suddenly translate him to the parlour of the notorious Gripe, where the lady of the said gentlemen, decorated in her best attire, in obedience to a hint from her "lord and master," assumed great assiduity and dexterity in order to render everything as comfortable and complete as she, or rather they, considered befitting such an important occasion. "A blazing ingle and a clean hearth stone"—a capacious tea-kettle, replete with the most innocent of all liquor, in a state of incipient ebullition, singing its song of praise to the merits, and to the evident satisfaction of Mr. Gripe—a table nicely decorated with empty glasses, in the centre of which stood a large punch-bowl, and around which a staunch tee-totaller would not fail to picture the devil dancing in his best garments—walls adorned with prints and paintings—floor covered nicely with carpet, and the room well furnished with chairs of the most fashionable construction, and the most perfect finish; in short, everything was in exact conformity with the exalted station of its tenant, and the exalted ideas he

had imbibed of his own importance, and, with the exception of a few trifling additions, part of which I have already mentioned, the above imperfect description may convey a pretty accurate idea of the usual appearance of Mr. Gripe's *chateau*. These differences were—first, a greater number of glasses on the table than the circumscribed number of his family could render at all necessary; secondly, a tea-kettle steaming at an hour of the day which bespoke its appropriation to a different purpose than that of the usual afternoon repast; and lastly, in a remote corner of the room, manifesting a degree of patience which might put to the blush many eminent professors of Christianity, sat the unfortunate Duncan Furoch, with the two aforementioned barrels at his feet, over which (rather in appearance than in reality) he was brooding. Indeed, his appearance under such trying circumstances was certainly most unaccountable, and probably, had the whole world been at that time gazing upon him, the very best judges of physiognomy comprehended in that mighty mass (with one exception) would have been totally at a loss to conceive a reason for such calmness and resignation. But what was the reason of these differences in the parlour of the worthy supervisor, and of what use were these unusual preparations? Reader, the reason was simply this: Mr. Gripe was extremely fond of company when he could meet the expenses thereof out of the coffers of his most sacred Majesty, without being under the necessity of applying to his own; and here was an excellent opportunity of gratifying the said propensity. But he had a still more urgent motive for the step he was about to take, for he hoped by so doing to enhance his official reputation; for it must be remarked that the corners of the streets witnessed more of what he deemed his good actions than the closet. Accordingly as soon as he had safely lodged his captive as aforesaid, he despatched an ambassador with his compliments to the following gentlemen, with an invitation to join with him in a participation of a glass of the real mountain dew:—Mr. Titterwell, the blacksmith; Mr. Scribblesheet, the lawyer; Mr. Toombicker, the innkeeper; and Mr. Wriggle, the dominie.

The first of these gentlemen was one of those jolly, good-humoured beings, whose conversation is always vivacious, and generally agreeable; this habit of cheerfulness, joined to a partiality to the good things of this life, had rendered him rather unweildy, and awkward in his movements. Notwithstanding he was always a welcome guest among the coterie of *bon-vivants*, and barring his unwise attachment to the votaries of Bacchus, he was a kind-hearted, and in many respects, a worthy character. Of the other three, I am sorry to say I cannot speak quite so panegyrical, and shall therefore leave them to speak for themselves. It is an old adage, that "like draws to like," and although the above individuals evinced sentiments and dispositions which, in many points did not quite harmonize, yet on one point they were perfectly united—they loved "John Barleycorn" exceedingly: which being the case, the reader will not be surprised to hear that they all readily availed themselves of the invitation of Mr. Gripe.

"Hillo, hillo," vociferated the worthy Titterwell, as he entered the scene of entertainment, the escape of caloric from his immense carcase at the same time presenting itself in a copious deposition of saline drops on his forehead; "what the deuce have you got here?" then casting a feeling look on Duncan, and without waiting a reply he resumed—"Ah, Gripe! I fear this is another of thy barbarous actions; why didst thou not let the poor fellow have one of his barrels, and set off with himself?"

"I hope," responded the supervisor, "you do not consider me so inadvertent in the execution of my duty, or so devoid of attention to the interest of the country, as thus to encourage such an open violation of its laws?"

"Render unto Cæsar, the things that be Cæsar's," interruptingly vociferated Mr. Wriggle, the pedantic dominie; "and now, Tonal," continued the latter, thus ironically mimicking the native brogue of Duncan, "what is the reason you transgress the laws of your country, and give my friend, Mr. Gripe, so much trouble in watching for and apprehending you?"

Just then, and before any answer could be returned to the query of Mr. Wriggle, the stentorian voice of Mr. Titterwell was heard invoking old Billy Cruikshank, who was then charming the ears of a group of juveniles outside with the harmonic tones of his four-stringed instrument, to come and join in, and by his elbow-jingle, to promote the joys of the evening, to which he readily assented; and, blind as he was, soon found his way to the parlour of Mr. Gripe, guided thither by the coaxing and encouraging voice of the worthy blacksmith, by whose side he was soon seated, and apparently enjoying his new locality, as much as if he had been batched under the same wing.

During the above clamorous jargon, no opportunity had been afforded Duncan for either observation or reply, till the introduction of the abovenamed catgut scraper, when the more clamorous of the party being engaged in conversation with Billy, gave Duncan an opportunity of once more repeating his oft-repeated assertion—"only just *trap parm*."

"What the d— do you say, you old fool?" vociferated Mr. Titterwell, eagerly catching at the reply of Duncan; then turning to the supervisor, he resumed, "I hope, Gripe, you have not been gulled."

"Oh," replied the supervisor, "he is a confounded old liar," he has told the same tale all the way along; but if you had seen how he spurred along to avoid being caught, you would not for one moment believe him, but," he continued, "we shall soon see what faith may be placed in his assertions." So saying, he laid hold on one of the barrels, and asked his partner whether all things were now ready; Mrs. Gripe nodded an affirmative.

"Now, Donald," said the supervisor, addressing himself to the wily mountaineer. "I promised you a good glass when I unbunged the barrels, and now I pledge my word you shall have the very first."

Just as he was proceeding to the above-mentioned act, Duncan, who had hitherto remained as fast on his seat as if his posterior had been glued thereto, instantly rose and stealthily placed himself close in the rear of Mr. Titterwell, evidently knowing doubtless what was about to happen, for the purpose of shelter, thus availing himself of the use of his new friend much after the same fashion as a ploughman may often be observed to avail himself of the use of a hedge on the approach of a winter storm. But oh, for the pencil of a Hogarth! and oh, for the pen of a Sir Walter Scott, to depict or describe the scene which ensued, as the incredulous Gripe drew, or rather attempted to draw, the ominous bung! The report of a carbine may give the reader some idea of the noise occasioned by the explosion of Duncan's barrel, as it emitted its frothy contents, unceremoniously disseminating the same with an incalculable velocity amongst such material objects as had been brought within its reach; but the smoke of the former can convey nothing like an adequate idea of the dirt and confusion which necessarily ensued. Poor Gripe, whose-eye sight was now on a parallel with that of Billy Cruikshank's, and which could only be ranked among the things that were, now gave vent to his feelings by an utterance of the most heinous expressions that ever emanated from the mouth of fallen man. Mrs. Gripe, after a momentary glance at the bespattered state of herself and her apartment, went into hysterics; Mr. Toombicker growled and grumbled at the disappointment, and occasionally thrust in an imprecation among the volley which proceeded from the mouth of Gripe; Wiggle, the dominie, not a little vexed to see his once black coat speckled and spotted so as to qualify him for a place amongst the cattle of the great Patriarch, sneaked away into another room, and endeavoured to render himself immaculate by the application of one of Mrs. Gripe's old aprons; Scribblesheet, the lawyer, was just on the point of delivering a formal, yet ironical, lecture on the crime of smuggling, and had actually opened his mouth for that purpose, when it was so completely replenished with barn, that an involuntary fit of coughing, thereby brought on, completely frustrated his intentions; whilst Titterwell, the happy Titterwell, manifested *his* feelings in one of the most tremendous bursts of laughter that ever agitated a human being. Bespattered, and almost blinded as he was, (for no one in the room, with the exception of Duncan, who had taken refuge as already described, had entirely escaped) so ludicrous did the whole scene appear to him, that every household utensil, which by its density and position, was capable of producing an echo, rang and resounded to the noise of his immoderate laughter; and even when through mere exhaustion, the peals had subsided into a sort of tacit convulsion, the pliant boards which composed the floor of the apartment, faithful to the impulse of so important a personage, by their friction against that portion which were adjacent, but not immediately under the feet of his chair, played a solo in this extraordinary concert.

As soon as the uproar had partially ceased, Duncan came forward, and addressing himself, with an irresistible smile, to Mr. Gripe, said,—"I told you it was only *trap parm*, and now I hope you will pay me for the loss of my time; and that each of you gentlemen," turning himself, and addressing the rest of the party, "will pay a trifle for the share of my property you have about your persons."

At mention of this, the rage of Gripe was beyond all bounds, but Mr. Titterwell enjoyed the *sprees* so much, that he actually gave Duncan half-a-crown. The latter then made his exit, barrels in hand, and touching his hat to Gripe, as he shut the door, said—"When your honour wants any more barm, I will try to meet you at the old place."

Poor Gripe, overcome with rage and disappointment, shut himself up in his private room, without preface or apology, and without even wishing his party good day; whilst Duncan, rejoicing at having regained his liberty, and laughing in his sleeve at the part he had acted, speedily retraced his way till he reached the residence of the humane *white* man, already described, who was no other than an honest baker of Bl—rg—rie, who in the morning in prosecution of his honest calling, had been returning, with a cargo of barm, when he, so fortunately for Duncan, proposed a temporary exchange.

It would be superfluous to state that Duncan felt grateful for the kindness here shewn him by the baker; but it may not be amiss to state that he did not take leave of his benefactor without manifesting his gratitude by urging him to a participation of a portion of his own barrels, which in the morning had been replete with real *mountain dew*,—though now, he could not help mentally remarking, as he proceeded to the above act of gratitude, they manifested incontrovertible proofs, that either the baker, or some one of his near neighbours had been unable to withstand the allurements of John Barleycorn. However, he burked the disclosure, proceeded with what remained to where he was destined in the morning, delivered his cargo without further molestation, and returned home with his money, where the rehearsal of his well arranged stratagem furnished an inexhaustible fund of merriment for him and his neighbours.

JAMES REID.

Good Intent Lodge, Birmingham.

AN EVENING SONG TO MARY.

BY THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH.

By the silv'ry hawthorn tree,
By the zephyr's gentle sighing,
By its broken melody,
For ever breathing, ever dying;
By the dew upon the flow'r,
By the twilight falling o'er me,
By the silence of the hour,
I vow I live but to adore thee,
Most truly, Mary!

By the moonlight on the sea,
Softly o'er the billow creeping,
By the stars that cheerily
Vigils in the sky are keeping,
By the earth I tread below,
By the heaven above me, Mary,
By my all of bliss and woe,
I swear I dearly love thee, Mary,
Most dearly, Mary!

Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester.

LAKE WINDERMERE.

BY WILLIAM GASPEY.

(Author of "*Poor Law Melodies*,")

LAKE Windermere ! Lake Windermere !

Thy noble stream I stand beside,
Which mirrors in its waters clear
The mountains, that, in Titan pride,
Aloft their snow-crowned summits rear,
E'en to the barriers of the sky,
Their sole compeer in majesty !

The scenes through which thy waters flow,
Hill, valley, meadow-bank, and glen,
Awaken in the mind a glow
Unknown among the homes of men ;
For nature fairest smiles below,
And in her boldest beauty reigns
'Mid thy romantic wild domains.

There are who vaunt of Como's lake,
And of sun-lighted shores that lie
Like Eden, ere the Tempter spake,
Beneath a cloudless canopy ;
For those sweet climes I'd ne'er forsake
Thy tranquil haunts, oh, Windermere !
To me—to memory, far more dear.

Thy imagery, ever bright,
Thy tributary waterfalls,
(Whose melody through day and night
The contemplative soul enthralles
In a soft reverie of delight,)
Impart to thee a loveliness,
Which winter scarce can render less.

Monarch of mountain-streams ! farewell !
Lake, Wordsworth's genius has enshrin'd
In strains, that, vocal as the shell
Of Triton, captivate the mind :
Long shall that day in memory dwell,
When I beheld thy waters clear,
And beauteous streamlets, Windermere !

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in June when I left Manchester by the railway train for Fleetwood, intending to take my passage from thence to the Isle of Man. The carriages contained many of the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, who were bound for the same destination as myself. Our object was to be present at the Annual Moveable Committee, which was this year to be held in the Isle of Man. To the uninitiated it may be as well to state that Committees are held every year in different localities, for the purpose of taking into consideration any proposition for the alteration of the laws by which the Order is governed, and also to discuss and settle other matters connected therewith. These Committees are composed

of Deputies from the various Districts connected with the Order, and form in reality our House of Representatives. Many of the Deputies were prevented by their avocations from leaving until the following day, (Sunday,) and a vessel had been engaged for the occasion.

We darted merrily along, at a speed which would have caused our plodding and superstitious ancestors to have crossed themselves. On arriving at the Preston station, our hilarity was somewhat damped by the circumstance of one of our party having mislaid his carpet-bag. Railway carriages wait for no man, and sympathise with nobody, so that after many inquiries our friend was obliged to take his seat and depart minus his luggage. It was, however, forwarded to him at the Isle of Man in the course of a few days. In a short space of time we arrived at Fleetwood, passing over the viaduct which is formed across the river Wyre, and is constructed of timber fixed in the sands. The tide being low, we were rowed in boats to the *Vale of Clwyd* steamer, and after experiencing considerable difficulty in getting clear of the sands, we commenced our voyage. The weather was delightfully clear and calm, the water being scarcely ruffled by a breeze, so that there was little inducement to sea-sickness. The sky was brilliantly blue, and the sea was almost as brilliant and as still. Whilst some amused themselves with a rubber of whist upon deck, others sat reading, or gazing upon the glassy waves, enlivening the passing moments by good-humoured conversation. In awhile a portion of the freshwater sailors, who had previously been pluming themselves upon their cleverness, began to be troubled with qualmish doubts of their powers of endurance, and a few of them became in an exceedingly awkward predicament. The shades of night gathered around, but the moon soon smiled above us, and the waves were tinged with a silvery radiance. How delightful is it in such nights and amid such a scene to lean over the stern of the vessel and mark the glorious trail which she leaves behind her, and whilst in such a position what a train of musing passes through the mind. Many things which are forgotten in the crowded city—many forms which have long been engulfed in the waves of time, and whose remembrance has been effaced by the myriads daily thronging around us, again fill our memories and our hearts when we glide along amid the solitude of waters. I stood for a long time leaning over the steamer, gazing with feelings of awe and rapture on the view spread out before me, and I could have remained in that position for hours had not the merry laughter and joyous shouts of my companions induced me to join them.

Though the night was as fair a one as it was ever my fortune to witness, the breeze became chill, and several of our party were glad to avail themselves of the warmth of the cabin. For my own part I could not for a long space of time absent myself from deck. I was strongly reminded of Professor Wilson's description of the sea by moonlight:

"The beauteous sea
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes,
As if the ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard.
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep,
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep."

The subduing influence of the scene seemed to be felt by each of those who remained to look upon it, and an almost universal silence prevailed. The few observations that were made were in accordance with the delightful prospect which everywhere met our view, and that pure religious feeling which is engendered by gazing on the works of Nature, had evidently penetrated the hearts of all. The steamer still ploughed its way through the billowy furrows, scattering the liquid element in its progress like fragments of shattered silver.

After a fine sail we at length saw the beacon-light of the Island shining like a star in the distance; and between ten and eleven o'clock at night we arrived at Douglas. Though the hour was late, we found numerous friends who had preceded us on the previous day, waiting to welcome us and conduct us to our lodgings. According to arrangement, I and several others of our party took up our abode at Redfern's Hotel,

in James's Street, where I must say that we found our host extremely accommodating, and the fare and attendance during the whole of our stay unexceptionable.

I rose early the next morning, and strolled with some of my friends to Douglas Head. The mist lay in large volumes on the sea, and the town was in a great measure veiled from our view. We found, however, the benefit of our early walk, for the air was cool and bracing, and the scene about us was rudely magnificent. One of our party availed himself of the opportunity of indulging in a bath, having discovered a fine natural bath down amongst the rocks. He suddenly disappeared from us, and though we called to him and heard his voice in answer, our efforts to find the place of his retreat were fruitless, and we were under the necessity of returning without him.

I took frequent occasions to visit this wild and romantic spot, and cannot express adequately in language the gratification which I experienced there. I remember in particular one bright and glorious day when the sun was in its meridian, though not oppressive, myself and a few others rambled over the heathy labyrinths of the picturesque headland. My companions wandered from me in different directions, one portion of them quietly gazing on the wilderness of waters, and the others straying amongst the rugged seclusions of the rocks, feasting themselves with the objects which Nature presented to them. I sought out a lone and favoured position, and was entranced by the scene. In the words of an eloquent writer:—"I was at once transported to the mighty and sublime; the wild abyss of ocean foaming around the rude and broken precipices; the voice of the waters coming up from their darkness, like the mighty rejoicing of the spirit of the storm over the beauty and the riches that have gone to the ocean grave; and then that fearful and hollow voice seemed to pass away with the rushing tide, and amid the pause, came the sweet sighing wind of summer, over heath and rock-flower, and a low and wailing cadence from the caverns of the deep." Not a human sound came upon my ear, not a human form obstructed my view; the sun shone gorgeously upon the sea, which flashed and rolled beneath the splendour of his beams like a boiling cauldron of gold. The sea-birds were wheeling over its surface, and vessels were seen like specks in the distance, only serving to show the insignificance of the productions of man when compared to the stupendous works of God. The mountains of Wales and Cumberland were looming afar off, and altogether the scene was one of surpassing grandeur. Long could I have remained in those recesses, drinking in the glory and the beauty which lay around me as a garle of enchantment; but I knew that my companions would be anxious to return, and I left the works of Nature to look on those of man. Directing your gaze towards Douglas, you behold from this eminence all its principal structures.

After breakfasting we agreed to pay a visit to Peel Castle, and as Peel is eleven miles from Douglas, we lost no time in securing two vehicles for our conveyance, knowing that all kinds of carriages would be in request. Full of anticipations of the treat we should have in inspecting the fine old ruins, we commenced our journey. Though the scenery is not remarkably striking, it is of a pleasing character. On our way we passed by Tynwald Mount, which it is conjectured was once a Danish barrow. It is in the form of a pyramid of three circles, each advanced three feet above the other. There were formerly walls around it, and it had two gates for admission. It derives its name from the Danish word "Ting," a court of justice; and "wald," fenced. All laws must be promulgated in Manx and English at Tynwald Mount, before they can become statutes of the land. A contest for the Island took place in this neighbourhood, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, between two brothers, Olave and Reginald, and the battle is said to have been decided in favour of Olave by the wives of his soldiers. They made their appearance in large numbers on the highlands, armed with various sorts of weapons, and caused much confusion amongst the enemy.

Peel was once an important station, but since the decline of the smuggling trade, it has only been used as a fishing port. It possesses a pier, 400 yards long, at the end of which is a lighthouse. Our object of attraction was the castle, and we did not stay to inspect or make many inquiries respecting anything else, except that we took the precaution of ordering a good dinner to be prepared for us at Peel Castle Hotel by the time of our return from the ruins. The castle stands upon a large rock, and when the water is sufficiently high, the channel which divides the rock from the town is crossed by boats; but on this occasion the tide was out, and we had to mount upon the backs of men, who for a small gratuity waded over with us. As we had only two conveyances,

no little amusement was afforded to those waiting for their turn, or who had already been carried over, in watching those who were on their passage. One wanted to sit his human charger in an exceedingly dignified style, when a slight stumble made him forget his dignity, and clasp his supporter most affectionately round the neck; another, who was himself of herculean proportions, got perched on the back of the least of the men, and the contrast betwixt them could not fail to produce laughter. We effected a safe passage, and then had to wait for an old bombardier, who acts as guide to the visitors, and points out all the chief features of the ruins. In a short time he arrived, having been conveyed over the channel in a similar manner to ourselves. Having gained admittance into the interior, we proceeded to investigate the magnificent old pile. The ground within the walls of the cathedral is used as a place of interment for Roman Catholics, and also for any unknown persons who may have perished on the coast. There are also the ruins of two small churches dedicated to St. Patrick. A low damp dungeon is situated underneath the easternmost portion of the cathedral, and was once used as the ecclesiastical prison. We descended into this dismal place by eighteen steps, and were struck with horror and indignation at the sight which presented itself. We could scarcely believe it credible that any human beings could ever have existed so cruel and callous to their fellow-creatures as to doom them to imprisonment in such a black and frightful den. The roof is vaulted by thirteen ribs, forming pointed arches, and supported by the same number of short pilasters, not more than twenty-one inches above ground. No light or air gains admittance into the dungeon, except through a small window, and in one corner is a well, or spring, which must have materially contributed to the dampness and misery of the place. Other cells were under the church of a still more dreary and revolting character, not allowing the wretches immured within them either to lie or sit down. Thank God! such a system of punishment no longer exists. When we look back to those dark and rude ages in which such things were treated as a matter of course, creating no extraordinary sensation at the monstrous and inhuman cruelty of such practices; when we reflect on the enormities which were committed unnoticed not only by the powerful barons, but also by ecclesiastics, we ought to feel grateful that we live in times like the present, when the spirit of intelligence has dawned upon the minds of men, and the blessed influence of education has pervaded and humanized to a great extent all classes of society. The castle was used as the Island prison, and many of noble blood and ancient lineage have pined and withered away within its strong and gloomy walls. Elinor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, was confined in it for witchcraft, in 1440, and died there, after an imprisonment of fourteen years duration. The great Earl of Warwick was also in custody of the garrison for several years. The guard-room is pointed out as the scene of the legend of the black dog, "the spectre hound of Man," which destroyed a drunken soldier, who was foolhardy enough to engage it in single combat; and you are shown the grave of an enormous giant, which our guide informed us was a short time ago opened by two young men from a place called *Manchester*; but they found nothing in it. There are many curious and marvellous accounts related by the guide, which I shall not detail here, as the authority might be considered somewhat questionable. Having gratified our curiosity, and compensated our conductor, we emerged from the ruins, and reached Peel again by similar means to those by which we had been transported to the castle. The outward appearance of this ancient pile is stern and frowning, and carries the mind through many troubled years to other and more barbarous times, when fortresses like the present were the too common abodes of the proud and pitiless nobles, who ruled over their vassals with a fierce and haughty sway, often bidding defiance even to kings themselves.

When we returned to the inn we found that our territories had been invaded by a troop of friends from Manchester, including several ladies. This accession to our company of course disarranged the dinner preparations, an additional supply having to be served up. Whilst the necessary operations were going on, we were beguiling the time by conversation and reflections on what we had just witnessed, when the door of the apartment in which we were sitting was suddenly thrown open, and in stalked a man clad in a long shabby surtout, and other habiliments to correspond. He was about the middle size, of a slender form, and his wild and wandering eyes betokened the state of his intellects. Bowing deferentially to the company, he placed his hat upon a chair, and pulling out a paper from his pocket, proceeded to read, with much emphasis and

gesticulation, an incoherent poem which he had composed in honour of our visit to Peel. When he had finished his task, he threw down the paper, snatched his hat, and abruptly rushed from the room. The manuscript was transcribed in a bold and legible hand, the style being an admixture of writing and print, intermingled with a plentiful supply of capitals. The following portion of his address, printed *verbatim et literatim*, will suffice as a specimen of his powers :—

TO THE KING OF THE ODD FELLOWS THIS SUNDAY SUR PLEASE FOR A ROYAL
BADGE PROFOUND ON ENTRING INTO ODD PEEL TOWN.

Health and cheer Honour Sir, from the spring under ground.
From the fountain long closed, but just lately Sir found
Like the Peel Giants Grave, that has burst open too.
Dries the Dippers wet wave! What odd king say you.

Welcome Welcome to Peel, in a coach or a gig
Just as welcome to preach, with a gown! as a wig!
To Peel waters of life, that like Waterloo song
Dries the waters of strife, Makes all old Maids grow young.

Tho to Douglas you first, to break unleaven bread,
Come to break truths pie crust, Dont eat dust near Clay head,
But get hungry for bread, and aspire oer the Sod,
And in Peel youl be fed EVN your king DOCTER ODD.

We were informed that the author of the above lines—which are part of a poem of eight verses, written in a similar style—kept a school in the town, and that though insane on the subject of poetry, he was perfectly harmless, and managed to get through his humble duties tolerably well. We had just got comfortably seated at a sumptuous and over-abundant dinner, when this strange creature again presented himself before us, armed with another of his productions, which he delivered, and then made his exit in like manner as before. When we were preparing to depart from Peel, and had got into the street, he once more approached us, and bowing politely, a third time addressed us in rhyme. He was about again to retreat from us, when I requested him to stay a few moments. On entering into conversation I found him to be modest and unassuming in his manners, though he had evidently no mean opinion of his powers as a poet. Finding that his circumstances were anything but affluent, we presented him with a few shillings, and left the poor crazy bard overwhelmed with gratitude. Our vehicles now dashed rapidly through the quiet streets of Peel, and without further adventure, we arrived safely at Douglas.

In the evening of Sunday, upwards of three hundred deputies and members of the Order landed in Douglas from the *Earl of Lonsdale*, steamer; a considerable number having been left on the Pier at Liverpool, from want of room in the vessel. About seventy members had arrived on the previous night; and forty had made their passage on Friday; so that altogether there were between four and five hundred visitors from England.

The Island was in a complete bustle from an early hour on Monday morning, and vehicles of every description were in requisition. The deputies appointed to represent their various Lodges and Districts in the Annual Committee were at their posts by nine o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall. This large and handsome building is erected in a conspicuous part of Douglas, and forms one of its chief ornaments. Though it was far from being completed, a spacious room had been fitted up for the accommodation of the deputies, the walls being decorated with mottos illustrative of the principles of the Order. Altogether the utmost regard had been paid to the convenience and comfort of those assembled; and from the size of the room, and the freeness of its ventilation, not the slightest unpleasantness was experienced in it during the week, though between three and four hundred persons were congregated there. A procession of the members of the Lodges in the Island had been arranged to take place this day, and about noon numbers of Odd Fellows were seen passing along the Quay towards the place of meeting on the Castle Mona Lawn. The magnificent regalia, showy flags and banners, together with other paraphernalia, and some excellent bands of music, gave to the procession a very imposing effect. When formed the body proceeded to St. George's church, where an impressive and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Cannel; after which the procession again formed, and the members passed

through the principal streets, accompanied by the clergyman, until they came opposite to the Odd Fellows' Hall, where they halted. The music continued playing whilst a deputation waited upon the Grand Master of the Order, requesting him to dissolve the Committee for that day, so as to give the deputies an opportunity of participating in the festivities that were going on in Douglas and the neighbourhood. After some hesitation the request was acceded to; and the Grand Master, and afterwards the Corresponding Secretary of the Manchester District, were induced to address the assembled multitude from the balcony of the hall. The people then cheered loudly, and returned to the place from which they had started. The poor poet of Peel again made his appearance on the scene, with a plentiful supply of compositions in his own hand-writing. These he gratified his love of fame by distributing among those in the procession.

About seven o'clock the Officers of the Order and a number of deputies and visitors, together with the members of the Mona Lodge, partook of a capital dinner which was provided at the Castle Mona Hotel. This hotel is at a distance of about half a mile from Douglas, and is the largest in the Island. It is in every way a magnificent mansion, and has around it very extensive and well laid out grounds. The Grand Master of the District, Mr. Thomas Redfern, officiated as Chairman at the dinner; and S. S. Rogers, Esq., Secretary to the Mona Lodge, was the Vice-chairman. Some excellent speeches were made in the course of the evening, and everything passed off in that pleasant and harmonious manner which during my stay I always found to animate the proceedings of Manxmen. Other festivities were taking place in different parts, and in fact the whole of Douglas and its environs seemed to be given up to enjoyment.

On Tuesday the various deputies were punctually at their duties, and for the remainder of the week business proceeded without further interruption. I contrived, however, to find intervals in which to indulge in some delightful sails, and make one or two fishing excursions. In these I was never at a loss for companions, so many having come to the Isle of Man merely for pleasure, and to avail themselves of the society of their friends who were deputies. One gentleman, who is no dwarf, and to whom I have had occasion before to allude, was I believe familiar to all the boatmen belonging to the Island; and from his natural vivacity, good-humour, and agreeable bluntness, he had made himself a general favourite. With such a pilot I always felt happy, as there was never any lack of hilarity, and he always took care that sea-stores also should not be wanting. There are few things which afford me equal delight to that of being out on the broad sea in a small boat, when the wind is blowing somewhat fresh, and we ride like a swan over the rocking and crested billows. To some such scenes are anything but delightful; and in one of our excursions we happened to have a friend on board who was affected by the least swell of the ocean. We had rowed a few miles out, for the purpose of crab-fishing among the rocks. Our poor friend was really in a pitiable state, spite of our endeavours to cheer him with occasional doses of brandy. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak; and being an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, he tried rather a novel remedy for sea-sickness. He began to repeat aloud, in the intervals of his qualmishness, various passages from our best authors; but all would not do, and he at length begged earnestly that we would place him on a small rock encircled by the waves, and there leave him until our return. This of course we could not consent to, and he was compelled to suffer and sail on.

The streets of Douglas are in general narrow, irregular, and intricate, and there are many of them without any signs to indicate their names. A stranger is very liable to lose his way in them, and I found it much more difficult to thread their passages than those of large towns. My usual plan was, when I got entangled in a labyrinth, to endeavour as soon as possible to find the Quay, and then I made a fresh start for my lodgings. This mode of proceeding generally answered my purpose. One of the party who had taken up his abode at the same inn as myself, managed to find his way home on a dingy night, and having been detained by some friends until after eleven o'clock, and the inmates of the house in which we were staying being of early habits, he thought that he would creep quietly in if possible without annoying the family. He placed his hand on what he considered to be the handle of the door, and congratulated himself on the snug entry which he should make. He closed the door carefully behind him, and proceeded to grope his way, for the place was in complete darkness. His progress was shortly arrested by two outspread arms, and he was at first inclined to

laugh and treat the party interrupting him as one inclined to have a joke at his expense. His mirth was speedily exchanged for other feelings when he found that he had come in contact with a cold and unclothed carcase—for anything that he knew to the contrary, a visitant from another region. He roared out manfully for help, and when his cries had called his friends to his aid, it was discovered that he was struggling most valiantly with a dead sheep. The simple truth was that he had effected an entrance into the building adjoining his own quarters, and this building was used as a slaughter-house, the innocent cause of his fright having been hung up ready for the next day's market. A little hot brandy and water carefully applied soon restored the affrighted individual to full possession of his faculties, and he was enabled to join the laugh which had been raised at his expense.

I could not leave the Isle of Man without paying a visit to the beautiful and secluded church-yard of Kirk Braddan. It is situated at a few miles distance from Douglas, and will well repay the visitor for a ramble there; indeed the road to it is in itself beautiful. The day was calmly clear, and the rich sunlight streamed brightly over the still landscape, when I bent my steps to this peaceful spot. Many trees were around it, and the birds were merrily singing on the branches; waters were murmuring near, and all gave signs of life and animation, save that lone burial-place:

"The winds came o'er the dwellings of the dead,
The high grass waved up to their passing sigh;"

but those below lay dull and motionless, never more to be roused by zephyr's sigh, or tempest's blast. The church is a modest and unobtrusive-looking building, displaying none of the pride of architecture. It accords well, however, with the scene, and lies among the surrounding tombs like a mother guarding her sleeping children. In such a spot would I take up my own resting-place, and not in the crowded, often-trodden fields of death which are in the hearts of populous cities. Whilst I and the friends who accompanied me were gazing on the curious records which were profusely scattered around, the pastor of the church passed by us. We accosted him, and requested permission to look within the sacred edifice. He appeared meek and lowly in his manners, and at once kindly complied with our wish. The church contains four hundred sittings, and every third Sunday morning service is performed in it in the Manx language, but the service is exclusively English in the afternoons. There are some monuments and tombstones of a very ancient, as well as curious character in the church-yard; and there is a splendid one raised to the memory of Lord Henry Murray, brother to the late Duke of Athol.

The Committee was broken up on Saturday evening, and was perhaps the most important one ever held, the number of deputies present being far greater than on any similar occasion. This is not the place to enumerate the various momentous decisions which were come to; and indeed such enumeration would now be useless, as the majority of our members are well acquainted with the resolutions which were passed there. It may be as well, nevertheless, to state that Dr. Shaw, of Wigan, received the thanks of the meeting, and a token of respect of the value of ten pounds was voted to him, on account of his valuable and gratuitous services on that as well as other occasions of a like nature. The worthy doctor was in reality kept almost constantly employed in going round to different mansions where members of the Order were abiding, to see that his numerous patients were doing well; and the least attack of indisposition was attended to, and carefully medicined away. The natives of the Island were kept in good humour by ten pounds being presented to the Douglas House of Industry, and five pounds to the Ladies' Soup Dispensary.

The present article is merely a random sketch, embracing a few facts and recollections, thrown together with the hope of imparting some little information blended with amusement. The personal anecdotes are introduced without the remotest idea of giving offence, and it will be perceived that names are not mentioned. My stay in the Isle of Man was brief, and my opportunities of observation were not very numerous; those readers, therefore, who expected anything in the shape of a history of the country, its laws and government, and the manners and customs of the people, will necessarily be disappointed. To such persons my only excuse is, that I cannot help it.

The climate is mild and salubrious; the scenery is in many places beautiful, and there are several picturesque and lofty mountains. The town of Douglas, though of

irregular construction, possesses some good streets, and numerous handsome shops and commodious hotels. It contains about eight thousand inhabitants, and is the chief town in the Island both with regard to population and commerce. The pier is a handsome one, and at the end of it there is a light-house of elegant construction. There is also another light-house on the lower projection of Douglas Head. The Tower of Refuge forms a great ornament to the bay, and is also eminently useful to the seaman. It was projected by the scientific and philanthropic Sir William Hillary, Bart., who was also the principal contributor towards its erection. Vessels having license goods are obliged by act of parliament to deliver their cargoes exclusively at this port. The Custom-house is well situated for business, and the spacious Quay is admirably calculated for trading purposes. The inhabitants are obliging, warm-hearted, and hospitable. The men are frank and generous, and the women beautiful, and modest in their deportment, exhibiting much neatness and taste in their attire. There are in the outskirts of the town many large and well-built mansions, several of them tenanted by Englishmen. Provisions and liquors are cheap; and a person of moderate desires and quiet disposition need wish for no more favoured spot than the Isle of Man in which to spend his existence.

As I had to be in Manchester early on Monday, I on Sunday morning hastened to take leave of several parties with whom I had formed a friendly intimacy; and not without regret, embarked about nine o'clock in the *William Stanley*, steamer. After a rather laboured passage over a fresh sea, I landed at Liverpool, and from thence took my departure by railway for Manchester, where I arrived in due course of time.*

REMARKS ON STATISTICS.

"Est modus in rebus: sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque, nequit consistere rectum."

HOR.

ON looking over an article in the last Magazine, entitled "STATISTICS OF THE ORDER," I conceive it calls for a few remarks. I will take the concluding sentence of the writer, namely:—"That although my calculations are not very exact, yet I consider they are sufficiently so, to illustrate the object aimed at." This observation appears rather startling to my limited capacity. I have always been taught to consider that exactness was the principal desideratum in all calculations; and that to arrive at a clear and true result, the nicest accuracy must be observed in the preliminary calculations. But it would appear that I have been mistaken. I will only just observe, that supposing an account should be tendered to the worthy writer on statistics, in which a trifling miscalculation of five or ten pounds should occur; although it might be sufficiently near the mark "to illustrate the object aimed at" by the payee, it would scarcely be thought to be "very exact" by the payer.

On examining the first table, purporting to be an account of the ages of members initiated during a certain period, I can scarcely imagine it to be correct; as I have repeatedly found it to be the case, that when a member has been sufficiently within the limits of the age allowed, parties proposing have not been particular to two or three years. This I have often observed, and if carried out to any extent, as there is every probability, it will at once invalidate the accuracy of the table; and therefore the deductions drawn from it will also be futile. And as it is the present and the future, that we should look to, rather than to the past, the result deduced, will, as to the present year, be particularly inapplicable, inasmuch as it is matter of notoriety that immediately

* I cannot omit this opportunity of recording my grateful estimation of the hospitable manner in which I was received by Mr. J. Bedford, then Editor of the *Mans Advertiser*. Though I was previously entirely unknown to him, and was unIntroduced, his reception of me and conduct towards me, during my short stay in the Island, were such as I could only have expected from an old and tried friend. I shall not easily forget the happy and intellectual evening which I spent at his house. Mr. Bedford is the author of *Jefferson's Isle of Man Guide*, and it is to this work (a copy of which was presented to me by himself) that I am indebted for many facts mentioned in the above sketch.

previous to the change in our laws, vast numbers entered into the society closely verging upon the extreme age allowed.

The accuracy of table the second may also very fairly be doubted. There has been no actual return sent in of the ages of our members who have died, and therefore it can only be assumed; and if it really have been deduced from the ages of initiation, the same error which was fatal in the first instance, will be equally so in the second. And besides, the deaths of females are equally as important to us as those of males; we pay about the same gross amount for the funerals of one as of the other,—they about equally draw annually the same money from our funds, and therefore a calculation that only enters into half the subject, although it may appear very pretty in theory, cannot prove of much use to us in practice.

The third table is professedly founded upon assumption, purporting to be drawn from tables relating to Benefit Societies; one glance at it will, I think, convince every one that it has no title to be considered as correct. On looking at the ages above fifty, any one who has but a slight acquaintance with the members of the Order, must be convinced that they greatly exceed the amount set down, I mean as to the gross amount of age above fifty. I almost could say that at some of the ages, I could find nearly the number stated in the District to which I belong, consisting of about 3,000 members; and if so, how inaccurate must it be when applied to 150,000. It is with no unfriendly spirit that I make these remarks, but I am afraid lest too great dependance should be placed upon similar calculations, thereby inducing us to substitute vain and unsubstantial theories, instead of practical knowledge, resulting from the safe and certain guidance of experience. Statistics are becoming fashionable in the Order. At different times calculations have appeared in the Magazine, founded upon tables relative to Friendly Societies, &c : as for instance, that a certain amount paid per week, should insure a certain sum per week in sickness, an allowance for deaths, &c. Such calculations can only tend to mislead us. In the first place, they assume an average amount of sickness as taking place amongst a given number, formed most probably from hasty and crude information. Those acquainted with the Order know well that such conclusions will not apply to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

It is within our daily experience that even in one Lodge, applications will be made for a single day's sick pay; in others, members will be stretched for months upon a bed of sickness without making any claim; and where such glaring discrepancies exist, how is it possible to make any general rule apply? And again: in taking our data from the above source, (to say nothing of other items, which will at once suggest themselves to any member of our Order) we leave out of consideration a very prominent feature of our society; I allude to travelling reliefs. Suppose that but 1,500 cards be issued in a year, (I do not mean to be very exact, but it will serve to illustrate the object aimed at,) and that these are out, on an average, for three months each, the contributions they cease to pay, and the amount of relief they actually receive, will make a fearful inroad upon our expenditure. How, therefore, can any reliance be placed upon information drawn from sources to which our society bears no analogy? and how can we form any general rule to guide us, when that which will apply to one Lodge, would be useless if taken into consideration with one perhaps in the adjoining street? It would be easy to bring forward arguments to support these views of the question; but as the general subject of statistics will probably be argued before the proper tribunal, I will not dwell longer upon it, or attempt to prejudice the question. I will only observe in conclusion, that statistics *may* be made useful to our society, but only in detail. Let each member of our Order study well the statistics of his own Lodge; let every one endeavour to make that section of the Order to which he belongs safe and secure; and then, when all our members are sound, the whole body must flourish.

HENRY BALL.

Washington Lodge, Salford, February, 1842.

PRESENTATIONS.

April 12, 1841, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, to P. Prov. G. M. Robert Blythe, of the Stourbridge District, by the Shenstone Lodge, Hales Owen.—July 2, 1841, an elegant Silver Snuff Box, to P. Prov. G. M. Robert Walton, by the Greenwich Lodge, Alston District.—August 11, 1841, three handsome Silver Medals, value £1. 10s. each, to P. G. John Fawcett, P. G. James Rabbitt, and P. G. Thomas Sibley, by the Youth's Glory Lodge, Halifax.—August 20, 1841, a handsome Silver Medal, to P. G. M. C. Gwynne, of the Hay District, by the Foundation of Friendship Lodge, Glasbury.—Sep. 16, 1841, a handsome Silver Cream Ewer, to P. G. William Hutton, by the Friendly Mechanics Lodge, Bradford.—Nov. 20, 1841, a splendid Silver Medal, to Prov. D. G. M. George Grime, by the Friendly Lodge, Wray and Kirby Lonsdale District.—Dec. 13, 1841, a handsome Patent Lever Watch and Chain, to P. G. Ryder, by the Rock of Hope Lodge, Manchester District.—Dec. 30, 1841, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, to P. S. William Bayles, of the Benevolence Lodge, Birmingham, by the Widows' Protection Lodge, Coleshill.—1841, a Silver Cup, to P. S. Charles Simpson, Esq., Surgeon, by the Albion Lodge, Stamford District.—January 14, 1842, a beautiful Silver Watch Guard, to Prov. C. S. L. Crabtree, of the Gisburn District, by the Craven Legion Lodge, Gisburn.—March 1, 1842, a beautiful Patent Lever Watch with Silver Guard, to P. G. Benjamin Stott, by the Shakspeare Lodge, Manchester District.—A valuable Silver Snuff Box, to P. Prov. G. M. Robert Sweating, by the Harmony Lodge, Knaresborough.

Marriages.

Sep. 30, 1841, P. Sec. William Saul, of the Friendly Lodge, Wray, to Miss Ann Dickinson, of Lancaster.—Brother Henry Rutherford, of the Lambton Lodge, Gateshead District, to Miss Mary Smith.—Nov. 3, 1841, Sec. William Robinson, of the Speed the Plough Lodge, Great Driffield District, to Miss E. Edmanson, eldest daughter of Mr. Rt. Edmanson, host of the above Lodge.—June 7, 1841, brother Thomas Tyerman, of the Providential Lodge, Northallerton, to Miss Ann Johnson, of Stapleton, near Darlington.—Aug. 8, 1841, brother Richard Pattison, of the Mansion of Peace Lodge, Northallerton, to Miss Elizabeth Abbott, of Romanby.—Nov. 27, 1841, brother Roger Chapman, to Miss Ann Brigham, of Malton.—Nov. 27, 1841, brother Thos. Deighton, to Miss Martha Smith, of Brompton.—Nov. 27, 1841, brother Geo. Hood, of the North Star Lodge, Brompton, to Miss Sophia Sherwood.—Oct. 24, 1841, at Market Harborough, brother Jarman, of the Briton's Glory Lodge, to Miss Ann Chenny, of Laughton.—Nov. 21, 1841, at Market Harborough, brother Pearson, of the Briton's Glory Lodge, to Miss Eliza White, of Sibbestoft.—Dec. 25, 1841, at the Salem Chapel, Bradford, by the Rev. J. G. Miall, N. G. Thomas Smith, of the Friendly Mechanics Lodge, Bradford, to Hannah, youngest daughter

of Mr. John Franks, near the Apple Hall, Bradford.—Dec. 26, 1841, at the Baptist Chapel, Idle, by the Rev. R. S. Frearson, brother Thomas Cansfield, of the Cornwallis Lodge, Mold Green, Huddersfield District, to Miss Ruth Stansfield, eldest daughter of V. G. John Stansfield, of the Olive Branch Lodge, Idle.—Jan. 23, 1842, at Kingswinford church, in the county of Stafford, brother John Dovey, junr., of the Bud of Hope Lodge, Brierley Hill, to Miss Catherine Cresswell.—Nov. 8, 1841, at the same church, brother Samuel Morris, of the Loving Brothers Lodge, Brierley Hill, to Miss Sarah Thompson.—Nov. 8, 1841, N. G. William Bisworth, of the Centre of England Lodge, Daventry, Northampton District, to Miss Jane Woodford, of West Haddon, in the county of Northampton.—Dec. 7, 1841, at Eaton Sacum, by the Rev. J. Amos, brother Thomas Wright, of the Good Intent Lodge, Northampton, and host of the Hand and Heart Lodge, Spratton, to Martha Ann, eldest daughter of the late J. Thomas, Esq., of the above place.—Dec. 19, 1841, brother Thomas Archer, of the Greenwell Lodge, Durham District, to Miss Mary Turnbull, daughter of Mr. Matthew Turnbull, of Pontep Colliery: Also, brother Aaron Turnbull, of the same Lodge, to Miss Mary Dent, second daughter of Mr. Robert Dent.—Jan. 22, 1842, brother

Stephen Nicholson, of the same Lodge, to Miss Sarah Coe.—Nov. 29, 1841, at Lichfield, P. Prov. C. S. Joseph Windridge, to Miss Mary Wright.—Sep. 1841, at Lea Marston, brother J. Black, to Miss Sarah Jakes.—Nov. 1841, at the same place, brother Thomas Harvey, to Miss Ann Horton, of Curdworth.—Aug. 23, 1841, at the parish church, Leeds, Secretary Saville Goldthorp, of the Offspring

of Peace Lodge, Clifton, Brighthouse District, to Miss Mary Noble, daughter of Mr. James Noble, late of Ash Grove Mills, Halifax.—Sep. 20, 1841, at Lower Chapel, brother Charles Walshaw, of the Friendly Drop Lodge, Brighthouse District, to Miss Sarah Snell, eldest daughter of Mr. John Snell, blanket manufacturer, both of Heckmondwike.—Nov., 1841, at Lea Marston, brot. Shaw, to Miss Mary Bassett.

Deaths.

Jan. 8, 1841, the wife of brother Joseph Smithson, of the St. Peter Lodge, Brafferton.—Jan. 24, 1841, P. G. John Stephens, of the St George Lodge, Leicester District, aged 38 years.—March 29, 1841, brother William Parker, of the Hope Lodge, Dishforth, aged 29 years.—April 19, 1841, the wife of brother Peter Allanson, of the Benevolent Lodge, Langthorp.—May 24, 1841, the wife of brother John Borrowdale, of the same Lodge.—June 18, 1841, the wife of brother Joseph Ibbotson, of the Resplith Glory Lodge, Sawley.—June 18, 1841, the wife of brother John Coldbeck, of the Duke of Cleveland Lodge, Pickhill.—June 28, 1841, wife of N. G. Darling, of the Blythe Lodge, Stannington District, aged 40 years.—July 20, 1841, brother the Rev. Wm. Reynard, of the Earl of Ripon Lodge, Ripon, aged 72 years.—Aug. 24, 1841, the wife of brother Christopher Potter, of the same Lodge.—Sep. 18, 1841, brother Francis Fawcett, of the Benevolent Lodge, Langthorp.—Oct. 6, 1841, brother Christopher Dent, of the same Lodge, aged 36 years.—Nov. 10, 1841, host Burton, of the Duke of Cleveland Lodge, Pickhill, aged 60 years. He was accidentally drowned in the river Swale.—Nov. 20, 1841, brother William Lloyd, senr., of the Loving Brothers Lodge, Brierley Hill, aged 51 years.—Nov. 20, 1841, at Ludlow, brother Edwin Green, of the Shenstone Lodge, Hales Owen.—Nov. 29, 1841, Hannah, wife of P. Prov. G. M. and Prov. C. S. David Winterbottom, of the Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop District.—Nov. 29, 1841, Rachel, wife of brother John Thoburn, of the same Lodge, aged 30 years. She was a native of Caermarthenshire, South Wales, but was married in America, in which country her husband was P. G. of one of the

Lodges.—Nov. 30, 1841, Ann, wife of brother John Swolwell, of the Greenwell Lodge, Durham District, aged 34 years.—Nov. 1841, Elizabeth, wife of brother William Graham, of the Greenwell Lodge, Durham District, aged 22 years.—Dec. 6, 1841, the wife of brother John Wood, of the St. Peter Lodge, Brafferton.—Dec. 21, 1841, P. G. John Weston, of the Lord Brougham Lodge, Leicester District, aged 42 years.—Dec. 28, 1841, brother Thomas Thornton, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Yarmouth.—Jan. 8, 1842, Ann, wife of Prov. D. G. M. Henry Edmondson, of the Gisburn District.—Jan. 10, 1842, brother Henry Holmes, of the Brother's Return Lodge, Salterforth, Gisburn District.—Jan. 14, 1842, Hannah, wife of brother Edward Scales, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Manchester District.—Jan. 16, 1842, brother Marshall Vasey Potter, of the Star of Benevolence Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District, aged 25 years.—Jan. 17, 1842, brother John Bagley, of the Bud of Hope Lodge, Brierley Hill, from explosion of fire in a coal pit at Kingswinford, in the county of Stafford, aged 40 years.—Jan. 25, 1842, brother Ralph Heslop, of the St. Wilfred Lodge, Ripon, late Alderman, and twice Mayor of the city of Ripon. He died at an advanced age, respected and beloved by all who knew him.—Jan. 28, 1842, Jane, wife of brother John Coulthard, of the Prince Albert Lodge, Annfield Plain, Chester-le-Street District.—Feb. 10, 1842, P. G. Henry Wright, of the Lord Brougham Lodge, Leicester District, aged 28 years.—Brother William Watchman Pitman, of the same Lodge, aged 37 years.—Feb. 14, 1842, Geoffrey Driver, of the Benevolent Lodge, Langthorp.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]



W^m Bennett P^rov G^l M^d & S.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

JULY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1842.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM BENNETT, PROV. C. S.

It too often happens, that, although a man may be held in high respect and esteem at a distance from the place of his birth, yet in his own immediate vicinity he is looked on lightly; upon the same principle that we value the shewy products of a foreign clime, whilst we neglect the more substantial and every-day blessings which spring around us in our native country. This, we are happy to say, is not the case with the subject of our memoir: he is, we are informed, more highly valued and regarded by those who know him best than by those who meet him less frequently, and have fewer opportunities of judging of his sterling worth and intelligence.

William Bennett was born at Selby, in Yorkshire, on the twenty-second of August, 1799. His father carried on an extensive business as a hat manufacturer, and with him William Bennett served his apprenticeship. On the death of his father, in the year 1827, he succeeded to the business. He joined the Wallace Lodge, in Selby, on the twentieth of June, 1831, and it being the election night for officers, he was appointed Inside Tyler, and has continued, from that time to the present, to fill some office either in his Lodge or District. In April, 1834, he was elected C. S. of the Selby District, and in April, 1835, he was chosen as G. M. He was re-elected C. S. in April, 1836, and has continued to hold that situation up to this period. He was appointed, by his District, a delegate to the Hull A. M. C., and he has had the honour to attend, as deputy, the A. M. Cs. of Kendal, Derby, London, Rochdale, Birmingham, York, and the Isle of Man, at which latter place he was elected a member of the first Appeal Committee.

It will be seen, from the above short sketch of the services of Mr. Bennett, that his career in Odd Fellowship has been, from the commencement, an active one. He entered the Order with the full determination of being a useful and efficient member, and he did not disdain, on the night of his initiation, to accept of one of the inferior offices of his Lodge, in order that he might afford all the assistance in his power at the earliest opportunity that availed itself. He kept progressing in the Order, always being in office, and at the post of duty, until he arrived at the most responsible situation in his District. This office he is eminently qualified for, not only from his business habits, but from the perseverance and steadiness of his character, and the punctuality and readiness with which he discharges his duties. We hope, for the sake of the District to which he belongs, that he may long continue to fulfil the situation which he now holds, as we feel confident that it would be difficult to find so eligible a person. To those who are well acquainted with the workings of our Order, we need not mention the

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important, and in many cases difficult, matters which a C. S. has to attend to; and when we say that Mr. Bennett has in almost every instance managed to give satisfaction, and gain the good will not only of his own District, but of all those with whom he has come in contact, we think enough will have been stated to shew that he is one eminently calculated to shed a lustre over our Order. We understand that he is as much respected and beloved for his integrity and amiability as a tradesman and private friend, as he is for his sterling worth as an Odd Fellow. We take our leave of him by wishing him all that happiness and success which he so richly merits; and, when he eventually closes his career, we have no doubt that the Order will have cause to say—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

THE A. M. C. AND THE AMERICAN DEPUTATION.

So much interest has been caused throughout the Order by the novel circumstance of two gentlemen having been appointed a Deputation from America, to confer on the necessity of adopting uniformity in the language of the Order in the two hemispheres, and other matters, that we cannot do better than present to our readers the addresses which were made by them on their introduction to the Annual Meeting. We shall, not encroach upon our space, or the time of our readers by making comments on this or any other business brought before the A. M. C. Every matter is fully set forth in the Reports, and each member of the Order has a fair opportunity of exercising his own judgment, and arriving at his own conclusions. We cannot, however, omit this opportunity of stating that the warm thanks of the Order are unquestionably due to those gentlemen who were appointed a Sub-Committee to confer with the American Deputation, for the care and attention which they bestowed on the business, during the whole of their long and important deliberations.

On Tuesday morning, after a few preliminaries were gone into, G. M. E. K. Davis stated that a Deputation from the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, were about to be introduced to the meeting by D. G. M. Richmond, and he hoped that every respect and attention would be shewn on the occasion. Mr. Richmond immediately afterwards entered, accompanied by the Deputation, which consisted of J. L. Ridgely, Esq., Grand Corresponding Secretary, and the Rev. I. D. Williamson, Grand Chaplain, the former from Baltimore, and the latter from New York. The whole of the deputies rose in a body to receive them. They were conducted to the platform erected for the Officers of the Order, where they took their seats amidst the loudest plaudits.

G. M. Davis called upon Prov. C. S. Shadwell, of the Liverpool District, to read the certificates authorising them to act as a deputation or mission from the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows in the United States.

G. M. Davis then said that as the present Deputation was an exceedingly important one, and as the deputies were about to be addressed by the gentlemen from America upon a subject of the greatest importance, he trusted the remarks which might be made would meet with the utmost consideration of the meeting. G. M. Davis then called upon

J. L. RIDGELY, Esq., who was again greeted with loud cheers. When the applause had subsided, he addressed them as officers and brothers, and said he felt quite unable

to express his full sentiments of gratitude ; but he would be wanting in duty did he not at once acknowledge their kindness for the flattering manner and his worthy colleague had been received. (Cheers.) He took this as a cheering omen of a happy termination to their mission. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows in America and those in England might be said to be members of one great family ; but, being widely scattered, they had become as strangers to each other. They were, nevertheless, children of one great parent, and they (the Odd Fellows of the United States) were anxious to come back again to that parent, seeking to become united to further the principles of universal beneficence. Across the Atlantic, they had achieved a great moral regeneration. Public opinion had for a length of time acted as a powerful lever against them, and in that country, it was almost needless for him to say, that public opinion was all but omnipotent. They had struggled against it, and they had now attained the desired object ; and were able to carry everything before them. If they had not had good men to contend in their favour, they would never have been able to have carried out the objects of the Institution. When Odd Fellowship first commenced in America, thirty-six were made, and six Englishmen came to Baltimore, to take part in their initiation, and when the last returns were made, the number amounted to 19,000 members in full compliance ; but at the present moment, he felt assured, there were no less than 40,000 all ready to maintain the pure principles of Odd Fellowship. There was no mail or locomotive which arrived but brought intelligence of their increasing prosperity ; the consequence was, they were now able to lead public opinion in sound religious principles. Year after year their anxious prayer had ascended from their temples for the welfare of the mother. What had they received in return from the mother ? They would, however, be happy to meet her, and he hoped that those obstacles which had deterred their union would now be removed, and the minds of the members both of the United States and England would co-operate together, to still the hitherto troubled waters. This little spot of land, almost too little to contain the big hearts of the people—little, at all events, when compared with the vast extent of the United States—although the mother of the Order, ought to come to some arrangement in endeavouring to cement the friendship, and make the language universally understood, being the same with the daughter as with the mother, so that they might become united. Self-preservation might be a first principle, but they ought not to confine themselves to the present age—let them look a little farther off, and endeavour to legislate for the advantage of posterity, and the blessings they enjoyed be secured to the members wherever they go. Let them, together with their transatlantic brethren, lay down and act upon some common principle, so that they might know each other throughout the Order, both here and across the broad Atlantic. (Cheers.) Could the meeting believe that but to obtain such a desirable object they (the deputation) would have left their homes and families, and travelled a distance of 3,000 miles. Ever since the year 1809 little had escaped him which was at all connected with the Order. Indeed, he felt as much interest in their welfare as any one present could do, and happy he was when by some chance or other a copy of the Manchester minutes fell into his hands—they were as interesting to him as to any member in England, although the language in the mother country and the language in America were altogether at variance—indeed, they did not speak in the same language at all, and the consequence was, that there being different orders of Odd Fellows in England, it was impossible for those in the States to distinguish between members belonging to the Manchester Unity and those belonging to the other branches. (Hear.) Between the members of the United States and the members in this country there was but one common feeling—one common heart. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Ridgely remarked that his worthy friend would address a few remarks to the meeting, and concluded with expressing a wish that they might yet be as one, and remain so under all times and under all circumstances. He then resumed his seat amidst the loudest cheers.

The Rev. I. D. WILLIAMSON on rising to address the deputies, was most enthusiastically received. He proceeded to state that he had not intended to address them ; but when called upon by his worthy friend, and from the kindness he had received at their hands, he felt it his duty to say a little. He might call them brethren. If they were not so in reality, they were so from having one common object and one common love. Odd Fellowship here might be dressed in a different garb to what it was in America, but the objects they had in view were identical, giving love which flowed

from the heart, and extended to all mankind. Far across the mighty waters there were many anxious eyes who looked forward to this meeting, and whose ardent aspirations were going up from the temples of Odd Fellowship that the result of this interview might bind us more closely together, and make the one identical with the other. He hoped they (the deputation) would be met in the same spirit here as they had brought with them from home. They cared not what system was adopted, so that they spoke in the same language, and were enabled to enter by this means the *sanctum sanctorum*. (Cheers.) He trusted, therefore, they would meet with a cordial response. The working at present differed materially, and if a member from this country were not able to speak the same language it was impossible for him to gain admittance, for they knew not but what he might belong to some other Order. He was glad to see the spirit manifested, and trusted it would be maintained, for in the same spirit of kindness the members in America sought them. It was, therefore, his sincere desire that it should be kept up, so that the Order might be for ever brilliant and bright. His colleague and himself were willing to give them the right hand of Odd Fellowship, so that they were met in a corresponding spirit. This once effected, he hoped that a cordial understanding would continue till every sigh was hushed, the cry of the widow heard no more, and gladness overspread the earth. (Long continued cheering.) Mr. Williamson then resumed his seat, and in a short time afterwards the deputation left the room.

The deputies assembled then proceeded to the choice of four persons to confer with them, for the purpose of coming to some arrangement as to the alterations required to meet the wishes of the deputation. The following were elected:—John Feiser, P. G. M. Manchester; George Richmond, D. G. M., Manchester; Edward Powell, P. P. G. M., Potteries; John L. Shadwell, Prov. C. S., Liverpool.

PRESENTATION OF TOKEN OF RESPECT

TO P. PROV. G. M. ALEXANDER SHAW, ESQ., SURGEON, AND C. S. OF THE
WIGAN DISTRICT.

On Thursday evening, 19th of May, 1842, the majority of the deputies attending the Wigan A. M. C., with a number of friends and members of the Order, amounting to between 300 and 400, assembled in the large room behind the Eagle and Child Hotel, for the purpose of presenting Alexander Shaw, Esq., P. Prov. G. M., and C. S. of the Wigan District, with a splendid gold watch and chain, and a handsome case of surgical instruments. The value of the present was about £40, and the amount was raised by a gift of £10 from the Isle of Man A. M. C., and voluntary subscriptions from various members of the Order who appreciated and esteemed the many professional and other services rendered by Mr. Shaw to the Order.

The meeting was enlivened by the presence of many well-dressed ladies in the gallery, who were greeted on their entrance by loud cheers. P. G. M. JAMES MANSFIELD was called to the Chair, and Prov. G. M. DODMAN, of the Peterborough District, officiated as Vice-Chairman. The Chairman was supported on the right by G. M. E. K. DAVIS, JAMES RIDGELY, Esq., Grand Corresponding Secretary, of the United States, C. S. RATCLIFFE, P. G. M. FEISER, and Prov. C. S. SHADWELL; and on the left by D. G. M. RICHMOND, the Rev. I. D. WILLIAMSON, Grand Chaplain, of the United States, P. G. JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON, Editor of the Odd Fellows' Quarterly Magazine, ROBERT ROSE, Esq., the Bard of Colour, P. G. M. GRAY, P. G. M. CARNEGIE, and P. Prov. G. M. ALEXANDER SHAW.

The CHAIRMAN, in rising to propose the first toast, observed that he felt it his duty to state that the arrangements were rather hurriedly made, in consequence of the importance of the subjects they had had before them during the last few days. As the toasts were numerous, and several gentlemen would be called upon to address the meeting, he should content himself by making a short preface only in proposing them. As it was a first principle that they should be well attached to the Queen and Government, and as there was no class more loyal than Odd Fellows, he trusted they would

join with him in drinking "The Queen, and may she long reign in the hearts of a free and happy people." (Loud cheers.)

National Anthem, by the whole company.

The CHAIRMAN said they had received the last toast so enthusiastically, that he was certain he had only to mention the next to entitle it to the same hearty welcome. "Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family." (Cheers.)

Song,—*"The Fine Old English Gentleman,"* by P. P. G. M. GIBSON, of the Bury District.

The CHAIRMAN said that the toast he was about to propose would meet with a warm response from all. It was well known that to the Army and Navy they owed great obligations. They were the great bulwarks of the British nation—brave in the hour of battle, with hearts to feel for their enemies in the hour of victory. (Great cheering.)

Song,—*"Old England for ever,"* by Prov. D. G. M. HARDY, of the Manchester District.

The CHAIRMAN was sure the next toast would be enthusiastically responded to; but, as P. G. M. PEISER was to reply to it, he felt assured that there existed no necessity for any observations on his part. He would, therefore, give "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and may its benevolent principles be diffused and appreciated in all climes of the earth." (Three times three, and loud cheering.)

P. G. M. PEISER rose to reply to the toast, and was received with much applause. He thanked them for the flattering manner in which they had received him, and also for the honour conferred upon him in naming him to respond to the toast. He was, however, placed in a very embarrassing situation, and must, therefore, request the company to be indulgent towards him. It appeared strange that they should have nominated him—a stranger and a foreigner—but it was because the principles of our honourable Institution recognized no distinction either of country or sect; or it might be because he was one of the first who had been initiated as an Odd Fellow. It mattered not whether a man was bred on Africa's coast or any other land, every brother was the same if his moral character were good. He had taken much interest in the subject-matter of the toast, yet he was aware that there were many who had done as much as he had. As there were other gentlemen to address the meeting, he would be as brief as possible, especially as his friends from across the Atlantic would make a few remarks to them. The Institution to which they all belonged, he was happy to say, was at the head of all other societies, for, according to the last report, their numbers amounted to 280,000; and though these were scattered over various parts of the earth, still they were united as one man. They had doubled their number in the short space of a few years. When he was Grand Master the Order had nothing like the amount of members which it had at present, but he considered it a high honour conferred upon him—an honour, indeed, he had little thought of ever attaining. He came to this country a stranger, in order to endeavour to gain an honest livelihood; he had received much kindness since he had arrived here, and it was no small honour in his estimation that he was not only allowed to come amongst them, but was permitted to become great. It was his ambition to become great, and he did not believe but that every person possessed ambition, in some degree or other, to get as high as he could in the honour to be obtained in Odd Fellowship. He had been enabled to make many friends, and he was pleased to think that he had been enabled to keep their good opinion up to the present day. As he had stated, there were nearly 300,000 members in the Order, and from this number the annual income amounted to £228,000, and when it was considered that this amount was collected from the earnings of the working classes, it was a very large sum. This money was expended upon them, however, in the hour of need, and was meted out to them with great satisfaction. There was one subject that he wished to bring before their notice, especially as so many of them were together, namely, every member was allowed to become a manager, inasmuch as he had a voice in the business of the Lodge, the Lodge had a voice in the District, and Districts and Lodges were represented by delegates in meetings such as the present one at Wigan. It was necessary for members to take an interest in the affairs of the Order, as it would be seen, on reference to the report to which he had alluded, that changes were often required to be made in the government of the Institution. In making changes a degree of caution was to be exercised, as however some might dislike alterations, yet at times such changes were justifiable. As other gentlemen had to offer observations, he would not detain them much longer. He must, before concluding, be allowed to remark that neither religion nor politics hindered a party from becoming an Odd Fellow; if they were well attached to the Queen and Government, and of good moral character, all parties were admitted, and when sickness overtook them, there was at all times a sufficiency provided. He begged they would now allow him to resume his seat. (Loud applause.)

The CHAIRMAN was sure that he should have the sincere feelings of the meeting with him in the next toast. He was not aware of more worthy individuals than the gentlemen who had served as Officers during the last twelve months. (Cheers.) The duties they had had to perform were of a very arduous nature, and the task was a heavy one. It took them from their employments, and not only that, but it caused them to spend a great deal of money. They were every way deserving of the honour, and he, therefore, felt great pleasure in giving the toast. "The Officers of the Order, with thanks to them for their exertions during the past twelve months." (Loud and continued cheering.)

Song,—*"Larry O' Gaff,"* by Prov. D. G. M. KEENAN, of the Sheffield District.

G. M. E. K. DAVIS, in reply, said that it could not be expected of him to make a long speech when it was considered that his duties during the three previous days had been so important. He sincerely thanked them for the honour conferred upon him, and assured them that he had, along with his worthy colleague, done his utmost to advance the interests of the Institution. He felt incompetent to make a long speech, and he thought there was no utility in having a Deputy unless you made use of him (laughter); he would, therefore, call upon him on that occasion. (Applause.)

D. G. M. RICHMOND thanked them from his heart for their kindness. If the conduct of his colleagues and self during the past twelve months had given satisfaction he was happy, for he wished to see all parties satisfied. He was glad in being able to congratulate them on the present prospects of the Institution, which were very cheering; for even amidst the deepest distress, which pressed heavily upon the working population of this country, a majority of whom composed our Institution, it was pleasing to witness the provident feeling abroad amongst the members thereof. The worthy G. M. had left the burden of replying on his hands, but knowing that there were several gentlemen to follow him, whose sentiments the company would be anxious to hear, he would not take up their time by any lengthened observations in acknowledging the compliment paid to his colleagues and himself, but would conclude by saying that his utmost exertions would be put in requisition to secure their good will, and give them every satisfaction. (Cheers.)

Song,—“My heart's in the Order,” by P. P. G. M. PEARCE, of the Belvoir Castle District.

The CHAIRMAN begged leave to introduce to their notice the health of two gentlemen who were strangers to the company, as far as country was concerned, but they were not strangers in feeling. (Loud cheers.) He might be allowed to say that the kind brotherly feeling shewn by them on their first interview, had gained for these gentlemen the highest esteem. He would now call attention to the toast. “The American Deputation—may the spirit of love, kindness, and unanimity prevail in both hemispheres.” This toast was given with the honours of the Order, in a most enthusiastic manner.

J. L. RIDGELY, Esq., Grand Corresponding Secretary, of the United States, replied first. He said that he felt himself placed in a rather embarrassing situation, on account of the kindness he had received at their hands. Four short weeks ago, as he had told them before, he was at his own fireside, and surrounded by his own family; now he was some 3000 miles distant from that spot, with a wide expanse of water between him and that home. He was in the midst of friends and brothers, yet abstractedly speaking he might say he was a stranger, his lot being strangely cast. He had come a sojourner to a strange land, but a land in which he had found the bright, beautiful, and pure principles of their noble Institution, and but for its existence he would have been a stranger indeed; here, however, he saw himself surrounded by friends and brothers—members of one family, whose mighty influence extended and was felt from the very rising of the sun to the going down thereof (Great cheering.) He had come from the bosom of his brethren to consult with those around him for the interest and benefit of that great family, the members of which were now scattered. They had also become estranged from the tongue they had learned from the mother. Let them now break down the line of demarcation, so that they might speak with one common tongue, and our children would not be in the same situation as the brothers of the United States had been. Then would the principles of our holy Institution spread—inferior only to the worship of the living God. (Loud cheers.) He responded to the toast in the name of his brethren, whose affections they had, and whom he represented. They were ready to go with them with all their hearts. Their Institution was one of the most respectable in the age, and if nothing transpired, which at present they could not foresee, he was glad to state that it would be equally great both as regarded strength of funds and the number of members, and they were daily gaining friends among the youthful minds of the country. It was but a few short years since Odd Fellowship was first planted in America, and now there were not many miles to travel before a Lodge would be met with. Its ramifications extended from extreme south to extreme north, from north to south, and from the banks of the Missouri to those of the Mississippi the banner of Odd Fellowship had been unfurled. (Cheers.) The triumph would be one for history to record, for its usefulness was great, but that triumph must be ascribed to the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. (Protracted cheering.) The Manchester Unity of Great Britain was the source and centre of a community destined to imperishable honour. Mr. Ridgely sat down amidst great cheering.

The Rev. I. D. WILLIAMSON, Grand Chaplain, of the United States, next rose to address the assembly. He observed that, stranger as he was among them, yet he felt anxious for the welfare of the Order, as they all had in view one common object. He had been connected for some years with Odd Fellowship, and had toiled hard for the interest of the Order. He had the good of the Institution at heart, but on this subject he would say no more at the present period. This was an age of benevolence, and he felt proud that it was so, for the object they had in view was the redress of suffering humanity all over the civilized world. Their laws made it imperative on all members who might belong to the Institution to help frail humanity and assist the suffering poor, for in becoming members they were providing against those common casualties to which they were all liable, and one of the first objects was the raising a fund for the widow and the orphan. The holiness of such a cause made it the first in the age, and could not but spread a soothing influence throughout the length and breadth of the land; and he knew of no Institution in the present day that did more to prevent suffering than Odd Fellowship. If thrown upon the world, but as the case might be, a member could draw his certificate, and with this he could always find a party to assist him. There were, moreover, many casualties which no human foresight could foresee, nor the wisdom of man prevent, such as poverty, sickness, and distress. Poverty might come, sickness might overtake them, and their children might cry for bread when they had none to give. This being the case, it was strange that there should be any parties who did not make a provision for themselves by joining the body. It was right to lay by something and strive in the

hour of health to be ready to meet those casualties, come when they may, for it was thus they could be guarded against most effectually, this being the best manner of accomplishing so desirable an object (hear,) and the far more preferable way for the poor. (cheers.) It was a much more honourable way than subsisting on charity, and he was certain it was a manner they themselves would prefer to the heartless system of being dependant on the workhouse. Application for relief from the parish was to become a pauper, while on the other hand they would have the satisfaction, if they belonged to the Institution of Odd Fellows, of living respectable in the world. Without such a provision they became dependant on charity, and at last, bereft of all, they were forced to beg, to their own degradation and the utter destruction of every feeling of honour (loud cheers,) becoming entirely at the mercy of others, and hard was the fate of the child of adversity when thrown upon the world for support. The suffering in the world shewed that individual charity was not sufficient. In a unity such as this, however, the milk of human kindness was administered, peace was spoken to the broken spirit, the heart was made to rejoice, and we were made to feel that there was something for which we ought to live, even amidst the gloom and darkness by which we were surrounded. (cheers.) The Institution had been the cause of their assembling, and he would say emphatically that he trusted from their deliberations he should be able to bear glad tidings to a far country. Across the mighty waters their brethren from their temples were sending forth aspirations in the pure principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth, and he trusted they would grasp the hand held out to them, and that they might unite and continue in the same spirit of love and unity one with another. (great cheering.) He would say, if there were one subject more than another which he had at heart when he left his own country, it was a wish that his mission might be crowned with complete success, and the result depended upon the course which might be pursued by the meeting that week. It was one to which future ages might look back with pleasure or regret, according as their decision might be. Let the spirit which had been so long unsettled at length settle down and chase all dark or foreboding clouds away. Mr. Williamson concluded by giving the following toast "Odd Fellowship—a better ship never was launched upon the ocean of life." (long continued cheering.)

ROBERT ROSE, Esq., the Bard of Colour, at the request of the Chairman, gave a recitation on Freedom.

THE CHAIRMAN then said,—I regret that I should have been called upon to discharge so important a duty as the one which has this evening devolved upon me, because I am fearful that I shall not be able in appropriate terms to convey your good wishes towards Dr. Shaw; and in justice to him, that I shall not be able to speak of the many excellent qualities both of his head and his heart, as they deserve to be spoken of. I feel a consciousness also that I shall not be able to acquit myself in a manner creditable to myself, and with satisfaction to so numerous an assemblage of my brethren. But regret vanishes, and pleasure is the predominant feeling of my mind when I see so deserving an individual, as our friend Dr. Shaw, about to receive from my hands a token of the respect, confidence, and esteem in which he is held by his brethren. I have had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship of my friend for a series of years, and feel myself bound to say, that a more deserving individual could not have been selected for the A. M. C. and the members of the Order generally to bestow a mark of their approbation and favour upon. His claims to our regard are manifold—his warm and earnest attachment to our beloved Institution—his sterling honesty, integrity, and uprightness—and his gratuitous professional services rendered to members of the Order when attacked by illness. We are aware that parties when absent from their domestic hearths, from change of air, or being crowded together in the committee room, are subject to sudden attacks of illness; it is at these times that the excellent and kind qualities of his heart have been made manifest to us, in not only assiduously watching the sick couch of his brethren, but administering medicine provided at his own cost; and to such an extent has this been carried, that I understand that at each of the A. M. C. when he has attended, it has cost him from £20 to £30. Such disinterested acts of kindness ought not to be forgotten. Our only regret must be, that we are not enabled to bestow a more substantial token of our regard upon one in every respect so deserving; but he is well aware that as the members of the Order generally consist of the working classes, that during the present depression of the times, it is with difficulty they make good their contributions to their Lodges, which has not enabled them to contribute as much as they otherwise would to one whose services they must appreciate highly. But Dr. Shaw will not esteem our gift so much for its intrinsic value, but from the fact that it conveys the good wishes of his brethren—their thanks for past services—and their prayers for his future prosperity. What should we say of the man who rendered gratuitously all the service he could to his brethren? What shall we say of Dr. Shaw, who not only tends the sick bed of his brother, but administers medicine provided at his own cost, and assiduously watches over his couch until he is restored to a state of convalescence? So long as we meet with men whose motives are so purely disinterested, whose actions exhibit so much benevolence and christian feeling, and whose every thought is how he can best benefit his fellow-members, we need not fear for the prosperity of the Order—it is to men like these, who devote their time, their talents, and their purses to the good cause, that we owe our present increase in number, wealth, and respectability—it is these men who have steered the vessel of Odd Fellowship through the shoals of adversity, and brought her safely anchored into the bay of prosperity. To such men we owe a weight of obligation, and it becomes our bounden duty to notice such services by the presentation of a token of our regard, to shew that though we cannot recompense them for the losses they will necessarily experience in rendering services to the Order, yet we are anxious to reward them as far as in our power. Our friend Dr. Shaw's good-natured countenance brings to my recollection the many happy meetings we have had together, when he has been the very life and soul of the festive board, at meetings when our only object has been that we might become better acquainted with each other, and that we might become more closely cemented together in that holy feeling of friendship and brotherly love which so beautifully characterizes our Institution. I feel assured that I speak the sentiments of all when I hope we shall yet have many happy meetings together, when his presence will be hailed with pleasure by all who have had the gratification of being acquainted with his many acts of kindness and good-will. I feel bound on the present occasion to state that it is the opinion of his (Dr. Shaw's) friends, that owing to his exertions as C. S., and his connection with offices in the Order, that he was injuring his health, and that he would best consult his own interest and his present state of health by retiring from the arduous duties of C. S., which he had discharged so long and faithfully. I trust that what I say will not be taken amiss, but I conjure you,

for the sake of your family and friends, that you would retire from that office which is making such rapid inroads upon your health. If any proof be wanting that on your retirement from office you will bear the good wishes of all, the tokens of respect which I shall now present to you, will afford you convincing testimony that your conduct hitherto has been such as to have gained you the respect and esteem of a majority of your brethren. The inscription upon these testimonials I will now read to you:—"Presented to P. Prov. G. M. ALEXANDER SHAW, Esq., Surgeon, and C. S. of the Wigan District, by the Isle of Man A. M. C., and various members of the Manchester Unity of the I. O. of O. F., as a testimonial of their estimation of his zealous and indefatigable exertions in the cause of O. F., and also as a tribute of gratitude for his valuable and gratuitous professional services at all times cheerfully rendered to the Order. May, 1842." Allow me, Dr. Shaw, on behalf of the A. M. C. and the members of the Order generally, to present you with this Gold Watch and Guard, and also a Case of Surgical Instruments, as a mark of their affectionate regard and esteem. On their behalf I beg to thank you for the many acts of kindness shewn by you to the deputies attending the A. M. C., and assure you that they will ever hold in grateful remembrance your many valuable and efficient services rendered to the Institution. Yours, I believe, has been a life of honest industry and usefulness; and that you have not forgotten, in the midst of the constant troubles by which you are surrounded, to look up with reverence and awe to the Creator of the Universe, as the dispenser of all human blessings. May you continue to live a life of honesty, integrity, and usefulness—may your path be strewn with pleasure—and may you live to a green old age, respected and beloved by all classes of the community, and when you are called to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," may you die in peace with all mankind, and be prepared for an eternal resting place in the Grand Lodge above, where dwelleth the sacred influence of Friendship, Love, and Truth!

MR. ALEXANDER SHAW, amidst great cheering, rose to return thanks. His feelings, he said, were completely overpowered, but he begged sincerely to thank them for the splendid present they had made him, of which he should ever be proud—the more so, as it was the first testimonial ever given by an A. M. C. (cheers.) He supposed that he should have to give up his office as District C. S., but he would not give up the privilege of attending the A. M. Cs., for as long as he lived he would attend them, if he should go upon crutches. He was obliged to Mr. Mansfield for the interest he took in his welfare, and the proceedings of that night would make him think more of Odd Fellowship than ever he had yet done. After again thanking them for their kindness, he resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

THE CHAIRMAN next gave "The Widow and Orphans' Fund—may it continue to prosper, but the connexions of Odd Fellows seldom require its aid." He named Mr. Mc DOUGAL, of Greenock, as the party who would respond to the toast.

MR. J. B. ROGERSON, Editor of the Odd Fellows' Magazine, on being called upon by the Chairman, gave the recitation of "Lochinvar."

PROV. G. M. Mc DOUGAL, of Greenock, said he rose with feelings of peculiar diffidence to address them, surrounded as he was by the collective talent of the Order. He felt somewhat surprised that he should have been called on to respond to a toast at all, and more particularly one of such magnitude and interest, involving as it did a principle which, if properly carried out, would form a bright era in the triumphs of benevolence. (cheers.) He was one of the junior members of the great community of Odd Fellowship, nevertheless he would yield to none in an earnest desire and zeal to promote the welfare of their common Institution. In the Widow and Orphans' Fund he felt a deep and progressing interest. It was a subject which appealed at once to all the sacred feelings of the human heart. Mr. Rose, the Bard of Colour, premised his recitation with the words of Mungo Park "that he never received an uncivil answer from woman." Had there never been another sentiment uttered in commendation of woman, this would have been cause sufficient to induce some powerful effort to be made to soothe the widow's sorrows and dry the orphan's tears. He regretted that their exertions in Greenock in this cause had not been so successful as he anticipated; however the fault lay not so much with the members, as the incorrectness of the data by which they were guided in its formation. Still he felt sanguine that their failure would only awaken a more general spirit of determination to form one on more solid principles. (applause.) He was proud to say that Aberdeen had a Widow and Orphans' Fund in a most flourishing condition, possessing £400 of a fund. He was not aware how these institutions succeeded in England, but from the length of time they had been in operation, the practicability of carrying out the principles would have been fairly tested, so that from this source they would receive instruction. (cheers.) Mr. Ridgely, in addressing them on Monday, asked "are you prepared to take an enlarged view of the principles of Odd Fellowship, not limiting its operation to the times or the country you live in? If you are, then the two great countries, by acting in unison, would perpetuate those principles through endless ages." To render the question more complete, he might have added with propriety, "are you also prepared to establish a general Widow and Orphans' Fund?" Such a combination would be the climax of real Odd Fellowship. (cheers.) When he saw such a numerous assemblage of Odd Fellows, met there to pay honour to merited worth, he would ask is there one present who does not feel the high moral obligation of providing a competency for the widow and the orphan? Parochial relief, it had been said, was wrung from the Guardians with reluctance; in Scotland he might say the pittance was so miserable in many cases as to be almost undeserving the name of relief, far less that of charity. (applause.) Let but the mighty lever of Odd Fellowship be rightly applied, and the happy results would soon manifest themselves in a wider, a deeper, and a freer flow of the current of benevolence. (cheers.) After the brilliant speeches which had been delivered, especially that of Mr. Williamson, who had spoken from the heart to the heart, and the incidental allusions which had been made to the subject he had been treating on, he would conclude by thanking them for the honour they had done him, and the special interest they had evinced in the success of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, by the hearty and enthusiastic manner they had responded to the toast from the chair. (loud cheers.)

THE CHAIRMAN having in a short speech proposed the health of Mr. RATCLIFFE, that gentleman briefly returned thanks. Oratory, he said, was not his forte. If any person were wanted to cater for their advantage, he should be found more at home in that department. He was glad his services had been satisfactory, and thanked them kindly for the honour they had done him.

J. L. RIDGELY, Esq., proposed the health of the Chairman, and the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMSON that of the Vice-Chairman, after which the meeting broke up.

THE ODD FELLOW.

A TALE.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Mortals! suspend the vanities of life,
And listen to the moral of my lay!

REMAINS OF BLACKET.

MORE than a month had elapsed since the attack upon the old gentleman by the robbers, and Lovell was still at the Crown Hotel in——. He was sitting at breakfast, when his trusty servant-man John, who might have been seen a few minutes before alighting from a post-chaise at the door, entered the room.

"You have return'd, then!" said the old gentleman; "the trial is ended, and their destiny is——"

"Botany Bay!" replied John, in his usual quiet and unassuming manner.

"I am sorry for them!" answered Lovell, fetching an audible sigh.

"Why are you sorry for it, master?" asked John, with a broad stare; "for my part, I think the country's well rid of sich scoundrels."

"I did not say I was sorry for that," answered Lovell; "I said I was sorry for *them*. I know the law must take its course—but I am still sorry for *them*. Who can say what first dragged those wretched men into the vortex of crime? It is an attribute of the human mind, and it is a god-like attribute which clearly proves its divine origin, that it can pity while it punishes. I, therefore, am not ashamed to say again, that I am sorry for them."

This view of the case was not one that could be easily reconciled to John's ideas upon the subject. "Well, master!" he replied after a few moments' thought, "I can't agree with you no how this time! Here's three fellars, the whole of whom were, beyond a doubt, consarn'd in the murder of a poor old woman,—well, they 'scapes that. Afterwards they lays a plot to rob and murder yourself, and are cotched in the very fact; and now their crimes are likely to meet with a proper return, you are sorry for 'em. So am I! I'm sorry they're not to be hang'd, instead of being transported."

Lovell smiled, but returned no answer, perhaps satisfied that John could not appreciate his feelings—feelings, as he was indeed sometimes tempted to acknowledge to himself, rather too refined; and John suddenly burst out with "Law, master! It's an uncommon unpleasant thing to be a witness. I don't know one thing in the world, more unpleasant nor being a witness."

"Except being one of the criminals that you so charitably wish'd hang'd," remarked Lovell.

John grinned. "Why, yes master," he said; "I can't say but I prefer stretching myself to being stretched. But you would scarcely think how that ere chap in the white wig did bother me to be sure. I b'lieve he thought I was the biggest liar in created natur: for he didn't seem to believe a word I said. I felt quite offended with him two or three times."

"You mean the counsel for the prisoners, I suppose," replied Lovell.

"Yes, I suppose they calls him the counsel," returned John; "but if he counsell'd them no better nor he questioned me, they've not much to thank him for, I've an opinion. For my part, I believe the man was a nat'ral fool, he put sich out-o'-the-way queer questions. Do you know, master, I'll be hang'd if I didn't think once he'd ha' proved me and them other chaps what help'd me, guilty o' murd'ring the three pris'ners at the bar, though they was all alive and in sight of him."

"You have had the pleasure of undergoing a cross examination," observed the old gentleman, smiling; "I was almost afraid of your simplicity being worked upon, though it was out of my power to be of any assistance to you."

"Law, master!" answered John, "my simplicity was nothing at all to the cretur's ignorance—and he was a smart looking fellar too, barring the wig, with a cock'd-up nose, and didn't look a bit like the simpleton he was. After axing me all manner o' ridic'ulous questions, all of a sudden he comes out with—'You say you are sarvant to the prosecutor,' says he 'Say!' says I, 'Why, I *am* his sarvant. I got a written agreement to shew was written more nor three years ago; the only difference is,' says I,

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'that now I gets five pounds a year more wages, and is to have a suit o' liv'ry every twel'month, instead of his cast-off snuffs,' says I. 'Cast off *what*?' says the lawyer. 'Why his cast-off suits o' snuff,' says I, 'to be sure.' 'John Welldone,' says he, 'remember you're upon your oath!' 'I must have an uncommon short memory to ha' forgot that already, seeing it's not a quarter of an hour since I took it,' says I; and several people at the back gave a sort of a laugh. My eye! the judge look'd like a thundercloud in a minnit. 'Does those people know,' says he, 'that the lives o' three o' their fellar creturs are at the stake, that they indulge in this here untimely devilry?'"

"Levity—levity," interrupted Lovell.

"Well it might be levity," replied John, "but I thought as he said *deviltry*. 'And you, young man,' he went on a speaking to me, 'hear the questions and answer them, but don't say nothing else.' 'John Welldone,' began the lawyer again, remember you're on your oath!' 'You said that afore,' says I. 'Silence!' says the lawyer, 'hear what I've got to say! Are you prepared to swear which o' these three men made the attack upon your master?' 'Law, bless you,' says I, 'not one on 'em. You don't suppose,' says I, 'that my master, who is a man that has travelled a wonderful deal,' says I, 'and been to all the five quarters of the world, was sich a flat as to let any one on 'em git the first blow at him? Every little babby,' says I, 'knows that the first blow is half the battle; and if there'd ha' been only one on 'em,' says I, 'I'll lay tuppence that master'd ha' leather'd him easy.' 'O ho,' says the lawyer, 'it seems, then, that your master attack'd the man, and not the man your master. Pray, how did your master know that the man intuded to rob him?' 'There's a silly question!' says I. 'How does a doctor tell a complaint?' says I. 'By the symptoms, to be sure. But not being my master,' says I, 'I can't answer that question; and the right honourable judge,' says I, 'says I ar'n't to answer no question that I can't answer.'"

"That was well said in sense at least, if not in arrangement," remarked the old gentleman.

"Oh, bless you, yes!" continued John, with a look of knowing conceit which caused his master to smile. "I ar'n't easily done, mind you! So the lawyer turns to the judge, and he says, 'my *lud*,' says he, 'this here man is either very artful, or he's little better nor a fool.' Well, do you know, I was rather nettled at this. 'We're none on us no better nor we should be,' says I, giving him a wink; 'and for that matter,' says I, 'if I was a speaking to the right honourable and magnificent judge,' says I, 'I should call him *my lord duke*,' says I, 'and not be my *ludding* him over in that way.' For do you know, master, I thought I might as well make a friend o' the judge at all events; and I ar'n't lived so long in the world, without knowing that great men like to have all proper honour and respect paid to them. And hang me, if, though the judge had lecter'd the people for laughing, he could hardly keep his count'nance, I expects he was so tickled with the compliment. However the lawyer wasn't wonderful well pleased, and I was ordered down from the witness box."

"It was very well you didn't get committed for contempt of court," said the old gentleman; "but you had better go and get your breakfast now."

"I breakfasted afore I came away," answered John, who indeed betrayed no inclination to leave the room, but seemed rather to have something on his mind from which he wished to unburthen himself; casting his eyes in every direction, as if, from some latent cause, he was on a sudden unwilling to meet the gaze of his master.

"What's the matter now?" asked Lovell, who could not fail to observe this unusual deportment on the part of his adherent.

"Master!" replied John, and something like a tear glistened in his eye,—"perhaps there never was a man upon arth more fonder of another nor I have been o' you: but there's a fate in all things, at least some people thinks so; and the time has come at last that we must part."

"Part!" responded Lovell. "What for, in the name of goodness? You do not intend leaving my service for another master's, I hope, at least?"

"Why," replied John, over whose countenance was beginning "to cream and mantle" a certain degree of mysterious bashfulness,—"*sartinly*, I am, in one sense, a going to enter into the service of another person; but whether that person will turn out *master*, remains to be proved."

"In one word, then," exclaimed Lovell, laughing, "you are about to commit the deadly sin of matrimony. I wish you joy with all my heart! I shall, without doubt,

miss your honest and sincere attachment ; but I am not selfish enough to repine at your happiness, though it may rob me of a faithful servant. Pray who is the lady ? I hope not a widow this time ?”

“Egad ! but she is tho’ ; and what’s more, the very same identical widder. And I thinks she looks better nor ever.”

“What is her husband *lost* again ?” queried Lovell, certainly betraying by the twinkle of his eye a slight inclination to laugh.

“He’s so far lost,” replied John, “that there’s not much chance of his ever being found again.”

“Is there *any* chance of his ever being found again ?” asked Lovell.

“Not *much* ! It seems after he’d been at home about a year he got tired of the chandler’s shop and the coal trade, and the widder, and must needs go to sea again. Them ere sailing chaps you know are never easy for long ashore. And he hadn’t been gone long afore he was taken ill at sea—and he hadn’t been ill long afore he died. As I hears the story, his shipmates said as they know’d he never git over it, for there was a blessed large shark follared the ship from the time he was taken ill, and as he was thrown overboard and the shark stopp’d to bear him company, I don’t much expect the pleasure of ever seeing him no more. At least, I hopes I shall never be obliged to visit his *grave*.”

“In that case, then,” replied Lovell, “there is, indeed, not much fear that

“———the sepulchre,
Wherein they saw him quietly inurn’d.
Will ope his pond’rous jaws
To cast him up again.”

When does the ceremony take place ?”

“Whenever you pleases to release me from my sarvitute,” answered John. “But the widder will be here this morning, and she’s coming to see you about it.”

“I shall be very happy to make her acquaintance I am sure, and in the meantime do you go and get ready for my departure. You are aware that I leave this town this afternoon. I see Sir Charles Eglamont crossing the road : he is coming to meet me by appointment, for we have business of some importance to transact.” John made his bow, and he had hardly quitted the room before Eglamont entered it. Most cordial was the greeting between the two gentlemen ; and the almost deferential manner of the haughty baronet was fully convincing of the high estimation in which he held his services.

“I am a troublesome customer to you, Mr. Lovell,” remarked Sir Charles, as he seated himself, “but I hope you will not find me an ungrateful one. I see by the papers on yonder table that you have been busied in my affairs. Are they worse, or better, than you expected ?”

“Sir Charles,” replied the old gentleman after a moment’s hesitation, “I will not deceive you. You are for the present totally and irretrievably ruined.” The baronet grew deadly pale. “I say for the *present*, mark me,—only for the *present*. From what you yourself told me, I certainly did not expect to find your affairs in the state they really are. Your liabilities are enormous, much, I believe, beyond your wildest conceptions ; and ten times the sum you proposed to receive from me would not cover them. In one word, will you put your affairs entirely into my hands, and be guided by my instructions ?”

“Most willingly—most unreservedly. Indeed,” continued Sir Charles, though at the same time colouring highly, and attempting a laugh, “after what you state, what alternative have I left ?”

“Then,” resumed Lovell, “I promise to restore your estates to you or your heirs wholly unencumber’d in twenty years. You must go out to nurse, Sir Charles,” said the old gentleman, smiling kindly ; “but you are a sensible man, and a temporary deprivation of a little of your wonted splendour will not affect you, I am certain.”

“And you think this practicable ?” asked the baronet in a manner which shewed that he at least, had some doubts upon the matter.

“Think !” rejoined the old gentleman,—“pooh, I’m sure ! Remain as you are, and nothing can save you ; your estates are eating up themselves. Are you aware that when you receiv’d them from your father they were already mortgag’d to far more than their value ? I am ready to enter into the details of my scheme whenever you think

proper, and I say with confidence, that should I be spared till I am fourscore, I shall consider it the brightest passage in my life, to be able by the exercise of a little prudence and a little money—(a very *little*," continued Lovell hastily, perceiving that Eglamont was about to speak, and perhaps demur,—“and there is nothing to be done without a *little* of that)—to restore an ancient and honourable family to its former prosperity and affluence.”

“Should that day ever arrive, and I should live to see it, how will it be in my power to repay the obligation?”

“I will tell you, Sir Charles: by doing all the good that lies in your power—by remembering that, in the hour of affliction, it pleased God to raise you up a friend—and to be, as far as your opportunities will allow, a friend to the afflicted in the hour of their affliction. Do this, and Lovell will grant you a receipt in full. The prayers and blessings of the weeping poor, bereft of a father and a friend, will be, in the sight of heaven, a nobler epitaph than any you may cause to be inscribed upon a marble sarcophagus, and will preserve your memory from decay far better than the leaden coffin will preserve the perishing relic of your mortality; though I doubt not,” he continued, smiling, “that under Providence, as I shall manage it, your estate shall yet afford you both those comforts.”

“But cold comforts!” said the baronet, laughing in his turn. “But one thing indeed surprises me—how is it that I find you one of a body of men professedly allowing universal fellowship and brotherhood, and consequently “levellers,” in the extreme sense of the word, anxious to restore (I make use of your own words) an ancient and honourable family to its pristine prosperity? I, of course, allude to the Institution of Odd Fellows.”

“Alas!” replied Lovell, “how long shall we be thus misunderstood—thus traduced? Among other gross calumnies, I have heard this hinted before; while no opinion can be more thoroughly opposed to the principles of the Institution. It is the object of the Order to *raise* themselves, not *level* others—to place every member of this mighty family beyond the reach of want—to allow each to sink into the grave, with the assurance that his widow and orphans shall be provided for—and that the narrow slip of earth, his last want in this world, shall not be the *grave of a pauper*. These are the avowed principles of the Order, and for these does the world traduce it. But what *has* availed—what *will* avail the puny efforts of its maligners? If, in the germ it struggled forth from obscurity, amid the taunts of the malicious, and the jests of the thoughtless—what now, when Time has based it on stability, and propped its hitherto tottering fabric with the golden pillars of wealth? Let the world jest at the Order, Sir Charles—let it still worse, calumniate it—still its advances are steady, its constitution healthy, and its resources beyond what its members have yet hardly the power to conceive. Its numbers will ultimately make it one of the richest societies in the world, and its wealth will render it the most powerful. You may deem what I say visionary, perhaps weak; but I fearlessly say—let the event prove!”

The baronet looked a little astonished at Lovell's reply to his question; but if not convinced, he was too well bred to offer further remark upon a subject evidently interesting to the man who was about to prove so essentially his friend. He therefore merely observed—“I have, then, without doubt, been deceived.”

Lovell bowed, but continued silent for a few moments, when after apparently in vain endeavouring to suppress a smile, he once more resumed the discourse. “Sir Charles,” he said, “though I laugh, I am not certain, by any means, that the subject which causes my mirth will meet with a reponse from you.”

“I have very little cause, I think, to be displeased at anything that may give you pleasure,” returned the baronet.

“I don't know!” replied the old gentleman. “What should you say now, if I were going to invite you to a wedding?”

“If it be your own, I will attend it with the greatest of pleasure!”

“No, no!” hastily interrupted Lovell. “No! I am weak enough in some respects, but not quite so silly as that neither. One of the persons about to be married, is far more intimately connected with yourself than I can have the honour to be. In one word, Sir Charles, what say you to your own *son*?”

“My son!” exclaimed Eglamont, colouring highly. “Impossible! I am not aware that there is any lady to whom he has paid his addresses.”

"Oh !" answered Lovell, laughing, "there is nothing very strange in that. Papas are not generally the parties whom young gentlemen choose as confidants in their love affairs. Indeed, a month back, there was not the most remote probability of the person to whom your son is about to ally himself, ever becoming your daughter-in-law. But Fortune gives her wheel many a turn when we least expect it; and the woman with whom your son, a short time since would have laughed at the very idea of being honourably connected, proves to be his equal in birth, and as matters stand, (I beg pardon, Sir Charles, for touching on unpleasant subjects, but the circumstance requires it) though not very rich at present, even now his superior in wealth."

"If she be of good family, and wealthy, I can have small reason to complain," returned the baronet. "But I hardly understand your statements. Shall I be encroaching on your patience in asking for an explanation?"

"Not in the least! You may remember that some twenty years ago, a person of the name of Willmott came suddenly to this town; and that he gave forth that he had great expectations from some rich member of his family. As he was a man of exceedingly dissipated habits, this statement, though true, was entirely disbelieved, but by a widow of the name of Townley, whom he induced to marry him: and that he very soon ran through what little property she had, a provision for his extravagance which he, no doubt, conceived at the time of his marriage to be much greater than it really was."

"I recollect the circumstance perfectly," answered Eglamont; "it made much noise at the time. The fellow was transported for forgery!"

"Not quite so fast!" replied Lovell. "It was so reported, and so believed, but was only a deep-laid scheme on the part of Willmott to break off the connection he had formed; and which he found was likely to interfere with his prospects most materially. You may remember that he had left the town and his wife for some time before the report came that he was convicted; and he even had the cruelty to write to her, and inform her that he was then leaving England, sentenced to transportation for life; and that he had not communicated his unhappy situation to her till the last moment, in order, as he stated, to avoid the added pang to his affliction in witnessing her's."

"He was a heartless, cold-blooded villain!" exclaimed Eglamont.

"He was!" answered Lovell; "nay, worse, if worse be possible. Let us hope that he is so no longer. He has returned—and he has returned an altered and a reformed man. The scheme first suggested itself to his mind when accidentally reading in a newspaper the trial and conviction of a person of his own name for forgery, which paper, sent with a letter to his wife, forbade the possibility of detection. But Providence in its own good time, works wonderfully and inscrutably; and though he was suffered to succeed for a time in his hellish plan, who can doubt that he has received an ample and more effectual punishment, than any of the often-erring tribunals of man could have bestowed."

"And how is this connected with my son?" asked the baronet.

"Simply thus. Mrs. Townley was not his first wife. He had been privately married but a short time before, to a lady who had died in childbirth, leaving a daughter who survived her. This child Willmott placed in the hands of a poor man and his wife, named Brunton; and by the offer of a small sum of money, and the promise of more, he prevailed upon them to acknowledge her as their own, for what reason does not appear, but doubtless to answer some selfish purpose of his own. These people, who, if you know them, you may remember settled here after Willmott first made his appearance, having become attached to the child, hearing of the supposed ignominy of the father, and sensible that a portion of that ignominy would be attached to her, resolved never to divulge the secret of her birth; and this resolution they religiously kept, Mrs. Willmott alone besides being acquainted with it."

"I understand it, now you mention the name of Brunton!" said Eglamont. "His acquaintance with that young woman, and his evident attachment to her, all of which I was duly acquainted with by a friend, gave me considerable uneasiness; but I forbore letting him understand that the circumstance was known to me, as I have ever held such interference on the part of parents, the surest method to cement illicit connections of that nature. This Willmott, then, has obtained the property he expected, and has returned to claim his wife and child?"

"You are near the truth, Sir Charles. The relation from whom he expected so much was his own father, who, disgusted with his profligacy, had entirely discarded him from his favour and affection. These he has, at last, succeeded in regaining, and even still romantic and unlike others, he was returning in disguise to this place, wishing under the garb of abject poverty, not only to obtain, but to attest the sincerity of his wife's pardon; and then, throwing off the mask, to prove his reformation by exalting her and his daughter to affluence, when the ruffians who lately attacked me, and whom he had known formerly, deceived by his beggar's dress, endeavoured to engage him in their lawless attempt. How fortunate his return was for me you already know, but the secret of his wealth and restoration to the paths of virtue remains, as yet, as much a secret as ever. To conclude, for this is the part of the business that concerns you most materially, he is now very rich, and will be richer at the death of his father. He offers to settle a handsome jointure on his daughter; and, if you consent to the union, it is my intention to accept your son as a partner in some plantations of mine in Virginia. This arrangement I find upon consultation with him, will suit us both uncommonly well; as it will give him an opportunity of becoming rich speedily, and take from my shoulders the responsibility of working the estates, an occupation which my years and desire to remain in England, has, for some time, rendered extremely irksome."

"It is impossible for me to object to a scheme so advantageous," replied Eglamont; "or indeed what would my objecting avail? My son is old enough to choose for himself; and if the match should turn out unhappily, he will, at least, not have me to blame."

"Spoken like a sensible man!" exclaimed Lovell: "I may then sing 'To triumphe!' But I have yet another request. Business of great importance both to me and to yourself demands that I should be in London by to-morrow at noon. If, therefore, I start at four this afternoon, by travelling all night I shall be there soon enough. It is now," he continued, pulling out his watch, "just eleven. With your permission we will spend the intervening time, first, in examining the marriage settlements, which are ready for your inspection at your solicitor's; and next, in marrying the young couple, who will accompany me, at least, part of the way. You look astonished Sir Charles; but after all you ought to be much obliged to us—for we've saved you a great deal of trouble. Everything is in perfect readiness. We've all of us been as busy as bees in the business for this month past. Come, come, Sir Charles!" exclaimed Lovell, observing that the Baronet's brow was slightly clouded. "The settlements are ready—the special licence is ready—the young people are ready—I'm ready—and don't—pray don't you be the only obstacle in the way."

Eglamont after a moment's consideration consented, and in a few minutes the two gentlemen were wending their way to the solicitor's.

About four o'clock on the same day, a handsome travelling chariot, with four splendid bay horses, might have been seen standing at the principal entrance to the Crown Hotel; and a motley group were assembled round the old gentleman in an apartment in the inn, some of whom were about to take leave of him, most likely for ever.

Sir Charles Eglamont was listening attentively to the discourse of the reformed villain Wilmott, who was relating the principal events of his life; and proving, but too forcibly, that in departing from the paths of virtue, he had embittered and rendered hateful, even to himself, a life which might have been otherwise spent pleasantly and profitably. At a little distance, at the back of the room, Wintown, the magistrate, appeared to be indulging himself in jests at the expense of the new-married couple: at least, the laughter of the young man, and the blushes of the lady, might be considered a pretty fair exposition of the gist of his discourse. By the door stood John with a smart looking middle-aged woman on his arm; and Sanders and the Irishman were standing one on each side of the table in the centre of the room, at which Lovell was sitting.

"I'll tell you what, ould jontleman!" exclaimed O'Reigan, with tears glistening in his eyes, and shaking Lovell by the hand till the vice-like gripe of the brawny soldier nearly produced the same effect in him. "My furlough's out, and its marching I must be another way! or I could march to the ind of the world and further in your company. I've eat wid you—I've drank wid you—I've fought for you, and Allilleu! the worst is

to come, I must part wid you. But I'll niver forgit you, ould boy—niver, by the pow'rs! for you're worth rememb'ring! and it isn't that we can say of ivery stranger we meet. No! I'll niver forgit you!"

"It is not my intention you should!" answered Lovell, producing a folded packet from the ample pocket of his snuff-coloured coat. "You say your furlough's ended—it is, in your present capacity. You are no longer a soldier—I have bought your discharge. You will find the document in this packet; and you will find that, besides, which, if you are still minded to fight for your Queen and country, (and I hope you will) will enable you to do so in a manner likely to be productive of better prospects than you could, before, have hoped to obtain." Lovell presented the packet to the Irishman, who received it in silence and turned away; offering, by the want of his usual loquacity, the fullest testimony of the depth of feeling which the unexpected gift had produced in one, usually so boisterous in the expression of his sentiments.

"I have yet another creditor!" said Lovell, smiling, and offering his hand to Sanders, who shook it warmly. "I should consider my life worth something, when I see before me no less than four persons who have risk'd their's for the sake of preserving mine. Sanders!" he continued, and there was a solemnity in his voice which caused a breathless stillness in the room, "the present which I now make you," producing a packet, similar to that which he had given O'Reigan, and presenting it to him—"will be of no avail, if the promises which you have made me be not strictly adhered to. If you lose this chance—if you squander the means of obtaining a comfortable competency which I have literally put into your hands, I firmly believe you will never again recover them—shake off your loose habits—recollect that you are a man, and let not the humiliating reflection intrude upon your last moments, that with natural gifts to play your part nobly, you have acted through life as a child or an idiot. I say no more!" hastily continued the old gentleman, perceiving that Sanders was deeply affected though he did not attempt to reply,—"I say no more, for I believe from my soul that you will honestly redeem your pledge. As to John here," said Lovell laughing, "I shall have plenty of time to arrange his affairs; it being my intention to travel with him as far as the next stage, when he will find that I have so managed matters, that should even Mr. Ratline return again——"

"Master!" interrupted John quickly, "now don't! pray don't! if you can't say nothing pleasant, don't say nothing at all. I'm much obliged to you! but I sha'n't think it friendly even o'you to be *bringing that ere gentleman up any more*. He's very well where he is! and if he don't come to look after the widder,—I'm sure I sha'n't go to look after him, by no means."

"John!" said Mrs. Ratline authoritatively, "I won't hear nothing said against my poor dear late husband! he was a kind man, and a good man; only he was rather too fond of the sea; and I won't hear any one speak against him."

This silenced John, and Lovell once more looking round him, said,—"*My friends!* it is time we should now part—I shall most likely never visit this town again. All of you, I believe, know the history of the early part of my life, and that "*I was native here, and to the manner born*." Forty years and more had glided over my head, ere I overcame the repugnance I felt to visit the scenes of my infancy; and to recall the associations of my youth—associations, mix'd up, as those of the poor generally are, with so much of privation and misery, that I had, indeed, little reason to wish to recall them. I did, however, at length overcome that repugnance; and on foot, attended by my faithful and ever trusty servant, I once more returned to my native home. My visit here has been extraordinarily prolific of events—but I regret nothing that has passed; and it has been my anxious care that no one else should have cause for regret. Indeed, the principles of the Order to which I belong, and to which, while I have life, I shall cling as the cynosure of my pilotage, enjoin me rather to lift the burden from the shoulder of the pilgrim through "*this valley of the shadow of death*," than unnecessarily clog his footsteps; and in so doing, I consider that I am carrying out, to the very letter, the intentions of the first founders of the Institution of Odd Fellowship; whose far-sighted views of what *industry* and *union* can effect, have far exceeded even their own expectations, and raised a fabric which it is now impossible to shake. But individual praises are in vain. Its safest eulogiums are its numbers, its wealth, and its increasing importance. I might say to some of you here, without fear of refusal—become Odd Fellows! I have forborne to do so; for such would be contrary to our tenets, contrary

to our laws. But when you reflect that I have devoted my life to the practice of benevolence, and that that devotion to the great business of our life here was first excited by the philanthropy of the Order, and ever since kept alive by its influence, you will be paying the nobler feelings of human nature and myself but a poor compliment if you should decline to enlist yourselves under its banners. If you become Odd Fellows, I do not say to you, do your duty to yourselves and the world ;—he who neglects his duty cannot be an Odd Fellow. “ Farewell, my faithful friends ! ” said Lovell, shaking Sanders and the Irishman by the hand,—“ Farewell ! The bride and bridegroom I see are getting impatient to be gone. Farewell, Sir Charles. Be satisfied that THE ODD FELLOW will yet redeem his promise.”

We here drop the curtain on our little domestic drama, convinced that our readers will believe *that the promises of an Odd Fellow are sure to be redeemed.*

VITA.

National Flag Lodge, Whittlesey, Wisbeach District.

WOMAN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

BY E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, to the sepulchre.—*John, chapter 20th.*

MAN had departed, and the sacrifice
Was left by all, save woman's weeping heart !
Her's was a watchful grief which bade her rise
And go forth early to lament apart,
With an unceasing anguish, for the dead.
But lo ! he was not there—the lov'd, the wept had fled !
And she look'd down into the sepulchre,
And heard the angel's words, and knelt to pray,
With mingled awe and grief a worshipper.
Men came and marvell'd, and then past away,—
But mourning woman still remained behind—
Her grief unspent for HIM she could not find.
HE look'd on her with pity,—frail as fair
She had been, but her penitence had won
Pardon and hope !—the agony of prayer
Had *purified* that true and trusting One ;
And as she cast aside the golden veil
Of her long tresses, and look'd up all pale
And worn with weeping, unto her there came
A voice, and lo ! HE stood beneath the trees
Of that fair garden.—“ Mary ! ” At that name
And those kind accents, trembling on her knees
She fell, and stretched her hands and joyful cried,
“ Lord, is it Thou ! ” and heard the Crucified
Bid her go forth and spread the tidings far,—
“ Jesus has risen ! ” Shall *we* then repine
Beneath our sorrows, heavy as they are,
When woman's eyes *first* saw the form divine,
Who then had conquer'd hell, and death, and pain,
Yet pitied woman's grief, and show'd her it was vain !
Oh, joyful tidings ! then from out the dust
Rose the primeval sinner ! then she knew
The curse was lighten'd—then her weeping trust
Unto full confidence and transport grew.
And woman knew her mission—thro' all time
To speak the Saviour's words, and win the soul from crime !

Thus are her sorrows sanctified, to her
 The charge is given—"Bid them know the Lord!"
 Her lips should with their soft persuasion stir
 The heart to penitence, and pour the word
 On the unwilling ear, with humbleness
 And modest zeal and holy tenderness.
 And she should lift her children's infant eyes
 Up to the Cross and Him who suffered there;—
 And lead them with sweet words and silver ties
 Of love to mingle every thought with prayer,—
 And thus fulfil her glorious destiny—
 The messenger of hope!—the guide to immortality!

AN ESSAY ON INTEMPERANCE.

BY J. P. DOUGLAS.

Author of "*A Dream of Youth*," &c.

"Nothing extenuate, nothing set down in malice."

In the first class of vices to which the reforming spirit of the times has been directed, stands intemperance—that monster of deformity which presses like an incubus on this great nation, and paralyzes its mightiest energies—that Moloch, at whose altar of crime and blood so many thousand victims are annually sacrificed, and whose annals rival in intensity of horror and infamy the most frightful scenes of a Juggernaut! To those who have watched the progress of intemperance in Great Britain alone, who observe with attention the scenes daily passing around them, and examine the minute chronicles of the day, they afford such matter for melancholy reflection, as immediately disposes the mind to a consideration of the best means for effectually laying the axe at the root of the mischief. This is a subject which demands the serious attention of every man who claims to be a philanthropist—of every one who is desirous of benefiting his fellow creatures; it is incumbent alike on the peer and the peasant, and is a duty we owe to society no less than to ourselves.

This holds good with respect to everything which exercises a mischievous effect in the world; it is an exemplification of the golden rule—"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." And if the remark applies with tenfold more force to the subject in hand, it is only because that intemperance is a thousand times more iniquitous, and injurious in its effects, than any other description of vice. There is no exaggeration in this. The importance of an evil is recognised by the influence it exercises upon society, and if this fact be admitted, we shall soon arrive at the conclusion, that nine-tenths of the "ills which flesh is heir to," are clearly traceable to the mischief of intemperance.

The demoralization caused by this vice is truly awful, and, were it not daily and hourly attested in the most painful and revolting manner, would be wholly incredible. By it the natural ties of humanity are dissolved—the parent ceases to become the guardian of his child—the child to acknowledge the duties of filial obligation; the pair, whom the law of heaven and earth's affections have made one, by it are heartlessly divided. The whole order of creation is reversed. Man, the approved image of his Maker, is converted to a demon,—and the world, glorying in the workmanship of Omnipotence, by it is turned to a frightful panorama of hell! The devastations of war, pestilence and famine, added to those who die from purely natural causes, scarcely equal the numberless victims yearly immolated at the altar of drunkenness! If this be deemed an assumption which facts cannot support, examine the bills of mortality, and masked under the names of consumption, asthma, pleurisy, fever, apoplexy, and every kind of epidemic, behold the relentless foe. It is not those who drop dead from sheer intoxication, nor the scarcely less equivocal cases of those where insulted nature sinks exhausted under the reiterated beastly efforts of tipplers, that constitute the sole victims

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to this deadly sin. Go to the hospitals, and view its votaries sinking under every variety of the most horrible and complicated diseases! Go to the workhouses and prisons, and ask their wretched inmates by what-mischance of suffering, or guilt, they are there! The reply in the majority of instances will be—intemperance! Like the syren, it employs its seductive arts and blandishments to intoxicate the senses and madden the passions, thus nixing honey with poison; but beware of tampering with the spoiler—its embrace is fatal, and death is in the cup! It is an insatiate monster, to appease whose ravenous gorge the best heart's blood of the community is sacrificed! It is like the horse-leech, crying "give, give," but to whose life-destroying maw repletion is unknown! It is the literal personification of the arch enemy, "going about seeking whom it may devour." It is the prolific parent of suicide, murder, fraud, and infidelity—of everything whose object is dishonour, and whose reward is inevitable damnation! It is the unceasing promoter of pain, hunger, and disease; the perpetual patron of the grave! It rises in the morning like a noxious vapour, spreading its blasting and pestiferous arms over the atmosphere, and midnight finds it unabated in vigour and animosity. But a watchword is in Israel—the trumpet voice is gone forth—the demon spell which for centuries fettered the world is broken, and the power of the tyrant is fast becoming as a tale that is told! The beneficial effects of temperance societies are so apparent as to be distinguished by the obtusest vision; they are so universal as to be acknowledged by the most distorted intellect. From them have arisen a race of giants, not only able to cope with the enemy, backed by the preponderating influences of interest and prejudices but who fearlessly track and grapple him in his holds. To them we say—God speed!

THE PRESSGANG.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

ISING the British seaman's praise,
A theme renowned in story;
A race whose wrongs are Britain's shame,
Whose deeds are Britain's glory.

OLD SONG.

CHAP. I.

THE GANG.

It was blowing fresh from the S.S.W. as the good ship *Mermaid*, homeward bound from the West Indies, passed Flamborough Head. The watch had been called at twelve p.m., and the master, before he left the deck, gave charge to the mate to carry on all the canvass that the ship would bear, so that she might save the next day tide into Shields, whither she was bound. But such orders were unnecessary to him who now held command of the deck; independently of the exciting hopes of the seaman, which strengthen as he draws nearer to his destined port, there were more than ordinary hopes and fears struggling in his bosom. After a careful glance aloft, seeing that the yards were well trimmed, and every sail drawing properly, he commenced his walk along the larboard side of the quarter deck; but it was not with the steady, and somewhat proud step with which he was wont to tread that he now walked. His pace was rapid, as if the speed with which the gallant ship bounded over the waters was all too slow for his impatient wishes. At times he would suddenly stop, note carefully the land they were passing, gaze earnestly on the foam, as it flew, or seemed to fly, past her; and then a low whistle would just be heard, as if it came almost unconsciously from him—an invocation to the breeze.

Whilst he is thus engaged, and as the wind is steady, we will take the opportunity of acquainting our readers with some particulars of him whose fate will form the subject of the following narrative. His parents, now dead, had formerly been in good circumstances, and he having evinced an early predilection for the sea, had been bound apprentice, at the usual age, to one who was then considered a firm friend of his late

father; but when misfortune overtook the devoted family, a sum of money was owing to this person, and avarice being his ruling passion this loss was never forgotten or forgiven. After exhausting his efforts to harass and distress, by course of law, those whom misfortune had already brought too low for oppression, and finding his endeavours of no avail, he attempted after the death of his father, by every means in his power, to annoy the son, who was to a certain degree under his controul. Fortunately for our hero, his malice was partly baffled here also. Attentive to his duty, and giving his whole soul to his profession, in hopes of hereafter reinstating himself in the sphere of life in which he had hitherto moved, he was the favourite, not only of the master, but of the whole ship's company; and as the ship was chiefly engaged in foreign trade, except in the winter, his enemy's opportunities of showing ill-will and oppression towards him were considerably lessened. Whilst the father was thus exhausting every effort which malice could devise to render the career of the young man miserable, there was one who, like a ministering angel, poured balm into the wounds of his affliction, and shed the light of her love and beauty on the darkness of his sorrows. This gentle being was Margaret Ridley, the daughter of his stern employer, and as the richest fruits are often borne by the rudest trees, so did this fair creature form a striking contrast to the author of her existence. She had lost her mother at an early age, and had principally been brought up with the oppressed family. During the lifetime of the widow, she had, unknown to her father, contrived to do her all the good offices in her power, and now that the mother was dead, the whole of her young affections were centered in the son. Even in their infancy they had formed for each other a tender friendship, and this encreasing with their years, had now become a strong and absorbing passion, which neither the frown of a parent, or any other adverse circumstance could subdue. Yielding at length to the dictates of her own heart, and the importunities of Cuthbert Lambton, she set the consequences at defiance, and became a wife. After this the rage of old Ridley knew no bounds, and he was only withheld from putting into execution the dictates of his fiendish disposition by the universal execration which his conduct called forth. Fortunately for Cuthbert, he very shortly after his marriage obtained a birth as mate in a respectable employ, and thus himself and wife were enabled to live humbly, but happily. This, however, was not doomed to last long. The owner had died before the return of the ship from her second voyage, and his ships were directed by his will to be all sold. Cuthbert was now out of employ, and therefore subject to the abominable custom (not law) of impressment, and of these circumstances the smouldering vengeance of old Ridley did not fail to avail itself. On the very night on which he heard of his discharge, he repaired to the rendezvous house, and although the information would, in ordinary times, have been sufficient to put the bloodhounds on the immediate track of their victim, yet as peace was then expected they were not anxious about men, and he was forced to add a handsome bribe for the accomplishment of his infernal design.

On that night the hellhounds broke into the dwelling of Cuthbert, and finding that their prey had escaped them proceeded, according to their established custom, to treat the inmates with the most brutal and disgusting violence. Poor Margaret was the more particular object of their brutality; but she, rejoicing in her husband's escape, bore it with patient meekness; and at length, having exhausted their modes and means of oppression, and having occasioned as much destruction as they could accomplish in the period, the degraded villains departed with blasphemous threats of future vengeance. Such were the visitations to which every house was subjected in those days, and thus were its inmates wont to be treated by ruffians the very refuse of the base and vile, who were pointed out with execration and loathing as they haunted and skulked about our sea-ports, the very Pariahs of society, and whose presence men were wont to shun as they would fly from the blast of the Sirocco,—and for this the boasted laws of England afforded no redress.

Cuthbert had on that evening retired to rest, but anxiety as to his future prospects, and for the welfare of those dear to him, had banished sleep. He at once divined the meaning of the disturbance he heard, and springing from his bed, he rigged himself with a sailor's quickness, and after a hasty embrace of his wife and child, he escaped through a back window to the roof of an adjoining house; and perfectly acquainted with the bearings of the place, he found no difficulty in reaching a street, secure from the worse than demons who were now ransacking his once happy dwelling. His task was

now easy, and passing quickly through the deserted streets he reached the nearest landing, and casting loose a boat was soon on board the *Mermaid*, which, commanded by an old friend of his father, now laid loaded ready to sail for the West Indies, and where he found shelter and safety for the night. When the master came on board in the morning he, after hearing his statement, strongly advised him to proceed with the ship on the voyage, as in those days there were always good chances to be picked up in the West Indies. Having accepted his offer, he wrote a hasty adieu to his faithful partner, which he entrusted to the master; and the kind-hearted old man enclosed it in a letter to his own wife, charging her to deliver it in person, and to act a mother's part towards the now unprotected Margaret. That tide the *Mermaid* ran out of the harbour; and luckily escaping from being overhauled by the gang, she proceeded, with a favourable breeze from the S.W., north about on her voyage.

On the passage out the second mate was lost overboard during a heavy squall, and Lambton was appointed to his situation. They arrived safely at their destination, a secluded port on the north side of Jamaica; and here the mate, one of that class who considered grog a remedy for all disorders, applying too much of his favourite stimulus to a constitution already worn out by hardships, and perhaps by excess, was soon confined to his berth; when the duty of the ship of course devolved upon Lambton, and we need scarcely say was well and faithfully performed, and with that rare tact only to be found in the true bred seaman, which gains alike the good will of both master and men. Old "hard-a-weather" yet lingered, and unluckily, through false delicacy, his name was still retained on the ship's papers. It was not until after they struck the Gulf Stream that he parted; they were yet scarcely out of the influence of the Trades, and the ship was close hauled. The evening was bright and beautiful, and night was taking place of the short twilight of the Tropics. He had been lying for the last few hours insensible to surrounding objects, but it was evident that his mind was employed among the scenes of his youth. At times the answer would come as lively from him as on that day when first in his pride he took the helm on crossing Shields bar, and the sound was as cheering and jocund as when he delighted to answer the pilot's con. Again the soundings would be sung forth in a deeper strain, and confused murmurs would at times be heard, as though he were backing and filling a vessel through some narrow channel, and as if his mind reverted to the proud time when he first took command of a ship. And so he parted. The three knocks had been given, the words "larboard watch a-hoy," were sung out, when raising himself in his berth, he faintly murmured "my watch on deck," and sunk back a corpse! Rest thee well, brave old heart, for never did the blue waters close over a better seaman.

Cuthbert was now second in command, and so well had the master been pleased with his conduct, that he more than once intimated his intention of leaving the sea, and being the chief owner of the ship, of giving him the command of her. Thus, therefore, was he agitated as he watched the course of the *Mermaid* along the Yorkshire coast, and when the termination of his watch had placed the ship nearly abreast of Huntcliff, the struggle in his breast had not ceased. To find himself approaching the goal of his desires, all his hopes satisfied by the station to which he had raised himself, and yet his fears excited by the situation in which he had left his beloved Margaret, we cannot wonder that his feelings were in a strong state of excitement. But the necessary duty of preparing the ship for going into harbour came opportunely to his relief; and now as they neared Suter point, they could see the dark sails of the pilot cobles standing out to meet them. And who, but those who are approaching to their own port, can tell the anxiety with which the pilot is expected; it is from him that they look for the news of the port, always interesting to seamen, and it is from him that they hope to gain some tidings of those dear to them. When he had at length got on board, after replying to the usual inquiries, he informed them of that which at once damped the joy they felt on returning to their loved home; to use his own words,—there was a cursed gun-pelter of a thing come down as a tender, and was pressing all before her, and breaking through all protection. "I wish," said he, "she was upon the rocks, if the men were all out of her; she is lying in Peggy's hole, and has got seventy or eighty men on board of her, and will sail next tide, or the tide after." This, of course, took the ship's company all aback, but Cuthbert, confiding in his situation as mate, felt no alarm. Alas! he was doomed to be fearfully awakened from his bright dreams of happiness; the hour was fast approaching which was to shed its dark and

desolating influence over his future fate. But time and tide will wait for no man, and the good ship stood in over the bar. She had a leading wind through the narrows, and, when abreast of the low light, as she hove in stays, a boat shoved off from the tender, and pulled towards her; and it was afterwards said by those who were on the look out, that another boat left at the same time, and that the figure which crouched in the stern sheets, as if he endeavoured to hide his accursed deed from the sight of God and man—was old Ridley. The ship's company, engaged in hauling up the foresail, and trimming the yards according to the pilot's directions, were not aware of the approach of the vultures, until they were on board. It was evident from their proceedings that they had some particular object in view; instead of demanding the crew to be mustered, the fellow who commanded required to see the ship's papers, and having glanced at them, ordered the mate to be produced. Their meaning was now plain enough; Lambton's name not being in the papers, he was unfortunately within their power. It was in vain that the master urged the acknowledged custom, that the mate could not be taken from the ship, until the cargo was delivered; the answer of the ruffian was short,—“he is not your mate as appears from the papers—seize him men.” There were three of the tribe lounging near, according to their preconcerted scheme, and they at once sprung forward. Cuthbert, fully alive to their proceedings, struck down the first, and seizing a capstan bar, made equally short work with the remaining two. The blustering coward who commanded them, seeing blows going on (which he held in the utmost abhorrence, when there was a chance of a return, and only admiring them when they could be safely inflicted, under the sanction of established tyranny) had withdrawn to a secure distance, when the pilot, who, in his care for the ship, had not lost sight of what was going on, found a moment to approach Cuthbert. “The coble is under the larboard forechains, run for her, my canny fellow; pull over for the south side—all the boats belonging to the tender cannot catch you.” He sprang forward in obedience to the well-meant hint, but it was too late. Alarmed by the scuffle, the remainder of the gang had got upon deck, and were in close pursuit of him; he had just got hold of the fore-rigging, and was preparing to light himself over, when one of the villains caught up a handspike, and at one blow brought him senseless to the deck. The worthy commander seeing all danger over, quickly recovered his usual bluster, and having ordered his victim into the boat, into which he was hove with very little ceremony, he took his scoundrels with him, and shoved off from the ship. In the meantime poor Margaret, having heard of the arrival of the Mermaid, had put off flushed with the joyful anticipation of meeting with him who was to her the dearest thing on earth, radiant with hope, and exulting in the thought of welcoming home the wanderer. How often in the silent watches of the night, had she prayed for this moment,—how often had fancy pictured forth his safe return, and bright and cheering visions of future happiness! We may imagine, but we cannot describe, the deadly pang which chilled to her heart, when she beheld her husband wounded and bleeding in the fangs of the blood-hounds. Her first impulse was to spring to his assistance, but she was repulsed with rude and savage violence; and at length, provoked by her cries and lamentations, the unmanly brute who held command, struck her on the face with the tiller; the blood gushed from her mouth, and she fell back insensible. Cuthbert was now taken on board the tender, and bundled down amongst the rest of the pressed men, with no care or thought upon the part of his captors, whether he were living or dead. Whilst his companions in distress are using all their means for his recovery, we will endeavour to describe the lieutenant who commanded the tender. He was now an old man, of some twenty-five years standing in his present rank, drunken and debauched in his habits, and yet with cunning sufficient to evade the consequences; he was considered a pest and a nuisance in every ship to which he had been appointed, and it was always the practice with the captains with whom he had sailed, to manage to get rid of him as soon as possible. He was at length appointed to this service, because they probably could not spare a better man. Always despotic as far as he dared to put it in practice, on being appointed to a separate command, his arrogance and tyranny knew no bounds; to use an expression which too truly designated his character, he made the ship “a hell afloat!” Some little idea may be formed of him from the conversation which took place between him and the worthy before mentioned. “Well, Mr. Hardup, so you have hooked the fellow; but what was that infernal squalling I heard when you were shoving off from the ship?” “Oh, his wife, I suppose; but I gave her a dab across the figure head,

which will spoil her beauty for some time to come." "Serve her right; but avast, I had forgotten, where are those fellows that were put into irons last night; order the gratings to be rigged, and let Mr. Startem turn up the hands for punishment. I will learn them to pay proper respect to their superior officer; discipline must be kept up, Mr. Hardup." The preparations were accordingly made, the two men were brought upon deck, and without being allowed a word in defence, or explanation, they were subjected to the savage torture of the lash, for a fancied slight offered to their drunken commander. It was now near four bells in the afternoon, and the worthy lieutenant had gone below to take his grog, or as he himself perhaps more properly expressed it, "to lay his soul in soak;" when the master of the *Mermaid*, having despatched the unavoidable duties of the ship, had come on board the tender, to use every means in his power for Cuthbert's release. Old Drumhead was roused from the enjoyment of his grog, in much the same temper in which you might imagine a famished tiger, when forced to quit its prey. It was in vain that the master protested against his mate being taken from the ship, whilst a valuable cargo was on board; it was equally in vain that he offered to lay down the amount requisite to procure a substitute; nothing would be listened to, and on growing more pressing, and threatening to have recourse to the proper quarters, he was ordered over the side, with threats of violence if he did not immediately leave the ship. The old tyrant was, however, ill at ease, conscious of the illegality of his proceedings, but unwilling to disgorge the bribe he had received; he walked the deck for some time in much apparent perplexity; at last, calling to him his second in command, they descended into the cabin together. He was now forced to take Hardup further into his confidence than he had originally intended, and after handing over to him a portion of the bribe he had already pocketed, and promising him a share of the amount he was to receive, if he carried Cuthbert off, he secured his zealous co-operation. Such a mode of proceeding was the more necessary, as after this hour of the day, he generally found himself not much inclined, or rather not much fit for duty. The result of their conference was soon evident. When Hardup reached the deck, he immediately ordered the signal to be made for the pilot, and turned up the hands to unmoor.

Such was often the manner in which those entrusted with its execution, "abused the king's press most damnably." There are many who, unacquainted with the workings of the system, will defend it under the plea of necessity, or to couch it in more statesman-like language, under the miserable shuffle of expediency. But setting aside its horrid and glaring tyranny and injustice, are they aware that this custom, abhorrent alike before God and man, has too often been made available as the means of satisfying private vengeance. He who had gold at his command, could always find in the ruffians who composed our pressgangs, the ready and willing ministers of his will. It was of no avail that the victims were by their condition in life, supposed to be exempt from the operation of the brutal custom; it was but pouncing upon them at the *proper moment*, and before the tardy remedy of the law could be put in force, they were hurried far from its protection. How many too true instances might be brought forward in corroboration!

CHRONONONOTONTHOLOGOS.

(To be continued.)

POWER OF GOD.

God alone exists of himself and by himself; he is in all things; no mortal can see him, and he sees everything. He alone in his justice distributes the evils which afflict mankind, war and misery. He governs the winds which agitate the air, and he lights the fires of the thunder. He sits on high in the heavens on a throne of gold, and the earth is under his feet. He stretches his hand to the utmost limits of the ocean, and the mountains tremble to their foundations. It is he who made everything in the universe, and who is at once the beginning, the middle, and the end.

THE DEATH OF MILTIADES.*

BY JOHN BOOTH, P. G.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was Freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !

LOUIS BYRON.

He died—not as heroes die !—
'Midst the conflict's deafening clang !
His soul would have felt neither tear or sigh,
Nor his heart one bitter pang,
If thus the warrior could have died,
In the blaze of his fame—in the hour of his pride !

He fell—not as conquerors fall !—
In the battle's hottest strife !
It was not by murderous spear or ball
That Miltiades lost his life.
Alas ! he died—not as heroes die,
Midst the Io Poems of victory !

For lo ! in a dungeon deep,
They cast Miltiades there ;
Never more to hear the loud war-notes sweep,
Or to taste heaven's blessed air !
His limbs which erst were free as the wind,
With a felon's fetters they basely bind.

Yes ! he—the illustrious chief,
Who a thousand deaths had braved ;
They left to die of his wounds and grief,
Whose arm had his country saved
From slavery, bondage, and foreign power ;—
Alas for Athens ! that shameful hour.

Oh, what were his feelings then,
In that prison's solitude—
As he thought with grief on his countrymen,
And their black ingratitude—
That doom'd to a silent, unhonoured grave,
The best and the bravest of the brave ?

" Shall I see the glad light no more—
Ne'er exult in the joyous wind ?
Shall my spirit again never toweringly soar
O'er the scenes it has left behind ?
Am I thrown as a reptile to pine away,
'Neath the lingering torments of slow decay ?

" Shall I view the green earth no more ?
No more shall my pulses play
At the thrilling trumpet's lofty roar,
And the battle's grand display ?
Am I left as a traitor thus to die
With the damning brand of infamy ?

* The fate of Miltiades, though well known to all the readers of Grecian history, may be told in a few words. By his virtues, talents, and his services to his country, the victor of Marathon had acquired such a popularity amongst his countrymen, as to render him dangerous to the jealous Athenians, who were afraid that he would usurp the supreme power. They therefore had him tried for pretended bribery and treachery at Parus, at the time when he was ill of the wounds he had received whilst besieging that city, and unable to defend himself; and though he was acquitted of any capital crime, he was fined fifty talents, which not being able to pay, he was cast into the public gaol, where he died of grief and his wounds.

" I—I—that have fought for the right,
 On Marathon's glorious plain,
 Where the horde's of Persia's giant might,
 Were scattered like drops of rain !
 I, that have founded my country's name—
 Why am I stamp'd with the mark of shame ?

" Oh, Marathon ! Marathon ! Why
 Was I spared from thy gory bed ?
 Oh, that was a glorious time to die,
 With victory round my head !
 But now I must drag on my weary chain,
 With a breaking heart, and a scorching brain !

Oh, misery—horror—death !
 I feel the fierce frenzy now ;
 It is bursting forth in my hissing breath,
 It burns on my fiery brow !
 Yet Athens!—Athens! before I go—
 My curse be on thee for all this woe !"

* * * * *

He died—not as warriors die !

He fell—not as conquerors fall !

But his name shall be radiant with glory's dye,

And his fame shall be known to all !

Whilst shame on old Athens for ever shall rest,

That thus could destroy Freedom's bravest and best !

Terrace, Norton.

MY UNCLE OF BURY.

A RETROSPECTIVE SKETCH.

My uncle was truly a generous being ; perhaps he had heard of the philanthropic Howard, and wished to imitate his virtues ; be that as it may, his noble mind soared above all sectarian or party feeling, and so far as his sphere of life permitted, his charity, like Guy's spelling book, was universal. Enough for him to know that the objects of his benevolence were poor and needy. Poverty was its own recommendation, and a tattered garment spoke more eloquently than words. Many were the aged and infirm wretches that entirely subsisted on his bounty, and his house, like that of the country clergyman, was the resort and asylum of all the vagrant fraternity. Each day brought to his door its animated pictures of misery, though they were much more numerous on some occasions than others ; it being the golden rule of my kind-hearted uncle, from which he never in the least deviated, to make a general distribution on certain days of the week. And in winter, when snow mantled the earth, and the blood of penury curdled in his veins, he failed not to supply them with comfortable clothing and other necessities, to shield their limbs from the ravages of that inclement season.

Haply, gentle reader, you have concluded, ere this, that my uncle was a peer of the realm, or at least, some wealthy plebeian. But if so, your decision has been formed a little too prematurely ; for my uncle was no peer, his name was guiltless of a title ; the farmer complained not of his extortion, for he possessed no lands ; the cottager trembled not at his approach, for he owned no tenements ; neither were his coffers encumbered with gold. But nevertheless he had unfailing resources, which supplied his necessities, duly as the tributary streams supply the sea ; for my uncle was, patient reader, my uncle was—the *Village Overseer* !

Beside being overseer, my uncle was clerk of the parish church, and in consequence the pleasant duty of tolling the funeral bell devolved upon me. Yes, *pleasant* duty ;

for day after day would I repair with a glad heart to the belfry, to swing at that identical rope; and to my ear there was a sweetness in the monotonous sounds of that passing bell, which passing bell will never again possess. Like many other philosophers, with older heads and more experience, I applied not to myself the wisdom I gave to the world. I tolled the bell, and it solemnly proclaimed to mankind that a friend, a brother, had gone to his rest—that a sinner had been summoned to his account; but to me it was light and merry “as a wedding peal,” for I heard no warning in its voice, nor dreamt that it would one day sound for me, when I should be deaf to its call.

In general I went to the church tower accompanied by one or two of my young playmates, who were always anxious to assist me in the duties of my new office. On one occasion, however, we disagreed, and for a short time afterwards I repaired to the belfry unattended. For several days they watched my motions in sullen silence, though every toll of the bell told heavily upon their feelings. When they could hold out no longer, they expressed a wish to go with me as before, but I was unrelenting, and for a period they appeared nonplused. Finding neither force nor persuasion of any avail, they had recourse to the following successful stratagem. Ned Whitehead was the eldest, and by far the most cunning, of the little party, and on him devolved the execution of their deep-laid and somewhat novel scheme. Accordingly he came one afternoon, when he knew I was within, to the door of the belfry, which I always kept fastened on the inner side. He begged hard for admission; but I felt proud at the reflection that I was “all alone in my glory,” and turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. Ned, however, like the wolf in the fable, had a smooth tongue, and an insinuating address; he succeeded eventually in removing my scruples, and I therefore removed the barriers to his admission. In the fulness of my young heart at our reconciliation, I surrendered to him the possession of the much-envied bell-rope, and for about five minutes we were capital friends. He then very coolly suggested that the rest of the party should be allowed to enter; roused by such an unexpected proposition, I sternly said they should not enter a foot, but he as sternly declared that they should. Ned was much stronger than myself—I had the *right*, he the *might*; and in came the rest of the conspirators as a matter of course. I had always a keen sense of injustice, and was affected at this trifling instance of ingratitude almost to tears. But they did not stop here. I desired to repossess my rope; they could do with it very well, they said, for themselves. I next ventured to remonstrate with them, but it produced no better effect, they did not accede to my request,—no, nor endeavour to soothe my sorrow with golden promises—but oh, cruel reversion, they ignominiously turned me out of my own belfry, and locked the door!

I have often since then smiled at the drollery of the adventure, though at the time, I confess, I could neither perceive nor appreciate its humour.

My sojourn at my uncle's was merely a butterfly's visit—for a summer; yet that brief period was rife with many a little incident, simple it is true, that still retains a place in my memory. As I aim not at sublimity of thought, or grandeur of expression, perhaps another illustration may not be out of keeping.

On one occasion, when going an errand for my aunt, with half-a-crown, wrapped for security in brown paper, and deposited in my pocket, I encountered a man with a wheelbarrow, crying “cherry ripe.” A group of children were, of course, congregated around the tempting ware, and I, without the least hesitation, added one to their number. This was in the forenoon, about ten o'clock, and we accompanied him, I remember, faithfully as his own shadow, until night. Wherever he went, we followed; and whenever he stopped to rest or to sell, we stopped also. The itinerant fruiterer was a man of wonderful patience and forbearance, in fact, a genuine Job. “Do children, go home, you'll get lost;” or, “keep your hands off them barrow sides,” were the only indications of complaint or remonstrance which he suffered to escape him; and even these were thrown away—we stuck, like cobblers, to the last. Occasionally, it is true, some one of the little wanderers would release his hold of the barrow, and stand, like a young philosopher as he was, meditating within himself whether it were best to proceed or return. The doubtful question would, however, eventually be set at rest, by the barrow suddenly turning a corner, and thereby vanishing from his sight. Then would he take a last lingering look—and it was truly a longing look—towards the departed cherries, and finally saunter, with a side-long gait, in search of his home and his mother. Let us now turn the corner of the street, take a few hasty steps, and here we are once

more by the side of the enchanted trundler. Happy fellow! thought we in our simplicity, to possess such a store of the luxuries of life, and that store, too, all his own. Had the wealth of Cæsus been bestowed upon us, how gladly would we have exchanged our lot with the poor fruit-hawker. We had then no idea of the value of gold; we saw it glitter, it is true; it was pleasing for a moment to the eye, but what of that? we could neither eat nor enjoy it. Far different was our estimation of the pedlar's treasures; theirs was the intrinsic beauty that surpasseth show—the charms, not only to be seen, but felt; we had often tasted them, we knew they were sweet, they were rich, they were juicy—and oh! we felt sure that to have one glorious feast of those luscious cherries must be the climax of human felicity. "It were no figure of speech to say," as my learned friend Serjeant Buzfuz has it, that our mouths watered on that trying occasion; indeed, I almost fancy, as I dwell upon the scene, that mine moistens yet. Hope must be a wonderful and powerful faculty, or it could not have sustained us, as it did, throughout the whole of that day, for apart from its aid, we had nothing save "the air, the thin air," to subsist upon. Night however came at length, and relieved us from further suspense or uncertainty; but nevertheless, our features fell, like the barometer in rainy weather, as the last pound of cherries disappeared from the barrow, and their price jingled in the hawker's pocket. We were indeed knights of the rueful countenance. The charm was now broken, and we awoke to a true sense of our situation. We were hungry and tired, and two or three miles from home, which was to us a fearful distance at that moment. We had, besides, angry mothers to encounter. We saw the uplifted arm wielding the direful rod, and almost felt our luckless breech smarting and writhing from its castigation. This was the probable fate of each, and this surely was bad enough; but how much was misery increased, when I placed my hand in the tiny pocket where I had deposited my aunt's half-crown, and found it had vanished, paper and all! How or where it went I knew not, nor have I since discovered the secret; I only know it disappeared, and that I paid pretty dearly "for my whistle."

Oh! shades of departed birch rods, how close was our acquaintance,—how warm was the reception you gave me on that memorable occasion. Great must have been my ecstasy, for I remember I held forth in a louder and more musical key than I had previously practised; and if I mistake not, even danced in your presence. Great, therefore, must have been my ecstasy! Your disinterested favours left a deep and lasting impression on my young mind. But, alas! the best friends must part; well might the reflective poet inquire, "Who has not lost a friend?" Since that time it has been my fate to possess many real friends, but none whose attachment was so warm and sincere, or whose devotion I felt so intensely as your own—none whose absence I mourned with such pure regret. Our earliest associations are, in truth, the most powerful, and the latest remembered. Farewell, long-lost rods of birch! we shall meet no more, at least in this world. I may not shed a tear, because it were fruitless—nor grieve aloud, because it were vain; but the sigh will still heave like a billow at my breast, and your memory, departed favourites, be ever green in the "soul of Richard."

SYLVAN.

Star of Hope.

THE INQUIRY.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

TELL me, where canst thou be seen,

Poesy?

I yearn to see thy face serene,

Poesy!

Ask the stars, the dews, the flowers,

Ask the hills, the brooks, the bowers;

Ask the clouds when lightning-riven,

Or gleaming with the gold of even;

Ask the bow that spans the plain,

Ask the sunny-twinkling rain,—

And they will answer thee!

Tell me, where canst thou be heard,
 Poesy ?
 Alas ! I pine with hope deferred,
 Poesy !
 Ask the thunders as they leap,
 Ask the never-sleeping deep ;
 Ask the winds that roar, or sigh,
 Ask the waters babbling by ;
 Ask the bee who sings, and sips
 Sweets from a thousand fragrant lips ;
 Ask the language of the leaves,
 The shivering thrill of golden sheaves,
 The coo of doves, the rush of wings,—
 Ask the breeze-awakened strings ;
 Ask the birds in sun and shade ;
 Ask all sounds that God hath made,—
 And they will answer thee !

Tell me, how canst thou be known,
 Poesy ?
 Make thy spirit all my own,
 Poesy !
 Ask the feelings which awake
 Within thee for compassion's sake ;
 Ask the sorrows of thy soul,
 Ask the joy which mocks control ;
 Ask thy hopes, affections, love ;
 Ask thy dreams of bliss above,—
 And they will answer thee !

Tell me, how canst thou be spoken,
 Poesy ?
 Give me some unfailing token,
 Poesy !
 Ask the wailings of the poor,
 A stricken crowd who much endure ;
 Ask the child's endearing tongue,
 And the mother's answering song ;
 Ask the fervent vows of youth,
 Ask the words of stedfast truth ;
 Ask the poet, who hath brought
 Rich language from the mines of thought ;
 Ask the breathings of despair,
 Ask the contrite sinner's prayer ;
 Ask the syllables that fall
 From Nature's lips—the best of all,—
 And they will answer thee !

I thank thee with a gladdened heart,
 Poesy ;
 Henceforth my fears shall all depart,
 Poesy !
 I'll go abroad upon the earth,
 And give my dreamy feelings birth ;
 My every sense of sadness lull,
 By gazing on the beautiful,
 “ And rise from out my mean estate,”
 By mingling with the good and great,
 Whose aim has been, ‘mid toil and strife,
 To give a thousand charms to life.

I'll follow thee in all thy moods,
 Through Nature's awful solitudes ;
 I'll seek the ruins of the past,
 'Mid regions still, and wild, and vast ;
 Where pride and splendour once have been,
 Where weary wastes are only seen
 To mock the pilgrim's eye, and show
 His lasting home is not below.
 Through peopled towns my feet shall pass,
 And o'er the barren dark morass ;
 And o'er the mountain's giant form,
 The nurse and birth-place of the storm.
 My lonely footsteps shall abide
 In forests wildering and wide,
 And on the banks of mighty rivers,
 Whose waves are broken into shivers
 By gusty winds that o'er them sweep,
 Or rocks precipitously steep.
 And in the desert I will linger,
 When early morning's golden finger
 Plays on Memnon's mystic stone,
 And wakes it into music lone.
 Where'er thy genial spirit reigns,
 On wintry wastes, or sunny plains,
 My vagrant feet shall find a place,
 Where I will gaze upon thy face,
 Until I utter words of flame,
 To wreath with light my humble name.
 I'll talk with thought-exalted things,
 Until on Fancy's strengthened wings
 I pierce the Infinite afar,
 And journey on from star to star ;
 Through dazzling files of sun-like spheres,
 Which seen from earth, are but like tears
 Which hang on blade, and flower, and thorn,
 Shook from the dewy locks of morn.
 Or I will travel on the path
 Which the mysterious comet hath,
 Perchance to see it past me driven,
 Filling with fire the cope of heaven,
 And roaring like ten thousand seas,
 Through its vast realm of mysteries,
 Till fierce and far it fades away,
 Beyond where human sight can stray.
 Grown faint with splendour, Fancy falls
 Down from the blue and boundless halls,
 Where distant planets wax and wane,
 To rest awhile on earth again.
 Still thou art with me here below,
 Spirit of song ! and well I know
 Thou art the soul of everything
 That comes with renovating Spring,—
 Of all that Summer wakes to light,
 Luxuriant, blooming, green, and bright,—
 Of all that reeling Autumn yields,
 Of luscious fruits and laden fields,—
 Of all that Winter ushers in
 With stormy revelry and din ;
 The pictures of fantastic frost,
 The feathery snow-shower, tempest-toast

The fierce and unexpected hail,
 Smit downward by the raging gale ;
 The trees that sway and groan aghast,
 Beneath the wrestling of the blast,
 And all the powers which reign sublime
 Throughout that cold tumultuous time.
 Thou art a spirit, too, at rest
 Within the human soul and breast ;
 Felt beneath the palace dome,
 And in the peasant's cottage home ;
 Spoken by the watchful sage,
 Written on the poet's page,
 Dispensing light to many a mind,
 With joys exalted and refined.
 Spirit of beauty, sound, and feeling !
 So calmly o'er my visions stealing,—
 Lend me thy purest, holiest fire,
 To raise my aspirations higher,
 Until I seem to spurn the sod,
 And feel thine essence—which is God !

April, 1842.

ON LANGUAGE.

BY A. G. TYSON, P. G.

CHAPTER II.

THIS stage of the physical investigation of my subject is the most natural one for me to introduce, what I think will be acceptable to my readers, namely, the

IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH.

The blessings of a freedom of speech ; of a fine glowing, clear, bold, round style of expression, who can tell ? The powers of oratory, what can withstand ? The sweetness of speech, what can resist ? She touches mysteriously either the tenderest or the harshest parts of our nature, and summons us at her will to the frantic enthusiasm of love or fury.

"———When she speaks, O Angilo ! then music,
 Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
 To aged mountains ; and made rugged beasts
 Lay by their rage ; and tall trees, that knew
 No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
 And hear, and wonder ; and the sea, whose surges
 Shook their white heads in heaven, to be as midnight,
 Still and attentive ! steals into our souls
 So suddenly and strangely, that we are
 From that time no more ours, but what she pleases."

"It is reported, that when Quintus Ligarius was prosecuted for having been in arms against Cæsar, and Cicero had undertaken his defence, Cæsar said to his friends,—" *What shall hinder us from hearing Cicero, it being so long since we heard him last ? But as for his client, I am already convinced that he is a bad man, and an enemy to me.*" But Cicero, when he began to speak, wonderfully moved him, and his oration, as it proceeded, was so variously pathetic, and so inimitably elegant, that the colour of Cæsar's countenance often changed ; and it was very evident that his mind was violently agitated by many different passions. At length when the orator touched upon the battle of Pharsalia, he was so transported, that *his body trembled*, and some of the papers that he held dropped from his hand. Thus being overpowered by the force of Cicero's eloquence, he acquitted Ligarius, though he had before resolved to condemn him."—PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

How splendid the bloodless victory wherein the soft persuasive might of well turned language can loose the grasp of a victorious and determined Cæsar, and let his victim free. But how touching to the sympathetic feeling of a generous mind is the melancholy spectacle that accompanies an impediment of speech. Listen to the harsh discord, the babbling confusion, and almost unintelligible mutterings of the inveterate stammerer. Look at "the human face divine" changed by unnatural contortions into an horrible grin, and mark how the poor creature is mortified by his inability; he is abashed, and if you look at him in the face he is speechless. O! for the power of miracles, and I would heal thee, were it but for the selfish love of avoiding the pain which thy imperfections give me! And then the piteous gabblings of the deaf and dumb! Oh, how they rend my soul! I can scarcely endure to see a glorious mind, towering and free in its internal actions, shut out from the world by which it is surrounded. Its efforts of expression place me in the uncertainty of the poet, who says,—

"Methought I heard a voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the ocean, when the winds
Fight with the waves, now in a still small tone,
Your dying accents fell as wrecking ships,
After they dreadful sink, murmur'g down,
And bubble up a noise."

This subject surely has claims upon our attention sufficient to cause us to give it the fullest investigation, if there remain the hope only of removing even one per cent. of the calamity.

If we inquire into dumbness, we shall find it to be a constant companion and nearly always the result of deafness existing from infancy. Speech is acquired by imitation, and that through the ear; it necessarily results, that if hearing be denied, speech must also be wanted, the power of imitating sound being lost. This should make us exceedingly careful in preserving the hearing of infants; and it teaches us the essential difference between idiotic confusion of speech and true dumbness,—in the latter case, there are no correct words, but perfect freedom of thought and a sparkling intelligent eye; in the former, a few correct words, generally misapplied through want of sense. Along with this, the eye is vacant and unmeaning, sometimes rather inclined to the cunning.

A person may be dumb from want of the vocal organs, but they must of necessity be dumb who are born deaf. In the gospel by St. Mark, chap. 7, ver. 32, we are told that they brought unto Jesus "one that was *deaf* and had an *impediment* in his speech." By this translation of ours we must understand either that the man was naturally deaf and yet could speak, or else that the word impediment means absolute stoppage. On the surface of this text there appears a kind of denial of the fact that deafness is constantly the cause of dumbness. But the translation is not strictly literal; the Greek words used are *κωφον* (*kophon*) for deafness, and *μογιλαλον* (*mogilalon*) for dumbness; and these two words sure enough have this meaning, but this is not their only signification. The approximate meaning of *κωφος* (*kophos*) is dull or blunt; deaf is only the secondary interpretation: hence this fellow creature may have been troubled with a false, dull or blunt hearing, which disabled him from rightly imitating human speech. His mouth would express what his false ears represented to his sensorium. The passage would bear another explanation or two; for instance, the man might have had his hearing in infancy until he had partly learned to speak, and then losing his hearing his speech would remain imperfect; but what appears most rational to me, is the joint malformation of mouth and ears without a total suspension of their functions; at all events, it is evident that the assertion which I set out with cannot be overruled by this record. The cure of dumbness cannot be performed until we find out means either of restoring the sense of hearing, or else of defining and fixing sound without the services of the ear.

From these cases of almost total denial of speech, we will pass on to imperfect language, in the shape of

PSELLISMUS, OR STAMMERING.

If we canvass public opinion on the nature, cause and cure of stammering, we shall find the subject as clouded as perhaps any matter of literary interest. In an old work on the "Melody and Measure of Speech," by Joshua Steell, 1775, I find, he says of stammerers, "it would seem the cause of their hesitation and stuttering arises from some *inaptitude to fall in immediately with the rhythmical pulsation or poise*

befitting their words, but which, in singing, they are enabled to do, by the additional influence of the *diastematic melody*, wherein the *cadences* are more certainly pointed out, than even in poetry, or any language, without additional music." Dr. Darwin, in his *Zoonomia*, says, "Impediment of speech is owing to the associations of the motions of the organs of speech being interrupted or dissevered by ill-employed sensation or sensitive motions, as by awe, bashfulness, ambition of shining, or fear of not succeeding, and the person uses voluntary efforts in vain to regain the broken associations."

"The broken association is generally between the first consonant and the succeeding vowel; as in endeavouring to pronounce the word *parable*, the *p* is voluntarily repeated again and again, but the remainder of the word does not follow, because the association between it and the next vowel is dissevered." I could make other similar quotations, but as I confine myself to a general view, rather than gathering up all minute particulars, I will now introduce briefly an opposite view of the subject.

The disease of stammering has lately been hard laid at in a physical point of view; the medical and surgical periodicals, a variety of pamphlets and other publications have attracted considerable notice by ascribing the whole effect of imperfect speaking to malformation of the tongue and fauces, or back part of the mouth. Some believe the stammer to consist in a fault in the genioglossal muscles, that is, the muscle which is connected with both [*geneion, Greek*] the chin, and [*glossa, Greek*] the tongue; of this opinion are M. M. Amussat Roux, Velpeau Dieffenbach, on the continent, and Dr. Phillips, of London, and others in our own country. Dieffenbach, in one of his communications to the French Institute, says,—"I conceived that the disorder in the mechanism of speech, produced by stammering, was referable to a dynamic (*dynamis power*) cause, which I considered to depend upon a spasmodic state of the air-passages, especially of the glottis, which was communicated to the tongue, muscles of the face, and even of the neck." Dr. Marshall Hall refers the fault to ill formation of the vocal organs, particularly the lips; and Dr. Arnott to the closing of the glottis. Mr. Yearsley says,—"It appeared to me that in the great majority of stammerers, the *isthmus faucium* (or opening from the mouth to the throat) has been of much less size than in the natural condition; the tongue generally of increased volume, particularly at its dorsum, and extending farther back than in the normal state; and the tonsils frequently so much enlarged that the base of the palato-glossal arch is completely lost in the encroachment of the tonsil upon its site. But the most constant changes occur in the uvula, or in the posterior palatine arches. The uvula is thickened or elongated, so as frequently to drag on the upper surface of the tongue. The pharyngo-palatine arch is often attached to the side of the uvula, much lower down towards its point than natural, giving the veil of the palate a webbed appearance, and bringing it towards the dorsum of the tongue;" and so he goes on, ascribing the entire impediment to deformation of the organs of speech.

Thus, as in most other subjects of inquiry, we find the utmost contradiction, and we are compelled to revert to the decisions of common sense philosophy, the most infallible of human standards. I might have multiplied quotations to a great extent, and arranged two respectable, but keenly conflicting armies in the front of each other, one fighting for the nervous influence alone, and the other maintaining physical deformation to be the only cause of impediment. If we ask for cases of successful treatment in proof of either doctrine, why they are heaped upon us by hundreds in a list, from both parties.

M. Colombat, who treats the disease entirely as a nervous affection, gives the following result of three hundred cases, which came before him from the year 1827 to 1833. Out of the above number of stammerers, he cured permanently, two hundred and thirty-two; thirty-two suffered a relapse. In fifteen the impediment returned after a second treatment, and twenty-one were incurable by his method. Hence the general success was the cure of nearly five out of every six. On the physical system Mr. Yearsley gives in his results, March 31st, 1841, out of two hundred and four cases, fifty-three cured; seventy-one much relieved; thirty-two relieved, and to forty-eight no relief. The number of the actually cured being rather more than one in four of the whole experience, or estimating the relieved on the average to be half cured, the value of the system may be taken at success in half of its cases. These reports give in the comparison in favour of the nervous theory; and if my observation do not fail me exceedingly, this comparison gives nearly a correct impression of the merits of each system.

It is a notorious fact that most stammerers are either of tender nerve, narrow and confined in the chest, or short breathed; and if it be noticed, it will be found that a great number are affected with fear, bashfulness, or some other similar *mental affection*; and no one of any intelligence needs to be told what effect this will have upon the body. Every one must have experienced that fear, for instance, will completely paralyze the whole body. How many people have we heard talk of being terrified till they could scarcely move, and one has heard of some being frightened to death; indeed, the stoutest of men will often tremble and quake, and a hardy band of Roman soldiers, at the sight of an angel, "did *shake*, and became as dead men." A talented young preacher, when first appointed to a congregation in Liverpool, stammered so much that he was under the necessity of apologizing to his audience, and saying that *the stammer would go off when he got used to them*. Many a good speaker, when first entering on his subject, is fluttered, hurried in his breath, and a little disposed to stammer; but as he advances, and becomes warmed, he may be as eloquent as Cicero. Narrow-chested people must be short in breath, and consequently clip their words short, or fail altogether, as the best of speakers will do when they have run hard above their strength.

The success of the nervous treatment in a multitude of cases, sufficiently proves that the fault, in a great measure at least, depends on the nerves; the success of the surgical treatment by no means proves, in all instances, a previous disorganization; for if the disease be purely nervous, *any proposed remedy in which the sufferer has confidence may be sufficient for a cure*! If he stammer only through fear, anything which will remove the fear will also take away the impediment; those who know the effect of the imagination will bear me out in this statement. Many curious instances of this deception on the human body are in my possession; I will just record two. A young medical friend of mine being much annoyed by an old woman who was constantly complaining of her ailments, one morning took a phial bottle, and dipped it in a vessel of water before her eyes, wiped it dry, tied it up as usual, and very gravely assured her that by putting a tea spoonful of *that medicine* into her coffee every morning, he would warrant she would be cured; the fact was she had so much confidence in him, and suspected so little, that she actually recovered through the effect of her own imagination. A second being anxious to obtain sleep at night, was in a joke supplied with bread pill, and she never in her life slept sounder on an opiate. So much for the power of the mind over the body; and Mr. Yearsley's surgical operations may really in many cases perform the remedy by merely taking away nervous fear. Again, as I think Mr. Lee somewhere observes, if the cause of stammering be physical, why are not women equally affected by it with men, for the proneness to diseased uvula and tonsils, &c., must be about equal; whereas the proportion of female stammerers is probably not more than five per cent., as compared with men. There is nevertheless frequently a physical malformation of the vocal organs, sometimes slight, and may be overcome by training, and sometimes requires surgical assistance; but these require discrimination, and he who undertakes to cure, should know somewhat on both sides of the question.

If we desire to improve the harmony of our social language, by removing the impediments to its expression, we must commence our

CURE OF STAMMERING

by discriminating between its different sorts. In Dr. Cullen's nosology the disease is divided into the seven kinds which follow:—

- 1.—Psellismus hesitans.
- 2.—Psellismus ringens.
- 3.—Psellismus lallans.
- 4.—Psellismus emolliens.
- 5.—Psellismus balbutiens.
- 6.—Psellismus scheilus.
- 7.—Psellismus lagostomatum.

The first of these, psellismus hesitans, or *hesitating stammer*, is the most prevalent by far; it is that which is commonly called stuttering or stammering; it is always shown in a difficulty of beginning to speak, and is marked by a disseveration of the first syllable of a word. M. Serres subdivides this species of stammer into two kinds: the first is indicated by something like a St. Vitus's dancing of the vocal muscles, the

lips, &c.; and the second is marked by a tetanic stiffness of the muscles. This distinction I readily approve of, as being likely to be of service. More people are affected with this species of disease than themselves are aware of; it is at least in the first subdivision, purely nervous, and manifests itself more or less in every species of hesitation, or repetition of words. The satirical Peter Pindar, alias, Dr. Walcot, puts a humorous specimen into the mouth of the King, at Mr. Whitbread's brewery:—

"To Whitbread now deign'd Majesty to say,
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your Majesty,' in humble notes,
The brewer answer'd,—'Also, Sire, of oats.'
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an't please your Majesty, are *grains*."
'Grains? grains?' said Majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains? grains!—that come from hops—yes, *hops, hops, hops!*'
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault,
'Sire,' cried the humble brewer, 'give me leave,
Your sacred Majesty to undeceive,—
Grains, Sire, are never made from hops—but malt.'
'True,' said the courteous monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt.—I meant malt all the while.'
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your Majesty, you did, I'm sure.'
'Yes,' answered Majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did—I—I—I—I!"

Think me not disloyal for this quotation which I make, because of its being such a true specimen of common social stammer, of a kind which requires to be constantly guarded against by the best talkers and linguists. As sure as ever we begin to talk about "that of which we are ignorant, we shall, like the king in the above case, *be at fault*." Hence one of the best precepts to be given for the avoiding of stammering, is the old proverb, "think before you speak;" besides this, be careful how you have your children taught to read from the ages of four to ten years, for be sure that if they be allowed to introduce anything but what is really printed in the book, they are next to ruined in their speech. Never allow them to "hum," or "ha," or repeat their words, but speak with a slow, full, clear voice. Learn to combat the *fear of man*, which bringeth a snare; avoid ambitious shining in oratory; practice speaking aloud, and expand and strengthen the chest and lungs by masculine exercise,—

"And read aloud, resounding Homer's strains,
And wield the thunders of Demosthenes;
The chest so exercised, improves its strength,
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes."

These brief hints will lead the intelligent reader into the path of preventing the impediments, and give some useful auxiliary means for its removal. If I should enter into the full means of cure for all the varieties of cases, this part of my essay would be swelled to a far too great extent, as indeed it has already grown much longer than I anticipated; its importance, and its being so much neglected, are my apology for introducing it here.

The remaining six kinds of Dr. Cullen's list I shall not dwell upon now, but merely observe generally, that the first includes probably two-thirds of the whole disease; in the others a surgical operation may frequently be useful, as in *psellismus balbutiens*, where there is a large tongue. This is the only case in which I should tolerate the dangerous operations of M. Dieffenbach, the cutting out of a triangular piece from the roots of the tongue, and I think I should never sanction its cutting straight across; it is unnecessary for me to repeat the dangers and absurdities of the system. I think it my duty too to warn the unsuspecting stammerer from submitting unadvisedly to some English mouth-carvers, who will operate upon any one, or every one, and kindly let them off by cutting out the uvula, or tonsils, for two guineas! leaving it to the risks as to whether the slightest benefit may be derived. Never submit to such treatment until you have consulted your own family surgeon, who will tell you gratis whether your mouth can be sliced out into a better fashion; your regular medical attendant has his credit at stake, and will not so soon deceive you. Depend upon it too, nature is capable of doing great things; if you even be considerably deformed, your organs may very probably, by an effort of well directed practice, be able to overcome the evil,—witness

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the case of Demosthenes,—but seek advice from some one who has some information *on the nature of the disease*. In short, the grand plan in all nervous stammering, is to attack the evil at the head point; that is, *at the brain! and through the understanding! Teach a man how to fortify and maintain his nerve, and the work is done*. While I write this paper, a youth is repeating me two pages of grammar, in a full straight voice, who was a few months ago fast approaching the worst stage of stuttering. These brief observations are all that space will be allowed for me, and I should run to a great extent in attempting a full direction for the cure of the various cases. I will therefore close this chapter of my article on language, by quoting a few cases in point from the Philosophical Transactions, which will both bear out my views, and encourage those to diligence who begin in this great work.

Let not even the deaf and dumb despair, for they are not absolutely beyond all hope, and I charge the friends of humanity to be particularly kind to those unfortunate fellow-creatures.

In No. 486 of the Philosophical Transactions is recorded an instance of a young man becoming dumb through illness, and continuing so for some years, when he dreamed “that he was falling into a furnace of boiling wort, which put him into so great an agony of fright, that, struggling with all his might to call out for help, he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue from that moment, as effectually as ever he had it in his life;” and this too after he had “had advice from all the neighbouring physicians, but to no purpose.”

In No. 312, of the same valuable work, is recorded the case of one Daniel Fraser, who was deaf and dumb till his seventeenth year, when he recovered his hearing after a violent fever, and was, after a few awkward attempts, so far enabled to imitate others as to be able to speak tolerably well in a few weeks.

In No. 286 of these Transactions, is an abstract of a letter from the Rev. Charles Ellis to Dr. Edward Tyson, of Gresham College, wherein the writer says, that Van Dalen “showed me, besides his own, a curiosity of a young lady born deaf and dumb, yet taught by Dr. Amman *to speak very intelligibly*! She is about seventeen years old; and I heard her read Dutch and Latin!” Would that the principle was followed up to its apex.

In the year 1742 the Royal Society received such a very extraordinary account of a young woman at Wickham Market, that they were constrained to appoint certain trusty and intelligent gentlemen to examine and report on the case. In No. 464 of the Philosophical Transactions, they say, “she informed us that she was now more than twenty years of age, born at Turnstal, (a village within four miles of Wickham Market, in Suffolk,) where she lost her tongue by a cancer, being then about four years old. It first appeared like a small speck on the upper superficies of the tongue, and soon eat its way quite to its root. She was under the care of Mr. Scotchmore, a surgeon of Saxmundham, who soon pronounced the case incurable: however, he continued using the best means he could for her relief. One day, when he was syringing it, the tongue dropped out, and they received it into a plate, the girl, to their amazement, saying to her mother, “don’t be frighted, mamma; it will grow again.” It was a quarter of a year after before it was quite cured.”

“We proceeded to examine her mouth with the greatest exactness we could, but found not the least appearance of any remaining part of a tongue, nor was there any uvula. * * * * *

“Notwithstanding the want of so necessary an organ as the tongue was generally supposed to be, to form a great part of our speech, and likewise to be assisting in deglutition, to our great admiration she performed the office of deglutition, both in swallowing solids and fluids, as well as we could, and in the same manner: and as to speech, she discoursed as fluently and well as other persons do. * * *

“She read to us in a book very distinctly and plain; only we observed, that sometimes she pronounced words ending in *ath* as *et*, and as *omb*, *ad* as *eib*; but it required a nice and strict attention to observe even this difference of sound. She sings very prettily, and pronounced her words in singing as is common. * * *

For some observations on the affections of the voice, from a diseased state of the lungs, see an account of the practice of Auscultation, &c., made by Dr. Skoda, in the July part of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, and many other modern medical publications. As I cannot presume on space to enter further into this subject,

though exceedingly interesting to me, I can only offer any further information to the service of my friends : those near me are welcome to read any of the articles referred to from my library,—friends at a distance may correspond with me, if they choose. I purpose next to consider the natural construction of language.

33, *West Gate, Scarborough.*

[To be continued.]

THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY.

BY MISS ISABELLA VARLEY.

CLAUDINE was young and beautiful, her face
 Was like a richly flower-besprent parterre,
 Cultured by Beauty in derision of
 The short-lived gems of Flora, fading not
 When other flow'rets fade, blooming undimmed
 By change of clime or season—ever fair!
 The modest, self-concealing pimpernel,
 Laden with morning dew, might aptly seem
 Her blue retiring eye, glistening with tears
 From pity's heavenly fount, and veiled beneath
 The jealous lid's deep fringe, that hid its glow
 As an enamour'd lover fain would shroud
 His mistress from the world, or miser seek
 Concealment for his gold ;—her wealth of hair
 Hung like a show'r of fairy gold, baffling
 The limner's skill to paint,—less gracefully
 The rich laburnum's pensile clusters wave
 Than did her sunny curls, shading a brow
 Where the throned lily in its purest state
 Dazzled the eye with whiteness, temper'd by
 The twin blush roses of her cheeks, that shamed
 Their flaunting crimson sisterhood, and told
 How beautiful was modesty ;—her full
 Ripe lips, carnations bathed in dew, were but
 The portals of a prison, where were ranged
 Two rows of snow-drop teeth as sentinels,
 To guard the captive breath of mingled sweets,—
 The incense of *all* odour-giving flowers
 Combined in one perfume, which came and went
 A pris'ner on parole, bribing the guard
 With nectar'd kisses, as it softly passed
 The full lips' vermeil gateway, bearing life
 And bloom to Beauty's else imperfect bow'r.

Some eighteen years had passed, Claudine's fair form,
 Beauty's bright home, grew lovelier with time ;
 The garden flourished in its pristine grace,
 Replete with every charm that mind could give,
 Or loveliness bestow.

And then Love came,
 His steed a butterfly, that flutter'd round
 The flowers of Beauty with such zealous care,
 Attention so assiduous and warm,
 Claudine, alas ! surrender'd him her heart.
 The citadel was won, the victor Love
 Reign'd over vanquish'd reason, and denied

A single thought admission that rebelled
 'Gainst the usurper's sway ; Love kept his seat—
 The butterfly was gone, ephemeron!
 The lover of a day, vain fickle thing,
 For ever on the wing inconstant still.
 The garden drooped, Claudine was languishing
 'Neath the dominion of the tyrant Love,
 Whose touch, torpedo-like, had numbed her frame,
 And bound her faculties. The scene was changed,
 The object of her adoration gone,
 All that had given life its zest had fled,
 And left her desolate indeed ; she still
 Must bow a vassal unto Love ! But where
 Was he who twined the rose-hid fetters round
 Her trusting heart, and placed the despot there
 With smiling confidence in ready vows,—
 Lip-deep assertions, honey'd flatteries,—
 To win her simple, unsuspecting heart ?
 Why came he not to claim the promised hand ?
 Why loiter on the eve of happiness ?
 Had he deserted her—his own Claudine ?
 He had !—and bent before another's shrine
 In homage insincere as that he paid
 To his forsaken and betrothed Claudine !
 She wept not—or no eye had seen her weep !
 Her smile was gracious as before,—her voice
 Was musical as ever !—though the ear,
 Listening attentively, might note at times
 A gurgling sound, almost inaudible,
 As if thought checked her utterance.
 And beauty's garden perished, for the worm
 Had rifled all its charms ! The spoiler preyed
 On the laburnum tress—it bleached and thinned,
 Almost perceptibly, her lily brow,
 Shrivell'd and withered—and the roses fled
 Her clay-cold cheeks—the deep blue pimpernel
 Seen in her lovely eye changed to dull grey,
 Then closed in death—the snow-drop teeth resign'd
 Their trust, and freed the breath from slavery,
 Which, ling'ring on the threshold of its home,
 Sighed an adieu as the wan portals closed
 Abruptly on the false one's murmur'd name !

THE STRANGER'S LECTURE.

BY ZETA.

ONE cold night, in the month of November, I was sitting in my little domicile, enjoying the comfort of an easy chair, and the genial warmth of a bright cheering fire. It was Lodge-night ; but as it was too soon for meeting, to while away the intervening time, I amused myself with looking over a few articles in the October number of the *Odd Fellows' Magazine*. I read the spirited and interesting account of "The Burning Ship," by the gent. who uses such a long crack-jaw signature; after which I also read the sensible and useful remarks on "The too prevalent belief in supernatural appearances," by Imrie; then I came to "The Lady in the Lodge," by the gent. without a signature, during the reading of which I must confess that, in spite of the humorous style in which it is written, I really began to feel drowsy; the glaring light of the candle first made me rub my eyes a little, then the genial soothing influence of a comfortable fireside

made me nod a little, and before I came to the end of the piece I am ashamed to acknowledge that two or three times the book dropped from my hand. However, when Miss Megson & Co. were "skelping away on broomsticks," the clock struck eight, and I soon found myself comfortably seated in my accustomed place in the Lodge, and paying due attention to the business of the evening. There was a making, and when the ceremony was concluded a general silence for a time prevailed; and as there was no other business on hand, the officers were sitting in the most quiet and demure manner possible, and the Secretary, with his pen behind his ear, resting from his labours in the most approved style of luxuriant ease. On my left hand sat a stranger, who wore an ample travelling cloak; his physiognomy was interesting, and his features were regular, although partially concealed beneath a superabundant crop of glossy curling hair. This stranger, who had the appearance of a gentleman who had not passed the prime of life, seemed to be much interested in the business of the evening; and at the time when such business seemed nearly concluded, and silence reigned, he suddenly arose, and after expressing himself much pleased with the regular and orderly manner in which everything had been conducted, and with the general harmony and good feeling which had prevailed during the evening; and after adverting to the moral and instructive ceremony of initiation which had just been witnessed, he politely asked leave to make some further remarks to the Lodge, which request being readily granted, he then proceeded—although not in a very masculine, yet in an exceedingly musical voice—to express himself in the following manner:—

"Worthy Officers and Brothers of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows,—I trust you will excuse a stranger thus rising to address you, when I assure you that the motive which induces me so to do is a sincere desire to promote the well-being of Odd Fellowship. The subject also on which I venture to address you is one of great moment, and one which on that account deserves the serious consideration of all Odd Fellows, for it is nothing less than the moral character of the Order to which they belong. Odd Fellowship now occupies such a prominent station among the philanthropic Institutions of this country, numbers so many thousands under its banners, and has risen so rapidly from comparative obscurity to the commanding situation it now holds, that it behoves all Odd Fellows not only to endeavour perfectly to understand the true principles of an Order to which they are united, and which is so rapidly extending its influence far and wide, but also when such principles are understood, and fully approved, to give them their zealous support, and to use every exertion to preserve untarnished the moral character of so excellent an Institution. As a provident society of a highly benevolent character alone, Odd Fellowship ranks high among similar Institutions. But it is the radiant principles of christian morality which shed such a halo of glory around it; and without this cheering influence it would never have risen to the elevated station it now enjoys. From this source proceed those bright rays of pure philanthropy which shed such a beneficial influence over everything connected with the Order. It is this which renders it attractive to the reflective mind,—which induces moral and religious men of every denomination to join its ranks,—and which, as a shield, not only repels the arrows of scorn and contumely, but makes them often rebound with force sufficient to wound the hand that sent them. Hitherto, beneath the shelter of moral philanthropy, has the Order progressed rapidly; the beautiful banners of Friendship, Love and Truth have been unfurled to the view of the world at large; while thousands, laying down their arms of prejudice and distrust, have joined its standard. Thus has it hitherto progressed, and thus sheltered will it continue to progress, spite of the cool, selfish atheist's sneer, or the infidel's scorn. True, Odd Fellowship is not a religious, no more than it is a political Institution; for "no religious or political discussion is permitted in any Lodge;" yet as the laws enjoin all members of the Order to be true patriots, loyal, attached to the Queen and Government, so the same laws teach that it is the duty of every Odd Fellow not to quarrel with the religious opinions of a brother, but rather to take due care that his own conduct is governed by the general principles of Christianity. Thus, although Odd Fellowship is not in itself a religious Institution, inasmuch as it has no form of worship nor interferes with any man's creed, yet laying aside all sectarian views, and matters of mere opinion, it enjoins all its members to be Christians in deed and in truth. It expects them to be kind husbands—affectionate parents—dutiful children—and moral, useful, honourable members of society,—doing in all things as they would others should.

do unto them. And further, it not only condemns, but punishes drunkenness, swearing, quarrelling, and 'all gross and open vice.' Thus, although not in itself a religious Institution, nothing is better calculated to carry out into real practice the true principles of Christianity. As a social Institution, Odd Fellowship is also calculated to be eminently useful to refine the mind, and prepare it for the reception of correct principles. The order which prevails in the Lodge-room—the regular and ready manner in which business is conducted—the deference which is paid to the presiding officers—the harmony and brotherly feeling which prevail, all tend to polish and improve the mind, to soften and keep alive the finest feelings of the heart, to call forth dormant talent into a sphere of active usefulness, and to assist each member in acquiring a regular method of business, which not only renders him useful in his Lodge, but which is often of considerable service to him in conducting his private affairs at home. Such in its excellent social and moral tendency is Odd Fellowship; yet although its laws are so good, and its moral precepts so excellent, still, like all human Institutions, Odd Fellowship has its blemishes; and gladly would I for one overlook them, but candour, and a love for the real interest of the Order, oblige me to notice one or two which are at variance with such moral principles. And glad should I be, if my feeble efforts could in any measure assist in removing blemishes, which not only give pain to the minds of many of its members, and tend to increase the prejudice of cavillers against the Institution, but also deter many scrupulous, religious men, from entering the Order. The first blemish I would notice, is the convivial practices which are yet allowed in many Lodges, and perhaps in this matter it would be well if the Odd Fellows of England were to take a hint from their transatlantic brethren, and speedily abolish all such convivial practices at Lodge-meetings; and thus, like them, make an effort to gain the respect and esteem of the virtuous of all classes."

Here, as the speaker paused a little, our G. M. rose and remarked that many sensible men deemed it necessary to allow some refreshment in the Lodge-room, thinking that the working man is worthy to enjoy his glass of ale after the toil of his day's labour; and that he had better enjoy it in the Lodge-room in a decent, orderly manner, than be driven from his Lodge to take it probably in excess among more disorderly company.

"I allow," replied the stranger, "that this argument is worthy of consideration, and as far as a glass of ale goes, such practice would probably be productive of no evil consequences; but in this matter it must be obvious to every one that it would be wise in every Lodge to have a general restriction as to quantity; for spite of the strict rules against intemperance, if the quantity is left to the choice of each member, it will occasionally happen that some will disturb the harmony of the Lodge, and disgrace the Order, by taking more than is necessary. And as regards spirituous liquors, the danger is not only greater, but so long as it is allowed in the Lodge-room, it will unavoidably lead to evil consequences. I might here dwell upon the pecuniary evil, and bad example arising from many members attending the Lodge ostensibly for provident purposes, and yet spending more money each Lodge-night in liquor, than they are contributing towards the support of the Order. But this, and many other evils arising from the practice, must be so obvious to every one, that it not only seems unnecessary to enlarge more upon the subject, but it would appear difficult to bring any reason forward for the continuation of such a demoralizing practice."

Here the speaker again pausing, our P. G. M. took the opportunity to say that many well-informed persons argue that if convivial practices in Lodge-rooms were entirely abolished, the Lodges would be thinly attended; that in many districts not even a sufficient number of members would come forward properly to attend to Lodge business.

"That certainly is a matter worthy of investigation," replied the stranger, "although to me it seems singular that any Odd Fellows, who profess to be governed by philanthropic principles, can really be so selfish as to abandon their Lodge, merely because they are placed under reasonable restrictions, which are deemed necessary for the welfare of the Order; and I for one, feel reluctant until the case is clearly proved, to harbour, for a moment, an opinion so humbling to Odd Fellowship. Rather let the subject be fairly discussed throughout the Order, and the merits and demerits of the convivial system calmly inquired into; and if drinking in the Lodge be fully proved to be injurious to Odd Fellowship, then I have no doubt but every Odd Fellow would not

only be willing, during Lodge-hours, to give up spirituous liquors, but even his beloved pipe also, if necessary, rather than by indulging in such selfish gratification, injure the character of the Order to which he belongs. There is yet another evil which I understand still exists, and which I would particularly dwell upon, as being entirely at variance with the first principles of Odd Fellowship, and that is, the practice of some Lodges holding Lectures on the Sabbath day. Now considering that this practice has not only been already noticed in the Odd Fellows' Magazine, but is also universally disapproved of by the Order at large, it really seems strange, among the many improvements which have taken place in the Order, that such a blemish should yet be suffered to remain. Now, I am aware that the practice is not approved even by the Lodges that allow it; indeed, I have been informed by some of the officers of such Lodges, that they deeply regret such an evil exists."

"Yet," replied our G. M., "some persons argue that many members are so much engaged in their various employments during the week, that they seldom can make it convenient to attend the lectures; therefore, being more at liberty on the Sabbath day, to accommodate such members, some Lodges have by degrees given way to this seeming case of necessity, and are now in the habit of holding Sunday Lectures; and the Lectures having such a moral tendency, they think there is not so much harm in the practice as at the first glance there appears to be."*

"Now, I grant," continued the stranger, "that this evasive reasoning, or expediency, seems at first somewhat plausible; but when we consider that such practice is in opposition to the principles of the Order—in opposition to the general practice of other moral societies—contrary to the sentiments and opinions of all Christians in this Christian country—and in direct opposition to the injunctions of the Holy Scriptures of truth,—then, I think, it must appear to every one to be a practice which must prove a disgrace to the Order as long as it is suffered to exist. The Lectures may undoubtedly abound with excellent moral precepts, and may be in themselves one of the brightest features of the Order; yet even such Lectures should not be suffered to interfere with the sanctity of the Sabbath. Besides "the fact of their generally being held in public houses," the practice of drawing the members thither on the Sabbath day, has in it something so glaringly inconsistent even to the eye of a member, that it must indeed appear exceedingly so to the eyes of the Christian public, who do not even know the plausible purpose for which they are assembled. But, however, I am glad to learn that such practice does not generally prevail, indeed I trust few, very few Lodges allow it; at least, I was not aware until very lately that such an evil at all existed in the Order. But the fact that such evil does any where exist, is sufficient to rouse all true Odd Fellows to use every effort for its removal. As I before stated, I believe that every Lodge which has unfortunately fallen into the practice, would rejoice if a law were passed to abolish it. And if such were the case, it would soon be proved that all who have the wish would find time to receive their Lectures without interfering with the Sabbath. But if not, I would even carry the argument still farther, and say, should some in that case not be able to receive their Lectures in due time, that they had even better never get them, than by so doing break the Sabbath, and bring down disgrace on the Order.† However, I rejoice that the blemishes, the vulnerable parts of Odd Fellowship, are not in its principles and precepts, for they are truly excellent; the failure lies alone in practice, and as such blemishes are not general, but partial, I trust as the Order advances, they will be more readily rooted out. Then if all Odd Fellows feel interested in preserving un sullied those excellent moral principles, by which as an Order they profess to be governed, I think they cannot prove their real love to the Order in any better manner than by endeavouring to amend all errors in practice which are at variance with those pure principles of morality; and although I now dwell a little on these blemishes, yet my confidence in the powerful and purifying influence of those principles is undiminished. And when I reflect on the rapid progress which the Order is making—on the powerful influence of its Magazine—on the many improve-

* I certainly felt rather surprised to hear these remarks from our officers, for it is but fair to say, that no spirituous liquors are used in our Lodge, neither are Sunday Lectures allowed; yet the Lodge and Lectures are well attended, and our numbers are rapidly increasing.

† Several hints in this Lecture are gathered from former writers in the Magazine; and among the rest, articles by A. G. Tyson. (July, 1839) S. Wheelhouse, (January, 1839) and by the Magazine Committee, (April, 1839) which are well worthy of attention.

ments which have already been made—and on the many true hands and hearts always ready to combine for its welfare, I have no doubt before long the Order will be purified from every real abuse, and shine forth with unclouded lustre. For founded on the firm rock of Christian morality, has the edifice of Odd Fellowship gradually been appeared, and it now presents to the gaze of the world an adamant front, firm enough to withstand all the waves of turbulent opposition. It is already a beautiful edifice, where the sick and the distressed are relieved, and where the widow and orphan are sheltered and comforted; yet, like all human designs, it is not entirely free from imperfections; but still it is hoped that the renovating spirit of pure moral philanthropy will soon remove every unsightly protuberance, and polish every roughness; and that, knit together by the firm cement of unity, its turrets will firmly and gradually rise higher and higher, farther from earth and earthly imperfections, and nearer to the skies."

Here, amidst a general burst of applause, the speaker sat down, and the N. G. rising, very politely thanked him for the kind manner in which he had addressed the Lodge; and also for the candid manner in which he had treated the subject, which, at the same time that it showed his sincere attachment to the Order, proved how anxious he was to remove all its blemishes, and he trusted the subject would not by any of the members easily be forgotten; at the same time he politely requested to be favoured with the name of a stranger who had so kindly honoured them with his company.

The stranger immediately rose and said, "Sir, I am afraid by making my name known I shall run the risk of losing the good opinion of the members of this Lodge, who may then look upon me as a wolf in 'sheep's clothing'; and when I avow that I am not, nor ever intend to become a member of your Order, I may be looked upon as a scornful spy, who with some sinister motive has invaded your sanctum sanctorum. However, Sir, although I have this evening worn a cloak, I do assure you it has only been a cover to the best intentions. I have for some time past proved my attachment to the Order by sheltering myself under a veil of incognito, and writing in your Magazine; and now, with the same friendly feelings, I have ventured into your Lodge wrapped up in a very comfortable cloak of incognito also. I must, at the same time, in candour, acknowledge that curiosity had some share in this adventure; for having a husband who is an Odd Fellow, I felt an irresistible desire to know what sort of company he mingled among, and am glad that I can now recommend all ladies to encourage their partners to become members of an Order the rules of which require them to be kind parents and affectionate husbands."

Here all eyes were intently fixed upon the stranger, wondering how all this would end, and not a few seeming as if they thought he was taking leave of his senses. Meantime the speaker thus continued:—

"Seeing, Sir, that my curiosity is now satisfied, and my intentions completed, I have no need of further disguise, and therefore, in answer to your kind enquiries, I have to reply that my name is Mrs. I——." When throwing off the ample cloak, and a luxuriant wig, the stranger appeared before the Lodge as a well-dressed, graceful, interesting female.

During the prevailing astonishment—although a peaceful Benedict—my feelings being worked up to a high state of exhilaration, I arose, and remarked that we were highly honoured by such a condescending visit; and as the presence of refined females had such a wonderful influence on mankind, and as their society would have a tendency to check disorder, and to promote unity and morality, I suggested that it would be of incalculable benefit to the Order, if a lady were allowed to be present in each Lodge, and to occupy the chair of the G. M. once a year, when our G. M.—who is a gallant Benedict also,—arose to move an amendment,—that as such visits, like unto angels' visits, would be "few and far between," he thought the words "once in six months," should be substituted for the words "once a year." Several other members were rising, I suppose for a further shortening of the time, when foreseeing the event, the lady arose, saying, "I trust, when in addition to having already explained my friendly feelings, I now promise the members of this Lodge, that although I am now in possession of some of the secrets of Odd Fellowship, they shall for ever remain within my own breast, that they will forgive my rashness in thus stealthily intruding myself among them."

"Madam," replied our N. G., "believe me, as we are convinced your motive was good, you have therefore not only our forgiveness, but also our sincere thanks for this

friendly visit, and also for the candid manner in which you have condescended to explain your kind wishes towards our Order."

"Forgiveness!" answered I, "why, Madam, we shall never be out of your debt; and give me leave to say, that your kind advice, your very able and eloquent,—"

"Stop, stop!" said she smiling, "I perceive those who, when I was enveloped in a cloak and a wig, said nothing encouraging, now when I have dropped my incognito, are going to prove themselves gross flatterers. But indeed I need not be much surprised, for it is nothing unusual; and if we females are sometimes a little spoiled, it is not unfrequently owing to gentlemen using in our presence rather too much flattery. And, therefore, to save you further trouble on that head," she jocularly said, "I shall bid you all good night." Thus saying she glided past, but in so doing by some mischance she trod upon my sore toe, which, spite of all my gallantry, made me give a sudden start. But surely no rap from a fairy wand could have produced a more wonderful effect. For immediately I found myself sitting, not in the Lodge, but in my own little room, just in the same place I was in the early part of the evening, with the Magazine, the candle, and the candlestick, all laid at my feet.

Kind reader, my friends hint that in reading "The Lady in the Lodge," I had fallen asleep, and that the Lodge scene was but a dream, occasioned by my perusing the article before alluded to; and towards the conclusion by some movement of my hand; I had knocked down the candlestick, which happening to fall on a tender toe, at once put an end to my dream; and as this circumstantial evidence is sufficient to induce many persons to believe that such was the case, I must even allow it to pass. However the Lecture was still firmly fixed in my mind, and thinking the subject important, and worthy of the attention of the Order, I sat down and committed it to paper in the best manner I could. And if "The Stranger's Lecture" prove of any service in removing the blemishes alluded to, I shall ever remember with pleasure my exciting dream of "The Lady in the Lodge."

Loyal Bolton Lodge, Leyburn, Dec., 1841.

A FEW WORDS ON FORBEARANCE AND CHARITY.

BY GEORGE FLETCHER.

Author of "Knowledge among the Many," "On Poetical Imagery," &c. &c.

"My curse," said a great poet, alluding to those who had misjudged and calumniated him, "shall be forgiveness." Now this was no light saying: for, though a little reflection will convince us that forbearance towards our slanderers is the most powerful weapon of revenge; yet when unjustly assailed, such is our erring nature—how tardy we are in exercising that Christian virtue! But we should not bestow forgiveness, even as a curse, but as a blessing; we should use forbearance and charity as spells to cast out the spirits of rancour and malice from the breast of our enemy, so that we might soften his heart, and bend him towards us with penitence and tears. The lesson of exercising the kindly feelings has been inculcated in all ages as man's bounden duty. The most sublime poem on record, the Bible, is full of the beautiful doctrine of universal love. The poets, from the most ancient down to the gifted, yet slighted, moderns, have sung their most glowing strains to its measure. "These are my most precious gems," said the Roman matron to the princess, when asked to show her the richest treasures which her household contained, at the same time pointing, with a mother's fondness, to her children. "This is my revenge," says the man of kindly feelings to his maligners, extending the palm of forgiveness to him; and rarely we think, for the honour of our race, is such overture rejected, but rather accepted, with humiliation and shame, by the wronger. "To err, is human; to forgive, divine." We should take note of these words; we should embalm them in our heart's memory; and when calumniated, instead of giving slander for slander, think of the heart-text just quoted, and forgive them. If we pursue a contrary path, we reduce ourselves to the level of the evil-speaker; we act in conformity with the doctrine of old, that requires "an eye

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for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Personal violence it is hardly in our nature not to resist, but venomous words are generally the precursors to such violence; and if we can but exercise the kindly feelings sufficiently so as to give the "soft answer," the "wrath" of our opponent will, without compromising our moral dignity, in most cases be "turned" and shamed "away."

Having spoken of the blessing of forbearance in repelling injuries inflicted by that arrowy weapon, the tongue, we will now turn to a class who stand much in need of its influence—towards whom our kindly feelings are but seldom exerted, for the offence that ranks them in that class is one that affects our self-love too much—we allude to the trust breakers. In a fraternity like ours, an individual detected embezzling the funds entrusted to him by his brethren, is looked upon as a most guilty person—as a robber of the widow and orphan—a sort of moral monster, "whom it were gross flattery to call a man." They whom he has deceived call to mind how unsuspectingly they confided in him—his professions of zeal in their behalf, and in proportion to the degree of honour with which he was formerly invested by them, so is he after the breach of trust, looked upon with disgust and abhorrence. Now, though God forbid that we should be considered the abettors of fraud for our opinions, we cannot but think a great deal of injustice is often done to the embezzler, when the facts of his dishonesty are discovered; we fear in many cases, with the knowledge of his digression from the path of integrity, that the portals of friendship and compassion are too hastily closed on him, and he is rendered for the rest of his existence, a marked man—a Pariah in civilized life, without respect—for his own deeds have destroyed that—almost without hope.

In the few cases of trust-breaking that have fallen under our own observation, we have invariably found that a want of caution was strongly portrayed in the conduct of those that confided their finances to the brother who afterwards so sadly abused his trust. They have generally been, deeming themselves so secure, too careless in the matter; they have not investigated their monetary affairs in that frequent and searching manner which they ought to have done, and when the moment of discovery comes, they wake from their dream of supine indifference only to pass a vote of excommunication on the trust breaker, who has been convicted of a crime to which they themselves were, by throwing temptation in his way, accessories; they do not take into the balance his long services, and previous good conduct; but under the impulse of feelings smarting from wounded confidence, they at once exclude him from the pale of their society.

We think there is something so ennobling in the principles of our Institution, that we are of opinion that no member of it, who accepts a place of trust, does so with the intention of violating the faith reposed in him. The temptation to commit fraud may have been too strong for the honesty of some to overcome, who have no palliative to offer in the pressure of pecuniary circumstances, when they commit the offence. These, we conjecture, are isolated cases in comparison with those who lapse from the way of rectitude through misfortune. Let us take a case, and one that may find a parallel in every day's history, in support of our argument. The trust-breaker is supposed to be a member of a society who respect him for his talents and the honourable principles that seem to actuate him in every action. He has gone through the various degrees which mark a member's progress in our Order. He is looked up to as an authority in all matters relating to Odd Fellowship. By and by a situation of trust becomes vacant, and then who so proper to nominate to the office as the brother who is held in such high esteem. He is elected by a great majority. For a long time he performs his duties faithfully. Sickness in his family, with shortness of employment, then conspire to embarrass him; his landlord threatens him with a distraint for rent; he hesitates between his duty as a trust-holder, and his unfortunate circumstances, to appropriate some of the resources in his possession; and finally, satisfying himself with the intention of replacing the sum he abstracts, when he shall get into work again, and his family are recovered, he becomes a trust-breaker. He is just beginning to repair the evil he has committed, (for his work is more permanent, and the health of his family re-established,) when the annual appointment of the office he holds takes place. He has been re-elected two or three years successively, and hopes to be so on the present occasion. He is, however, doomed to disappointment and shame, for another candidate takes his place, and his defalcations are then discovered. They who sit in judgment over him little think with what reluctance he was perhaps induced to commit the fatal error with which he is charged—how pride, the rock on which his integrity was wrecked,

prevented him from asking assistance when his necessities required it;—they find him guilty of breaking the trust reposed in him, and he is expelled. The consciousness of not wholly deserving the opprobrium that is then cast upon him, is not sufficient to sustain him under his disgrace; he becomes despairing—intemperance comes to make bankrupt his health—and soon death steps in to close a life whose latter hours have been spent in degradation and misery. This may be an extreme case; but doubtless such instances have occurred. Who can say that the churchyard is not the home of hearts that have been broken by not resisting temptation—that have fallen from honour, not from want of principle, but from lacking firmness to turn aside the opportunities which the overweening confidence of others thrust in their way! Who can tell how they would have acted had they been so sorely beset? As the poet beautifully expresses it:—

“There are deeds that we should read like warnings,
Meekly, as fearing, if we had been tried,
We might have done the same,—and thankfully,
That such temptation fell not in our way.
The human heart is evil in itself,
And, like a child, requires restraint and care;
Restraint to keep from wrong, and care to soothe
Its wilder beatings into peace and love.”

To prevent the crime of trust-breaking in our Institution, we would say, let no one remain in possession of any office involving the care of monetary matters too long. Moreover, let the examinations of their accounts be frequent and stringent. No false delicacy ought to deter the trust-givers from performing this duty; they thereby diminish the opportunities to commit fraud, and he whom they have confided in is consequently better prepared to resign his stewardship when he has to make way for a successor. In conclusion, so vitally does the offence of trust-breaking affect the interests of the Order, that it would not perhaps be politic to mark its sense of that great wrong less strongly than we do at present; but let us sorrow while we chastise; let us not mingle malice with our just anger—let us not trample on the fallen.

Apollo Lodge, Birmingham.

TO MELANCHOLY.

A SONNET.

Hence, loathed Melancholy!—MILTON.

WAN Melancholy! rueful and forlorn,
Why thus intrud'st thou on my solitude?
Ah! say with thee for ever must I mourn,
And by thy power malignant be subdued?
Oh! rather fly, and seek some desert rude,
That I no more may catch thy glance malign;
When joy, like some divine beatitude,
Upon me may beneficently shine;
But if to haunt me, Melancholy, 'a thine,
Then come divested of thy threatening frown,
That I with pleasure bending o'er thy shrine,
At least, with pensive tenderness, may crown
My spirit, weary of life's bustling throng,
That sighs alike for leisure and for song.

W. G.

Shakspeare Lodge, Durham District.

FAME, FREEDOM, AND FRIENDSHIP.*

BY ROBERT ROSE, (THE BARD OF COLOUR)

Thou hast in kindness breath'd a strain to me,
 Fain would I answer thee in words of flame;
 Thou who most rich in gifts of Poesy,
 Hast paid a tribute to my humble name:
 My lyre, so long that has neglected hung,
 Once more I strike, because 'tis *thou* hast sung.

Thou sing'st that I am first of India's land,
 To touch the harp, and thou bidd'st me to tell
 Some story witch'd by Fancy's magic wand,
 And gleaming in the light of Reason's spell,
 Of that fair distant clime from which I came,
 And strive to link it with my lowly name.

But thou forget'st to bid me to stand forth
 As champion of all-gracious Liberty!
 To join the spirit rising o'er the earth,
 And bid America's dark slaves *be free*!
 No more to crouch to the stern tyrant's nod,
 But stand erect as men before their God!

Not only poets now can swell its voice,
 But orators, whose voice in thunder breaks;
 Till the poor sons of slavery rejoice,
 And every hill and listening valley wakes
 With the loud cry of JUSTICE, TRUTH, AND LOVE,
 Which angels echo from their thrones above.

High talents on this earth to few are given,
 But all men can be *kind*, and *good*, and *just*,
 And work in meekness out the ends of heaven,
 To raise their fellow-creatures from the dust,
 To soothe the widow's woe, the mourner's pain,—
 Ah! then, my friend, we have not liv'd *in vain*.

Yes! few can track the lightning's fiery wing,
 Like Franklin, or like Newton, dart afar
 His mind o'er space, and then successful bring
 Worlds in its scope, and measure star from star;
 But goodness need not envy genius' power,—
 Genius, too oft with *misery* for its dower.

I'd rather have my tomb bedew'd at eve
 With the lone orphan's, or the good man's tear,
 Who softly stole at twilight there to grieve,
 And sobb'd aloud,—THE FRIEND OF MAN RESTS HERE!
 I'd rather have this quiet, humble fame,
 Than hollow echo of an empty name.

What is this fame? precarious at the best,—
 A meteor-dream to float on others' breath,
 A sea o'er which once tost we find no rest,
 Until encircled by all-pitying death.
 Oh! choose like me, the peaceful path of life,
 Far from ambition, parent of all strife.

* This Piece is intended as a poetic response to some lines addressed to me by Mr. J. B. Rogerson, in his last work, entitled "*A Voice from the Town, and other Poems*."

Farewell! I cannot end my humble song,
 Without I wish thee every joy of life!
 May virtue's fairest crown to thee belong,
 M-y-st thou be still blest with a lovely wife
 And happy children! Fame oft melts in air—
 But those pure blessings, long may Heaven spare!

MARY WILSON, OR THE FEMALE ORPHAN.

A SKETCH.

" Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

GRAY.

We think very little of common things from the very cause that they are common. We daily see misery and suffering, and we take them as things of course; they pass before our eyes, and we think nothing of them. A momentary exclamation of pity, and then they are forgotten! They do not raise in our bosoms that warm thrilling philanthropy which would use every energy to prevent their recurrence, for they are considered as part and parcel of the world's daily routine. May we hope to see a time when happiness and plenty shall have at least in part taken the place of misery and poverty—when the tears of the widow and the cries of the orphan shall not be for want of bread, or such consolation as the world can give them—when brotherly kindness—such as the children of one common parent ought to show to each other when in affliction—shall flow, full and free, from the bosoms of all, and all God's rational and moral offspring unite to make each other happy.

The following short sketch may amuse, if it serve no higher object:—One of the companions of my boyhood was a little girl with sunny features, and golden hair, so good tempered that even we, children as we were, treated her with deference and respect. No one ever cast out with Mary, she was so gentle, so pleasing, and so HAPPY. So thought we; but had our philosophy gone deep enough to detect it, there was a care ranking in that little bosom, which we, placed in different circumstances, could not fathom. Mary Wilson was an orphan; her only stay on earth was her aged grandmother, with whom she lived. At the early age of eight an epidemic had carried off both her parents, and her aged friend was grown so feeble, that it was evident life hung only by a thread: all this weighed on Mary's little mind, and produced a thoughtfulness far above her years; after school time, she would run home to tend her aged relative, instead of playing with the rest, and when she did mingle in our sports, her's was not the boisterous burst of mirth which characterises the sports of young and merry hearts.

Time rolled on, and brought with it its vast volume of changes. The old woman slept with her fathers, and our little favourite was taken to tend the cattle of a neighbouring farmer, a lowly enough occupation for one whose person and manners would have graced a drawing room. Mary's master was one of those individuals who do, or pretend to do, *good*, from a very selfish motive. They take care that they have a full return for all they give, and at the same time hold their victim fast in the net of obligation; and should a murmur be made, it is speedily silenced with the cry of ingratitude. With such a tyrant, the situation of the orphan was none of the most comfortable; but of that she never complained.

When we would ramble to the hills on a Saturday afternoon, we would remark that her hair wanted the neatness and glossiness which it used to have, and her cheeks were pale, and her smile languid; in short, she was not what she used to be. A change had "come o'er the spirit of her dream;" the only thread which had bound her to existence was snapped; the warm hearts that nourished her infant years were gone; the reciprocal ties of affection were severed, and her mind brooded on the past with a too warm

recollection. She was now among strangers, cold hearted strangers, with no tie to bind heart to heart: she found she was a lonely being.

* * * * *

Summer had covered the earth with its flowers, and many a light foot and happy heart had gambolled on nature's bright and beautiful carpet—autumn had brought its stores of plenty, and winter its snows and storms—the genial spring was just opening the storehouse of God's manifold bounties, giving promise of a rich reward for the toil of industry. On an April day, so typical of the uncertainty of human life, with its "sunshine and its showers," a little group of mourners were slowly wending their way to the churchyard of P——. The coffin that was borne along contained the remains of a young person of some thirteen or fourteen years of age. It was Mary Wilson's! The cold to which she was subjected in her daily avocation, had soon made ravages on her delicate frame; the kindly care of a parent was wanting to tend and cheer her, and she sunk a victim to the world's coldness and neglect. So perished one of the kindest and loveliest beings that has ever crossed my path; and when I think of her fate, (which is only one picture from the book of life,) I am sorry for the sake of humanity that such tales should blur its pages. Strange, that we should allow a fellow creature to perish for want of a little of the milk of human kindness! Her case exemplifies Moore's beautiful couplet:

"The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will cannot flourish *alone!*"

Kind and gentle treatment, sympathy, and feeling, would have gone far to wean the orphan's mind from the perpetually recurring thought of her loneliness, and would, perhaps, have saved to society a useful and affectionate member.

ARCH. J. WATSON, C. S.

Loyal Bon Accord and Thistle Lodge, Aberdeen.

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

A SKETCH OF OUR ORDER, BY A MEMBER.

CHAPTER VII.

Mitford's return home.

It was a late hour when Mitford finished his reading, but of which their attention to the story had made them unmindful, as also of the destructive wind that whistled as it whirled by the old house, and the heavy rain which still beat against its leaden windows. The landlord reminded them of the hour, and the company, after thanking Mitford, took their leave, the next opportunity of meeting being at the Romantic Lodge on the following night.

The members were early in attendance at the Lodge, and the attentiveness of each was visible in the general joy, which every one seemed to partake of. Mitford had scarcely seated himself in the Lodge, when the Secretary handed to him the Quarterly Reports, which had been received a day or two before, and pointing to a particular paragraph, left him to its perusal. It was a notice giving the name, and describing the occupation of a young man who left Manchester in search of employment, wishing him to return home as soon as possible, and requesting the reader, should he meet with the individual, to inform him of the same. And here, for the present, we will leave him, and return to Mrs. Mitford.

During the short time that Mitford had been away, a bright change had come over the widow's lonely home. The days and evenings, which before his departure passed in regretted indolence and withering despair, now glided away in joy and mirth; the home that was sad with idleness, was now merry with industry; and the cheerful thought and the lively smile lent their charms to brighten and adorn the little mansion. During Godfrey's absence his brother William had returned from America, where he had been

eminently successful, and now intending to settle in Manchester, he thought that Godfrey would be of some assistance to him. But his mother could not inform him where he was, as she had not heard from him of late; but judging that the Order might know something of him, she applied to his Lodge, and at their request allowed the notice, as beforenamed, to be inserted in the Reports.

Although employment at this small place promised to continue a desirable time longer, and the general good feeling which he had earned for himself amongst its inhabitants, particularly with those who belonged to the Order, made him wishful to have prolonged his stay, neither the kindness of friends, the charms of a sequestered village, nor the variety of enjoyments, could alter his affection for his own home, or wear away one link of the chain which memory had wrought and twined round it. That evening he bade farewell to the members of the Romantic Lodge, and in a neat address thanked them for their benevolence; and the next morning saw him on his way to Manchester.

He entered the village a benighted, weary traveller; he had been made a happy sojourner, and they enabled him to leave it cheerfully and gratefully. Bright and lovely with the beauty of opening day, Mitford left the village, and with real gratitude and thankfulness he took leave of its habitants. He went through its green lanes, and crossed its broad meadows; he passed by its old lone houses, erected here and there, for only in one or two parts were five or six together, which looked happy in their loneliness; he passed by its old elevated church, with its little burial ground, and upright gravestones, with their half-readable inscriptions; he went over its rude bridges, and gained the high road, from whence the view deceived many a traveller, as the hills hid and encircled the whole; even the church spire could not be seen above their lofty heads, nor the merry voice of joy and gladness be heard above their circle. The pleasure of the villagers commenced with their labour, and their mirth and thankfulness with its close.

The sun had gone down thrice, and was again hidden below the far west; night was set in, and Mitford was yet some miles from Manchester. The stars peeped through the gathering darkness, and the air grew damp and cold. He strode faster and faster, for the chilling silence worked upon his mind, and made him weak and nervous. The winds rushed through the live leaves upon the trees, and rustled the decayed ones on the ground, and his fancy was not slow in creating forms and voices which dwell not, nor belong to our own world; and many a half stop, and many a half run, many a bold resolution, and many a timorous effort had he before he neared the suburbs of the town. Sometimes his thoughts ran upon reckless and abandoned men, and his strength failed him as his fancy pictured their pouncing upon the tired and hapless wanderer, their vile attack, their poor success, their rough usage, and their ugly deeds. How his heart beat and leaped, and how the blood rushed to his head if a man did pass by, or overtake him, and how soon was all quiet and calm at the honest traveller's "good night." Quick as he could went Mitford along the narrow roads; the darkness was deep, and the silence deeper still, and was scarcely broken, save by the dismal, reverberated hungry howl of the restless watch-dog. Amidst the fearful fancies of a nervous imagination, a tiny sound came through the ominous silence, and his strained ear fancied that it was the evening bell, and a quicker walk evidenced the truth. The gloomy part of his journey was now over, and an hour's sharp exertion brought him to Manchester.

How vast a change in his circumstances was there on his reaching the town to what there was on his leaving it, and how great a change in its appearance. He left it in the bustle and gaiety of morning, and he returned to it in the quietness of evening. There were but few people stirring, and some that were to be seen, from their hurry might be supposed to be going home, whilst others walked carelessly on, and as he passed by them he could not help the truth creeping over his mind, that perhaps they had none. Many a time on his way through the streets, did he stop to look at the huddled forms of his fellow-creatures, whose step told him they knew not where they must rest, or how they must satisfy the cravings of the next day; and he felt, as they faded from his view in the star-brightened darkness, that even with his poor fortune, how rich, how happy he was.

He reached the locality in which stood his humble home. He paced the lighted street, and listened at the door; they were merry-making, and this heightened his joy. A tear wiped from his eye, a sigh suppressed in his bosom, the latch raised, and he was once more at home, and in a few minutes he was seated at the old hearth, surrounded by the beings he loved, and to whom his absence had been a long season of deep woe, but which his return changed to greater happiness. The sunlight of prosperity again dawned

upon the family; the honest endeavours of William and himself were crowned with success, and the little house which Odd Fellowship visited is a monument to its blessed goodness, and the happy prosperity of the little family is a memento of its usefulness!

Need I follow my narrative further—need I attempt to tell our young traveller's thankfulness to the Order, or to give his prayers for its triumphant spread over the world—need I picture him to you the centre of a group of anxious friends listening to the tale of his wanderings, or to his breathless descriptions of its utility? Suffice it that he became a warm adherent of the Order, and jealous of its every honour; and that the recollection of his once humble position was never forgotten in his subsequent sway of office, nor his former dependance in his future abundance.

My task is completed, and my former promise fulfilled. I have endeavoured (in the absence of any other in the same form), to bring before the readers of the Magazine, in the several chapters of this article, a few of the every-day acts of our Order, which, because they come so frequently before us, are suffered to vanish in the unlettered thanksgiving with which they are acknowledged by the distressed brother, or the relieved widow. But in this miniature portrait of the deeds of Odd Fellowship, how fruitlessly have I endeavoured to picture its worth. As the tiny rain-drop is to the mighty ocean, or the little acorn to the great oak, so are my feeble efforts to tell the greatness of its goodness. And let no Odd Fellow underrate the value of his own mite. If the joy be great at the review of the days of our youth, by the recollection of their sinless mirth and amusements, how much richer would be the pleasure could we remember them, could we think on them, for their usefulness; so the dark part of the history of our manhood will be brightened by the remembrance of the many hours that have been snatched from folly and vice, and the many instances in which we have contributed to alleviate the wretchedness of our unfortunate brethren. Who in his evening or morning rambles reflects on the countless homeless and penniless wanderers he may pass, or the many broken hearts he may jostle with on his way; who follows the hundreds of our toil-worn working men to their homes, or thinks on the wretched rest they are only able to procure? It is for these that Odd Fellowship walks forth—that it stretches out its broad arms; and it would be as easy for an Odd Fellow to enumerate the good he is accessory to, as it would be for him to estimate the magnitude of the misery that the day opens upon, and the night closes over. There is a beauty in our Order which the uninitiated cannot conceive, and a grandeur in its arrangements which they cannot know, and a simplicity which wealth and ambition would shrink from, but which is one of its fairest features. And though the smiles of the great rest not on it, nor learning spread far and wide its deeds, it is enwreathed with garlands woven by, and gemmed with the tears and smiles of the befriended widow and the blithe orphan. Though the sword of the warrior has for ages been unsheathed, and the inhuman deeds of the hero been bedecked with the laurels of mercy—though greatness has long been measured only by riches, the reign of charity and peace is dawning on the world; and wafted far and wide is heaven's last commandment, in the soft, sweet words in which it was given—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself!"

TO MY LITTLE BOY ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

MAY the world upon thy head
Every happy influence shed;
May each birthday bring to thee
Increase of felicity;
May the sun of joy and truth
Shine upon thy opening youth;
May its rays still brightly beam
When hath fled thy youthful dream;
May it in thy riper age
Glad thee in thy pilgrimage;
May its setting light illumine
And cheer thy passage to the tomb.

R. R. R.

AN ADDRESS

Illustrating the Friendly and Benevolent Principles of Odd Fellowship.

(Written at the request of the Grand Master and Officers of the Birmingham District, and delivered by Brother BARRY, at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, June 3rd, 1843.)

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

LET heroes raise aloft the brand of death,
And seek for *honour* in the gory field—
Honour—a thing polluted and miscall'd
By those who name it most—who use the word,
Yet dare to desecrate its highest laws,
And madly strive to purchase empty fame
In bloody conflict with their fellow-man,
He whom their God created as themselves,
And sent on earth to fill his sacred laws,
And carry out the principles of LOVE,
Of FAITH, of HOPE, and smiling CHARITY.
Be ours a nobler task—be ours the aim
To lead mankind to happiness and peace,
And scatter o'er the world the seeds of joy,
So that upon the earth may spring bright flowers,
Whose bloom and odour each may freely share :
Be ours the task to crush the thorns of life,
And stingless roses strew in every path.
We go not banded forth in bonds of hate,
But bearing on our banners blessed words—
FRIENDSHIP, and holy LOVE, and glorious TRUTH,
The golden union God himself design'd
Should actuate the minds and hearts of men,
And bid them go rejoicing on their way,
Doing to all their fellow-creatures good,
Bestowing that which they themselves would ask.
We seek the light of that all-seeing Eye
Which doth illumine heaven and earth beneath,
That it may shed its beams upon our souls,
And chasten and subdue each baneful thought,
Filling with pure benevolence our Hearts,
And teaching us to stretch the Hand to all.

Not vainly have we labour'd in the cause,—
Not unsuccessful have our efforts been :
The little orphan lifts its hands to Heaven,
And asks a blessing on that sacred band
Whose bounties have been shower'd upon its head ;
The lonely widow smiles amid her tears,
And offers up a thankful prayer to God
That Charity yet walketh upon earth,
And kindness still survives in human hearts ;
The dying man sees mournful faces round,
The faces of the friends he lov'd in health,
His fellow-labourers in the field of good,—
He sees them, and he sinks to peaceful rest,
For well he knows the dear ones left behind
Will never lack his brethren's fostering care.
These are our cherish'd objects,—these the ends
For which we labour with untiring zeal
And unabated ardour, doubting not
That motives pure and true benevolence
Will yet find echoes in each mortal breast,

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And be accepted at the throne of God.
 We cling to FAITH with virtuous thoughts and acts,
 We cling to FAITH in humbleness and love,
 Nor fear nor falter in our onward course;
 HOPE hovers, like an angel, o'er our heads,
 And waves us on, with sweet and cheering look,
 Whilst, like twin-stars, her clear and shining eyes
 Shower down their glorious beamings on our way,
 And brightly guide us in our bright career.
 Fair, meek-eyed CHARITY attends our steps,
 With little children clinging to her garb,
 Whilst to her ear comes sweetest of all sounds,
 The music which proceeds from grateful hearts
 When voices utter words of thankfulness.

Our way hath been o'er strange and far-off lands,—
 Our course hath been o'er deep and bounding seas :
 Nor creed nor race have stayed us in our march,
 And brethren greet us in full many a clime,
 And own the influence of our virtuous cause.
 The sun-burnt Indian grasp we by the hand,
 And claim him as a brother and a friend ;
 America's deep forests have we pac'd,
 And thousand brothers there have fix'd their homes ;
 On frowning Gibraltar's towering rock
 Our name is heard, and brethren crowd around ;
 And even on Sydney's convict-peopled shore
 We pour the balm of charity abroad :
 Nor will we pause till every race hath heard,
 And every clime re-echos the glad words—
 The glorious watchwords—FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH !

I BLESS THEE AS THOU SLEEPEST.

BY MRS. CAULTON.

I BLESS thee as thou sleepest, my beautiful, my child !
 A joyful watch beside thy couch, my heart hath oft beguiled ;
 I gaze upon thy infant face, I kiss thy lineless brow,
 And the gushings of a mother's love o'erflow mine eyes e'en now.

But two have been thy summers, my joyous one, my pet,
 Thy mother's voice can soothe all thy baby troubles yet ;
 No cloud hath overshadowed thee, but what she can dispel,
 And thy love, and thy endearments, repay her care full well.

But there are years of future, which it may be thou wilt see,
 And then her arm be powerless to ward off ill from thee ;
 A shade may fall upon thy brow, a dimness on thine eye,
 And a weight of this world's misery upon thy spirit lie.

Oh ! even as I gaze upon thy soft and rosy cheek,
 A vision rises, shadowing what other hours may speak,
 Earth's sorrows bring their heavy load, earth's joys their soul's unrest,
 And her glory, and her bravery, their thorns to wound the breast.

I see before me all that train of busy hopes and fears,
 Which first are bright and glittering, then close in bitter tears ;
 Life's dearest treasures perished, her rainbow smiles believed—
 God shield thee, young and bright one, from all my vision weaved.

Yea, holy thoughts breathe round thee ; I know that He can guide
 Thy spirit's bark in safety, o'er temptation's foaming tide ;
 And when thy soul is heavy, and when thine hope is dim,
 The comforting of faithfulness will surely come from Him.

Oh, boy ! my spirit bows me ! He who gave alone can tell
 The yearning hopes o'erflowing from love's undying well ;
 But sleep's warm spell unlooses, again for me thou'st smiled,
 And to my heart I press thee, my beautiful, my child !

ESSAY ON THE SOCIAL AND FRIENDLY CHARACTER OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

THE tongue giveth utterance to what the heart loveth ; and it is as well that such is the case, for it proves that whatever conduces to our own happiness, or creates in us feelings of delight, we have always a strong desire to communicate to others. I have journeyed on through a life chequered with ten thousand vicissitudes, and mingled in the hurry and bustle of the world ; I have borne its frowns, and tasted largely of its pleasures ; I have walked amid the Babylonian throng of Britain's capital, a lone and solitary being,—homeless, penniless, and friendless,—and I have trod the living streets of that capital in all the pride of manhood and independence ; I have seen *men of straw* receive the servile acknowledgments of the fawning parasite ; I have seen, too, greatness of soul clothed in rags, bearing the taunts and sneers of the haughty proud and worldly great (!). But perhaps, reader, thy own experience of men and things has likewise taught thee many useful lessons. If, then, thou art happy, I rejoice with thee ; if sad, I can condole with thee, be thou of whatever nation, creed, or colour. Let us love the world, with all its beauties and imperfections ; and the people who inhabit it, with all their failings and short comings. Allow me now to dispense with that little important, egotistical pronoun I, at least for awhile.

We will now go forth into the garden of thought, and enjoy the feast of love in the ever-green bower of intellectuality, while the "shades of evening" cast their cheering, musing, mellow influence over us ; while busy memory calls up the happy moments of the past, and sanguine fancy draws aside the veil from the future. Our bower shall be filled with the human affections ; the loves and joys of mankind shall form our evening garland, and we will breathe the soft influence of peace on all who are susceptible of the charm. For the sake of a name let us call our sweet little retreat the *Lodge of Peace* ; here we swear fidelity to each other, pledge ourselves to live and love together, and by a kindly reciprocity of feeling assist each other in all our difficulties. Our Lodge is the Lodge of Peace, and we have many brethren who dwell in arbores of their own ; we will visit them occasionally, and receive their visits too, and for them our table shall be spread with the choicest viands. I have thought me that we have a strange name—it is "odd," but I have found a *charm* in it—a charm which I hope will soon make it familiar to all, and worshipped as a household god. Do you ask me what it is ? I will tell you—it is *Charity* ! We feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, wipe away the tear from the widow's eye, and become fathers to helpless orphans. Our banner floats proudly in the breeze, and our motto is *Love for all Mankind*. Though our name be odd, we possess all the feelings and passions consequent to human nature, with our proportion of its weaknesses. But the principles that bind us together, prompt us to the ennobling ambition of doing good. Our Society is peculiarly calculated to call forth the nobler feelings of our nature, and give power and action to all the social virtues. I need not tell thee, gentle reader, that man was not made for himself alone. The whole world is a market place, and there are few or none who have not some commodity to dispose of by the way of barter, which may be of advantage to his neighbour, either directly or indirectly. Our daily intercourse with society affords us a constant means of adding to, and disposing of our stock of knowledge, and thereby increasing our stock of happiness, comforts, and

enjoyments, if we regulate our lives by the statutes of *honor* and *honesty*. It is true, and most unfortunately so, that society is split into a vast variety of divisions and subdivisions, each seeking to accomplish its own ends at the expense of its neighbours. The thorny field of politics presents us with a multitude of jarring antagonists, where the spirit of discord seems to revel amidst a continual war of human passions. Religion, too, presents a theatre in which mankind display their various turns of mind and character; some are new appendages to certain theological opinions, or parties holding this or that dogma; others have drank so deeply of the muddy waters of bigotry, that they have been seized with an anti-christian madness, and look upon the rest of mankind who differ from them in opinion as *monsters*; others are puffed with vanity and intolerance; some are of a gloomy anti-social caste, and many have forgotten that the first and noblest principle of Christianity is charity. What is it to us what creed our neighbour professes? A man's opinion is the only thing in the world he can call his own; he may be stripped of all else beside, but no man can take from him this divine right. I am afraid my ratiocination of ideas has carried me away from my reader in the Lodge of Peace. I now return from wandering in the maze of thought, to taste again the social joys of my own loved home. I call it my home, for there my friends do dwell. This is the common ground where extremes meet—"the lion and the lamb lie down together." The bigot leaves his intolerance,—the rabid sectarian his narrow and unchristian modes of thinking. The politician becomes cosmopolitan; all are united in furthering the common interest, and each contributes cheerfully his share to the general good.

Were we addressing persons who are strangers to the Order, we would shortly prove to them the many and lasting benefits the social character of Odd Fellowship daily produces both to its members and others without its pale. To the brethren, this is unnecessary; let us, then, endeavour to practise the obligations we voluntarily undertook to perform when we became members. These obligations bound us to certain positive duties: we were taught to regard each other as brothers,—members of one common family; to leave the cold sordid practices of the world behind us, and become men of benevolence and charity; never to injure any one, but do all the good in our power to our fellow-creatures, especially to the brethren of the "mystic tie;" to relieve the wants and necessities of our fellow-men in sickness or distress; to be attentive to our own duties as members of society, and to walk worthy of our vocation as men and christians. The man who takes these injunctions merely as an idle ceremony, cannot be an Odd Fellow in the true sense of the term. No man can be virtuous, without practising virtue; and no man can be an Odd Fellow, who does not show by his actions that he is imbued with its principles. It is not being an adept in the law, and a stickler for the letter in all the minor details, that makes a man a worthy Odd Fellow;—he it is who endeavours to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-men; to enhance the value of their existence by contributing to their comforts and necessities, and raising them in the scale of morality; ennobling their minds, and enlarging the amount of their intelligence:—this is the characteristic of a true Odd Fellow.

Seeing, then, that we are united by such heart-ennobling principles, is it strange that they should exercise a salutary influence on our minds and actions? Benevolence is highly infectious; an open villain must throw a restraint over his conduct in the company of a good man. A virtuous example will always have a powerful tendency to mould the conduct of others; and as this sublime sentiment is the mainspring of every virtue, it is nothing strange that the social character of our Order forms such a wonderful contrast to the world without. The retiring and unassuming member who falls back on his own honest independence, is watched with the kind anxious feeling of a father for his unfortunate son; his wants are relieved with all the delicacy of the man who hides from his left hand the charitable benefactions of his right. Surely, if ever the dews of heaven cooled the burning fever of the traveller in the sandy desert, this, too, is a heavenly balm distilled from the milk of human kindness to cheer the drooping spirit in its journey through this wilderness of life. We have often thought in our moments of reflection of the powerful actions of our mighty machine, with its ten thousand wheels revolving, and every year, too, with accelerated motion. The various grades, shades, and opinions of those who form its whole—the unanimity of feeling which pervades the entire body—their speedy recognition of each other at home, or abroad—their kindness of feeling—the immense amount of poverty and crime that is

prevented by their combined efforts—the vast amount of money that is appropriated to the most benevolent purposes—the friendly co-mingling of men of the most opposite opinions—the entire freedom from all sectarian bigotry—the bold and manly enthusiasm—the self-devotedness to the cause—the anxious solicitude to please—the honest ambition to rival one another in doing good—their influence upon society, and the consequences of their present union upon the rising generation; these things cannot fail to make a strong impression on the thinking mind, and it is gratifying to see men combine for such noble and generous purposes; this happy influence of our Order tends to make its members better husbands, better fathers, and better members of society. Their homes are rendered more cheerful, and their influence radiates from the happy circle; the widow and the orphan find a protector, and a kind benefactor in our Institution; the streams of its benevolence flow in every direction, and its invigorating rays illumine the dark places of the earth. When want and disease have cast a shade, and prevent the approach of their too often attendant—crime, there is cheerfulness in its sunshine, and sweet coolness in its shade; its faults are the accidental follies of its members, the mere crustations of passing worthless characters, whose conduct will at all times produce its own reward.

We need not remind you, dear reader, of our convivial joys, our harmonious meetings, our kindly greetings, our reluctance to separate, our anxiety to meet again; the many real pleasures we have in each other's company, the happy reflection of doing good, the cheerful associations of kindred benevolence, co-mingling into our hallowed fountain, fenced about by the constitution of our Order, and separated from the world by a partition wall of charity and goodness, forming not only an *ideal* but a real community of happy beings, met to luxuriate for a time in their own pleasant valley—free from care and free from strife. Such is the bower of peace, and such its inhabitants; and now, kind reader, allow me (I now use the singular pronoun,) to express a wish that no lawless hand may ever diminish or destroy the happiness that exists within its own sweet shade. I now leave thee to thy own reflections, while I journey through life with one consoling thought of being ever willing (if not at all times able) to hold my little lamp of Odd Fellowship up to the view of all who may come within its sphere.

JAMES BURN, Sec.

Princess Royal Lodge, Glasgow.

THE DISCONTENTED SPIRIT.

OH! how my spirit pants
To find some blessed spot,
Afar from human haunts,
Where it may dwell, and not
Feel more the sorrow, pain, and wrong,
Which only to this life belong.

But can a spot be found
That has that blessing rare?
Search all the world around,
We shall not find it there;
For earth, with all its ample space,
Can boast not of so bless'd a place.

If there be such a spot
To erring mortals given,
Where sorrow enters not,
'Tis to be found in heaven;
Where life is but a round of joy,—
Of happiness without alloy.

Then, weary Spirit, cease
 To mourn thy present lot,
 Nor more thy sins increase
 By griefs availing not :
 Be patient, soon the time will come
 When thou must leave thy present home.

When tempted thus, look round
 Where others dwell, and see
 Can none on earth be found
 Afflicted like to thee ?

Yea, Spirit, there are thousands now
 'Neath greater troubles meekly bow.

Then give thy thanks to God,
 For mercy shown to thee ;
 Else may His chast'ning rod
 Applied severely be :
 Humbly before His footstool bend,
 And let thy orisons ascend.

T. KENWORTHY.

Industry Lodge, Northowram, Halifax District.

PRESENTATIONS.

March 10, 1842, a valuable Gold Watch and Chain, to Prov. C. S. Henry Ratcliffe, of the Chowbent District, by the members of the District, for his efficient services and attention to the duties of his office.—Mar. 4, 1842, a splendid Gold Skeleton Lever Watch, Silver Snuff Box, and Pencil Case, value £25, to P. G. R. R. Elliot, of the Cumberland Lodge, by the Heart of Oak Lodge, Manchester District.—Sept. 7, 1840, a handsome Silver Medal to P. P. G. M. Richard Prince, by the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Nantwich District.—June 8, 1840, a valuable Silver Snuff Box to P. G. William Andrews, by the Northumberland Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District.—Jan. 1, 1841, a valuable piece of Jewellery to P. G. William Andrews, by the Peareth Lodge, Usworth, Chester-le-Street District.—July 31, 1841, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Thomas Gardner, by the Mother of the Distressed Lodge, Ellel, Garstang District.—Sep. 7, 1841, a handsome Silver Medal to Prov. C. S. W. W. Tomlinson : on the same day, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Benjamin Cooke ; both by the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Nantwich District.—Aug. 28, 1841, a Silver Medal to P. P. G. M. John Riley, by the Quorum Lodge, Colne.—Oct. 8, 1841, a valuable Silver Medal to P. G. John Duffield, by the Honest Endeavour Lodge, Bollington District.—Nov. 14, 1841, a splendid Silver Medal and Snuff Box to P. Prov. G. M. William Henry Davies, by the Macclesfield District ; late P. G. of the Rock of Horeb Lodge, Nottingham District.—Jan. 1, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box to P. G. John Robinson, by the Prospect Lodge, North Shields District.—April 9, 1842, a splendid Patent Lever Silver Watch and Guard to P. G. Joseph Ward, by the Queen Caroline Lodge, Manchester District.—Feb. 8, 1842, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Thomas Richardson, by the Wear Mechanic Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.—Feb. 8, 1842, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. William Robinson, by the Wear Mechanic Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.—Feb. 12, 1842, a handsome Medal to brother Mason Bell, by the Rising Star Lodge, Beverley District.—Feb. 17, 1842, a splendid Silver Snuff Box to P. G. John Thompson, by the Victoria Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.—Feb. 17, 1842, a handsome Silver Watch Guard to V. G. George Hopper Tomlinson, by the Victoria Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.—Feb. 26, 1842, a valuable Silver Snuff Box to P. G. John Robinson, by the St. Peter Lodge, Beverley District.—April 9, 1842, a beautiful Silver Medal to P. G. Whittaker Riley, by the Squire Radcliffe Lodge.—March 28, 1842, a Silver Medal to P. G. Thomas Thursfield, of the Isaac Gleave Lodge, by the William Ratcliffe Lodge, Cox Green, Bishop Wearmouth District.

Marriages.

Sep. 29, 1841, at Bradley, near Ashbourn, Derbyshire, br. Benjamin Griggs, of the Lord Hatherton Lodge, Stafford, to Miss Charlotte Bromley, of the former place.—Nov. 14, 1841, at the Parish Church, Mirfield, by the Rev. Ralph Maude, Vicar, P. G. Francis Hirst, of the Amphibious Lodge, to Miss Ann Ellis, eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Ellis, of the Flower Pot Inn, all of Mirfield.—Nov. 28, 1841, at Ludlow, brother Edwin Morgan, of the Invincible Lodge, to Miss Eliza Jay, of the same place.—Dec. 5, 1841, at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, br. John Payne, of the Queen Caroline Lodge, to Miss Hannah Marshall.—Dec. 8, 1841, Prov. C. S. Wm. Chatterley, of the Hand and Heart Lodge, Studley District, to Miss Catherine Oakley, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Oakley, farmer, Studley, Warwickshire.—Dec. 24, 1841, brother Geo. Atkin, Warden, to Miss Mary Cranston. Dec. 1841, brother James Willey, saddler, to Miss Grace Gouldie, daughter of the late Mr. John Gouldie, shoemaker, Newtown-upon-Ayr; also, brother David Cherry, baker, to Miss Jessie Caffie; all of the Banks of Ayr Lodge.—Dec. 25, 1841, at Burslem Old Church, by the Rev. T. Nobles, Secretary William Burgess, of the St. Martin Lodge, Tunstall, to Elizabeth Allman, eldest daughter of Mr. William Allman, of Pitt's Hill.—April 19, 1841, P. G. John Arnold, of the Hand and Heart Lodge, Studley District, to Miss Maria Sorrell, of Ridgeway, near Studley.—Dec. 30, 1841, brother William Kettle, of the Loyal Tollemache Lodge, Faddeley, Nantwich District, to Miss Mary Cooper, of Faddeley.—January 20, 1842, by the Rev. E. Reeve, brother Matthew F. P. Granger, of the Shenstone Lodge, nephew to Host Granger, New Inn, Hales Owen, to Miss Matilda Brettell, youngest daughter of Mr. B. Brettell, of the same place.—Feb. 28, 1842, N. G. George Winterbottom, of the Prince Regent Lodge, Royal Oak, Glossop, to Miss Sarah Allott, daughter of Mr. John Allott, Lockerbrook Woodlands.—May 1, 1842, brother Morton Bunting, of the Loyal Honest View Lodge, Rochdale, son of P. G. John Bunting, of the above Lodge, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. William Cudworth, of Lower Place, near Rochdale.—Feb. 12, 1842, at St. John's Church, P. G. William Andrews, and Per. Sec. of the Loyal Hotspur Lodge,

Newcastle-upon-Tyne District, to Miss Ann Sakey.—May 7, 1842, at the Parish Church of Finghall, V. G. John Gatenby, of the Loyal Bolton Lodge, Masham District, to Miss Elizabeth Mansfield, of Finghall, near Bedale.—May 14, 1842, at the Parish Church of Catterrick, P. G. Joseph Lambert, of the Loyal Bolton Lodge, and D. G. M. of the Masham District, to Miss Alice Simpson, of Caldwell, near Richmond.—Mar. 17, at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, brother Thomas Thorp, jun., of the Sir Oswald Mosley Lodge, to Maria Spencer, late of Oldham.—April 14, 1842, V. G. John Winn, of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, Bottomboat, Wakefield District, to Miss Ann Ramsdorn, of Lee Moor.—Jan. 8, 1842, P. P. D. G. M. John Cooper Mackenzie, of the United Brothers Lodge, Barnard Castle District, to Miss Jane Simpson, of Helah.—May 15, 1842, Thomas Chapman, N. G. of the Princess Royal Lodge, St. Neots, to Sarah, second daughter of George and Sarah Wilson, of the same place.—Jan. 27, 1842, at St. Clement's Church, James Taylor, Host of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, to Eliza Enoch.—Feb. 20, 1842, P. S. Edward Webb, of the City of London Lodge, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Goldsmith.—Brother James Blundell, Surgeon of the Loyal Fleetwood Lodge, to Miss Mason, both of Southport: brother Jas. Mawdesley, draper, to Miss Charnley, of Preston: brother F. W. Robinson, letter-press printer, to Miss Welch, both of Southport: P. V. G. George Hesketh, tailor, to Miss Bentley, of Southport: brother R. Lloyd to Miss Rimmer, both of Southport: brother John Parkinson, coachman, to Miss Kenyon, of Scarisbrick: brother John Kaye, gardener, at Brunswick Villa, Southport, to Miss Throssall, of Liverpool; all of the Loyal Fleetwood Lodge, Southport.—March 21, brother Robert Blenkinsop, of the Operative Lodge, to Miss Johan Cummins.—March 27, P. Sec. Edward Murton, of the Wellington Lodge, to Miss Bulmer, daughter of the worthy hostess.—March 27, brother George Stamp, of the Star of Temperance Lodge, to Elizabeth, sister of brother Robert Davidson, of the Percy Lodge.—Nov. 9, 1841, Prov. G. M. Geo. Salkeld, of the Bishop Auckland District, to Miss Lindsley.—Feb. 19, 1842, at St. Helen's Church, P. G. Robt. Battee, of the Bishop Auckland District, to Miss Ann

Brass.—Jesse Roberts, of the Handsworth Lodge, to Elizabeth Steadman, late house-keeper to Surgeon Hammond.—Oct. 10, 1840, P. G. James Godfrey, of the Loyal Bruce Lodge, Tanfield, to Miss Emma Winter, of Pocklington.—Sept. 23, 1841, brother Thomas Godfrey, of the above Lodge, to Miss Scaife, of Swinton.—Dec.

23, 1841, brother Thomas Bolton, of the same Lodge, to Miss Jane Nicholson, of Thornbrough.—April 5, 1842, at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, brother Robert Tatton, of the Queen Caroline Lodge, Ashton-under-Lyne District, to Miss Mary Ann Wilkinson, daughter of the late Thomas Wilkinson, of Audenshaw.

Deaths.

April 17, 1841, brother Edward Phillips: July 4, 1841, wife of brother Bolwell: Nov. 13, 1841, brother Edward Sawyer: Nov. 21, 1841, wife of brother William Phillips; all of the Devizes Independent Lodge.—Dec. 28, 1841, brother Thomas Thornton, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Yarmouth.—Dec. 3, 1841, Letitia, the beloved wife of P. Prov. G. M. John Wayte, of the Midway District.—Dec. 27, 1841, brother Thomas Jobbling, of the Earl of Durham Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth.—Jan. 1, 1842, brother William Elstob, of the Rose of Houghton Lodge, Houghton-le-Spring, Bishop Wearmouth District.—Jan. 2, 1842, P. G. William Woodcock, of the Amphibious Lodge.—Jan. 7, 1842, brother John Ward, of the Free Britons' Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth.—Jan. 12, 1842, brother John Gilhespie, aged 28 years, of the Braddley Lodge: same day, brother William Armstrong, aged 24 years, of the Rose of Coxhoe Lodge; both in the Durham District.—Jan. 16, 1842, aged 32 years, Thomason, wife of P. G. John Robinson, of the Prospect Lodge, North Shields District.—Jan. 18, 1842, brother John Foster, of the Cookson Lodge, Murton New Winnings, Bishop Wearmouth District.—Jan. 29, 1842, aged 29 years, brother William Wallace, of the Shakspeare Lodge, Durham District.—Jan. 25, 1842, aged 47 years, Catherine, the wife of brother Joseph Gregory, and mother to P. D. G. M. Joseph Gregory and P. G. George Gregory, all of the Brougham and Vaux Lodge, Wakefield District.—Jan. 26, brother George Atkinson, of the Vulcan Lodge, Gateshead District.—Feb. 1, 1842, bro. Alexander Pattinson, aged 40, of the Greenwich Lodge, Alston District.—Feb. 3, 1842, the wife of brother John High, of the Earl of Durham Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth.—Feb. 5, 1842, P. G. Thomas Scott, of the St. Andrew Lodge, aged 24 years.—Feb. 9, 1842, P. G. Robert Applegarth, of the George McCulley Lodge, South Shields, Bishop Wearmouth Dis-

trict.—Feb. 10, 1842, brother James Hutchens, of the Devizes Independent Lodge, Devizes District.—Feb. 11, 1842, brother Robert Southeron, mason, aged 28 years, of the Shakspeare Lodge, Durham District.—Feb. 16, 1842, P. Sec. William Harvey, of the Flower of Tyne Lodge, Gateshead District: Feb. 21, 1842, wife of brother William West, of the same Lodge.—Feb. 28, 1842, brother William Ford, of the Stranger's Refuge Lodge, Belper, aged 42 years.—Same day, brother Samuel Winson, of the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, Belper, aged 39 years.—March 4, 1842, brother John Bell, aged 30 years, of the Greenwich Lodge, Alston District.—March 11, 1842, P. G. Robert Cooper, of the Victoria Lodge, Leominster.—March 16, 1842, brother Jonathan Woodmays, aged 35 years, of the Loyal Greenwich Lodge, Alston District.—March 27, 1842, aged 37 years, P. Sec. Emanuel Collins, of the Village Pride Lodge, Dewsbury District.—March 29, 1842, aged 32 years, P. G. John Taylor, of the St. Peter Lodge, New Millerdam, Wakefield District.—April 11, 1842, P. G. Thomas Hubard, aged 22 years, of the Rose of England Lodge, South London District.—May 1, 1842, aged 36, Elizabeth, the wife of P. G. William Emery, of the St. Peter's Victory Lodge, Hanley, Pottery and Newcastle District.—Sept. 28, 1841, Colonel Dalton, of the Loyal Bruce Lodge, Tanfield, aged 84 years.—Mar. 1, 1842, brother James Know, of the Nelson Lodge, Masham, aged 42 years.—Mar. 16, 1842, brother John Metcalf, of the Nelson Lodge, Masham, aged 26 years.—May 3, 1842, the wife of brother William Thompson, of the Wear Mechanics Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth.—May 5, 1842, the wife of P. G. John Croft, of the Middleham Castle Lodge, Middleham.—May 25, 1842, brother Thomas Dembry, of the David Barclay Lodge, Monk Wearmouth.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

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J. R. White

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

OCTOBER.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1842.

MEMOIR OF JOHN RICHARDSON WHITE, P. G. M.

JOHN RICHARDSON WHITE was born in Deansgate, Manchester, on the 27th of May, 1794. When fifteen months old his father died, and his mother left Manchester for London, where she married again. Her son was, in consequence, deprived at this early period of his existence of both his parents; and though the sum of £300 had been bequeathed by his father for the purpose of bringing him up, the executor of his will contrived to appropriate the money to his own purposes, and the boy was thus robbed of the means of subsistence. The two parties to whose care he had been consigned, though old and in very humble circumstances, possessed kind and charitable hearts, and out of their limited means gave him a tolerable education, treating him in all respects as though he had been their own offspring. In the year 1805 he was apprenticed by them for three years to a nankeen manufacturer, but before the expiration of that period the trade became in such a bad state that he left it, and went into another branch. For many years he had to contend with trying difficulties, having not only to support himself, but, in a great measure, his foster parents. By dint of perseverance and active and industrious habits, he gradually overcame the obstacles which beset him, and eventually succeeded in placing himself in a respectable position in society, whilst the misguided individual who had defrauded him of his portion was for many years before his death reduced to the most abject poverty.

Mr. White became a member of the Order in February, 1826, when he was initiated in the Wellington Lodge, No. 1, Manchester District. He took office on the night of his entrance, and continued to serve his Lodge in different capacities until he had gone through every office connected with it.

In 1827 he represented his Lodge at the Nottingham A. M. C. This was an important era in Odd Fellowship, for at this Committee the Board of Directors was established. Before this period the books of the Order had been kept at the house of the Treasurer, Mr. Hodgson, of the Prince's Tavern, Manchester, and everything relating to the Institution was in a confused state, the members being almost in the dark with respect to the funds of the Order. The Treasurer received and paid all monies, and the tradesmen supplying the Order with goods had frequently to spend a considerable portion of their profits before they could get their accounts discharged. This being the state of affairs Mr. White and others were anxious to put things on a different footing, and institute a regular system of government. Mr. White accordingly brought forward a motion, which was seconded by P. P. G. M. Elsom, at the Nottingham A. M. C., that an Executive Government should be formed, of which the G. M. and D. G. M. should be members by virtue of their offices. This measure met with much opposition when in Committee, and was only carried by the chairman's casting vote.

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Such are the slight chances on which great measures frequently have to depend. When we look back to the difficulties which the Institution had to contend with in its early stages—when we consider the rude materials of which it was originally composed, the jarring elements which were around it, and the want of systematic arrangement which prevailed amongst those who were its principal supporters, we cannot but be struck with astonishment that it should have attained its present state of eminence and perfection. No impartial person can contemplate without wonder and admiration a body of between two and three hundred thousand individuals, principally from the working-classes, knit together for purely benevolent purposes, and, keeping themselves aloof from all sects and parties, moving steadily onwards in their career of charity and good-will to each other. Whilst, however, we rejoice in our present prosperity, and give due honour to those who are now at the head of affairs, we must not forget to award the just meed of praise to those who boldly and fearlessly did their duty in other days, when the good vessel of Odd Fellowship was labouring over rocky and tempestuous seas, unaided, as it now is, by the favouring gale of public opinion. To Mr. White, therefore, in conjunction with others, we are greatly indebted for his efficient exertions in by-gone times, and more especially is our gratitude due to him as being one of the founders of our now existing excellent executive government.

Mr. White was elected a member of the first Board of Directors, and continued to be on the Board during the years 1827, 8, 9, 30, 2, 3, and 4.

Previously to the A. M. C. of Nottingham, the Manchester Funeral Fund was in an unsettled and disorganized state, but immediately after the Committee of 1827, by the exertions of Mr. White and others, it was established on more solid principles, and considerably improved in its workings. He was subsequently appointed President of the Fund. He has also served the office of G. M. of the Manchester District.

In 1832 Mr. White was elected D. G. M. of the Order, and G. M. in the following year. He has attended the A. M. Cs. of Nottingham, Dudley, Sheffield, Leeds, Monmouth, Bury, Hull, and Kendal.

Mr. White remained a member of the Wellington Lodge until the 17th of May, 1841, when the distance to which it had removed from his residence rendered it exceedingly inconvenient for him to attend, or be of much assistance; and he, therefore, drew his clearance, and joined the Sir John Moore Lodge, which was nearer to his own neighbourhood. We have reason to believe that his withdrawal from the Wellington Lodge was a circumstance which caused him considerable regret, on account of the old associations connected with it, and the friendships he had formed with many of its members.

The official duties of Mr. White, as a member of the Town Council, have latterly rendered him incapable of paying that attention to Odd Fellowship which he formerly did; but he has the interests of the Institution as much at heart as ever, and we have no doubt that, if circumstances permitted, he would be as active in the cause as he was in the early part of his career.

ON THE CONSTITUTION AND PROSPECTS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

It might form a subject of deep meditation to the observer of human nature, were he to reflect upon the trouble and waste of time which mankind have in all ages expended upon objects which, if attained, could not of themselves be of any possible utility. How much energy has been brought into requisition—what difficulties have been overcome—what dangers encountered, merely to solve a useless proposition, or set at rest an abstract theory! Foremost, perhaps, amongst these magnificent nothings was the endeavour to discover the sources of the Nile. Of what consequence was it for the civilized world to know whether the head of this river was to be found in the mountains of Abyssinia, or whether it drew its sources from that immense lake or inland sea from which it was imagined that the Niger also took its rise? We may take as a set off the knowledge which that enterprising traveller, Bruce, has

been enabled to give us of the customs and manners of nations then but little known; but these are merely collateral subjects—the knowledge attained may be said to be picked up by the wayside, and can in no way add to or detract from the object originally aimed at. Are not some of the members of our Order following in the same track? What ingenious disquisitions have been wasted—what absurd, yet plausible, theories have been invented to account for the origin of Odd Fellowship! We see it, like the Nile, fertilizing and blessing the regions through which it flows, and we ought to hail it as a broad stream of philanthropy, rolling onward in its majestic course through this vale of sorrow, its tributary streams lending their aid to effect its glorious objects—to lessen the amount of human misery—to bind man to man in the bonds of brotherhood, and to infuse amongst us a spirit of universal charity and love. We cherish the hope that it may go on secure in its might and majesty, conquering and to conquer, until not only individual man is bound to man, but community to community, and nation to nation—we trust that it may sweep from its path the withering blight of prejudice, and soften by its benign influence the difference of clime, of creed, or of education, until throughout the vast regions of the globe man shall be taught to look upon man in the true spirit of kindness and love, and the claim of brotherhood shall be acknowledged even to the ends of the earth. It is not too much to affirm that these glorious results are within the scope of Odd Fellowship—that the flame, which is only now beginning to burn with a pure and steady light amongst us, may be increased until it becomes a beacon to the world, teaching men to shun the evils of existence, and pointing out to them a safe refuge and a secure haven from the sorrows of this transitory life. It may not, then, be amiss to take a brief glance at the constitution and prospects of Odd Fellowship, and to shew the power which it possesses, more than any other society or community, of effecting the greatest good to the greatest number. What matters it whether Odd Fellowship took its rise, as some fanciful theorists would endeavour to make us believe, when the Roman legions marched through conquered Britain, or whether it owes its origin to an obscure drinking club in the suburbs of London? To us it is the same—the past is shrouded in mystery, but the present is our own, and the future it becomes us to prepare for. We do not seek to throw around the Institution the splendour of an illustrious origin, or dignify it by claiming for it the merit of antiquity, nor do we wish to prove our peculiar superiority over other bodies by enumerating a long list of noble or wealthy brethren. There can be little doubt that it owes its existence and present proud position to those whom it is so admirably adapted to benefit, namely, the working-classes. They, in all probability, first conceived the idea of how great a blessing such a provision against disease and poverty, if permanently established, must prove to them; and with all that energy and enthusiasm which are necessary to the carrying out all great projects they commenced their benevolent crusade. To the untiring perseverance and shrewdness which are the distinguishing characteristics of intelligent English workmen we hesitate not to attribute what is most valuable and praiseworthy in Odd Fellowship.

In examining the constitution of our Order it would be unnecessary, nay improper, to attempt to enter into detail—circumstances, which it is absolutely impossible to foresee, are continually occurring to render minor alterations necessary. It is upon these matters that conflicting opinions generally arise,

and we by no means desire to provoke controversy. Whilst we carefully eschew these points, we may be allowed to examine the fixed and general principles of the Order, so that we may satisfy ourselves that the foundations on which we rest are secure, and that our superstructure is of a solid and lasting nature. Sufficient power has been vested in the hands of the executive portion of our government to make our laws obeyed and respected, yet every care has been taken to secure the individual independence of Lodges. This is one of the great bulwarks of our stability, and we should scarcely assume too much if we were to assert that it is the rock on which Odd Fellowship is founded. The early labourers in the vineyard of the Order, though men who perhaps possessed few of the advantages of education, were principally persons of strong natural abilities, and the results of their efforts indicate a deep knowledge of the workings of human nature.

The internal affairs of Lodges are under the control of their own members, subject only to those laws which are necessary to the well-being and good-government of all; and, therefore, every member feels that he has an *individual interest* in the prosperity of the Order. By thus insuring to him the right to a voice in the management of affairs, you also raise in him a principle of self-respect; he sees clearly the necessity of preserving good order and paying due obedience to the laws in that portion of our community to which he more particularly belongs, and thence, by a natural transition, becomes a firm supporter of order when applied to the whole body. It may almost be laid down as a general maxim amongst us, that the members of our best regulated Lodges are always to be found the most strenuous supporters of our laws, and the most ready to assist the executive government in the due exercise of their authority. An objection may be urged that at times there are found amongst us some who feel inclined to carry this liberty to too great an extent—to set aside all necessary restraint, and riot in a wanton exercise of the power entrusted to them; but such evils are never of long continuance, and we generally find that they work their own cure. In every instance where disturbances have arisen amongst us, they have ended in uniting us in a more strong and enduring bond: as the gale which sweeps over us, and is disastrous in its present effects, may perhaps be instrumental in bearing disease and death from our shores. Let us, then, be careful in our course of legislation, and never allow the excitement of temporary matters to cause us for one moment to swerve from the fixed and immutable principles of our Institution. It has been by the sacrifice of individual thoughts and feelings to the general good that we have hitherto progressed so prosperously and harmoniously, and whilst similar motives actuate us, so long may we confidently anticipate an increase in numbers and moral strength. To say that there exists no body which can at all be paralleled with our own, is to assert a fact which no one will be hardy enough to endeavour to controvert. Whilst commercial difficulties have pressed heavily on all classes, and party spirit has agitated the nation generally, our community has withstood the shocks which it had to encounter, and continued to advance steadily in its course. The excellence of the objects we have in view, and the purity of our intentions, are the grand secrets that protect us, and insure us the support of those who have the good of their fellow-creatures at heart. The more we are known, the more shall we be appreciated: we pride ourselves on the deference which, as a body, we have ever paid to those powers which are placed above us, and on our unswerving labours for the amelioration of the evils which are incident to

humanity, We are convinced that so long as these feelings animate us we shall meet with that support and respect to which we are entitled, and which has hitherto been so cheerfully and lavishly bestowed upon us.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, AND ALTERATION IN THE MAGAZINE ARRANGEMENTS.

THE following is a copy of the decision of the gentlemen appointed by the Magazine Committee, under the sanction of the Board of Directors, to award the Prizes to contributors. The Numbers of the Magazine referred to are those for October, 1841, and January and April, 1842.

Manchester, Aug. 13th., 1842.

TO THE G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF
ODD FELLOWS.

GENTLEMEN,

After a careful perusal and impartial consideration of the merits of the contributions embodied in the Numbers of the Magazine submitted to us, we are of opinion that the Prizes should be awarded after the following order:—

PROSE CONTRIBUTIONS.

No. 1.—Chronononotonthologos.....	£10	0	0
No. 2.—G. P. Jennings.....	7	0	0
No. 3.—A. Smith.....	5	0	0
No. 4.—J. Wyatt.....	3	0	0
No. 5.—J. Leigh.....	2	0	0

POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

No. 1.—J. C. Prince.....	£5	0	0
No. 2.—J. Booth.....	4	0	0
No. 3.—Miss Varley.....	3	0	0

We are, Gentlemen,

Yours most respectfully,

C. SWAIN.

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

GEO. FALKNER, Editor of Bradshaw's Journal.

The Resolutions below were passed by the Magazine Committee, and afterwards confirmed by the Board of Directors:—

Magazine Committee, August 25th, 1842.

GEORGE RICHMOND, G. M., IN THE CHAIR.

RESOLVED,

1st. That the report of the Gentlemen appointed to award the Prizes to Magazine Contributors be received and confirmed.

2nd. That a vote of thanks be given to them for their valuable and gratuitous services; together with a copy of the last volume of the Magazine.

3rd. That the Board of Directors be recommended to present each contributor to the Magazines for October, January, and April last, to whom no Prize has been awarded, with a neatly bound copy of the last volume of the Magazine, and that the £10 remaining unappropriated be used for that purpose.

4th. That £25 be placed at the disposal of the Magazine Committee to enable them to purchase articles from writers of acknowledged literary talent.

5th. That £25 be distributed in Prizes in the following proportions:—Prose, £7, 5, 4, 3;—Poetry, £3, 2, 1.

LYRICS FOR THE ORDER.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

No. I.

A BLESSING ON THE BAND.

Altr—"Woodman spare that tree."

A blessing on the band,
The brethren good and true,
Whose kindness o'er the land
Falls like the summer-dew;
Want swiftly from them flies,
As onwards they advance,
And Misery fades and dies,
Whene'er it meets their glance.

Their feet delight to tread
 Where dwelleth dark despair,
 When droops the mourner's head
 In loneliness and care ;
 The widow's sighs depart,
 Their aid her sorrow cheers,
 And with a thankful heart
 She smiles amid her tears.

The couch of pain they seek,
 The sick man's silent room,
 And words of comfort speak
 To chase away his gloom ;
 He asks, and not in vain—
 They come with bounteous hand ;
 He prays, amid his pain,
 For blessing on the band.

Far may the Order's name
 Be spread o'er land and sea ;
 Long may the Order's fame
 The pride of Britons be :
 The watchwords of our band,
 Oh, may they prove a spell
 For every heart and hand
 To serve and guard us well !

No. II.

WHEN I AM LAID 'NEATH THE CHURCH-YARD STONE.

Air—"The Bard's Legacy."

WHEN I am laid 'neath the church-yard stone
 Will friends e'er come to my grave at eve,
 And speak of my deeds in a kindly tone,
 Or o'er my memory silently grieve ?
 I do not ask for the dews of weeping
 To fall on my lowly home of clay,
 But the friends I love—I would have them keeping
 Fond thoughts of me when I pass away.

When they are met in the festive hour,
 I would not sadden one joyous heart ;
 No cloud of sorrow o'er them should lour,
 Or rob their bliss of its lightest part ;
 But if some thought should be o'er them stealing
 Of him who was wont their gladness to share,
 Let them think each song and mirthful feeling
 Would be joy to him could he join them there.

I would have them think, in their hours of sadness,
 Of the solace they oft from his words had drawn,
 When he told that a morn of light and gladness
 On the gloomiest night would most surely dawn :
 Should they vigils keep by their tapers' burning,
 And hopes be around them like dead leaves thrown,
 Oh, then would I have their remembrance turning
 To the friendly heart that was once their own !

*. Though these Lyrics will not all be on subjects connected with our Institution, they will always be found to contain no sentiment opposed to its principles, and it is humbly hoped that they may at times be in some degree influential in diffusing proper and kindly feelings. The whole of the series will be adapted to pleasing and popular airs.

PHCEBE VIOLET.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

POOR Phœbe Violet! peace be with thee! May thy sufferings here have been the chastenings of a merciful God, whose visitations fall heaviest on those whom he loveth most. Thy name has departed from among the worldlings who have no thought to bestow on the humble—no solace to offer the broken-hearted; but thy memory can never be effaced from my mind, for my own tribulations have taught me to sympathise with the unhappy.

My first acquaintance with Phœbe Violet was formed at a Christmas party, given in honor of the young lady's birthday. She was then a thoughtless, merry school girl, with spirits too exuberant to be damped by any morbid love of romance, and her air too plainly indicated that she was a spoiled child. Conscious of the possession of beauty, she declined, with one or two favoured exceptions, the civilities of her admirers; but this was rather the effect of caprice than of unkindness, for, obscured as it was by pride, a generous feeling animated her bosom. When a mere infant, she lost her mother, and her father being engrossed in business, she had no friend to form her mind, and to direct her taste, and was allowed to follow, unrestrainedly, the bent of her own inclinations; her instructors teaching her languages and accomplishments, and not aiming to give her proficiency in wisdom. Her father doted on her, but his affection was desecrated by selfishness, for he was ambitious to aggrandize his house by the union of his daughter with a scion of aristocracy.

I lost sight of Phœbe for years, and when I again heard of her, I learnt, with regret, that she had clandestinely left the establishment where she had been placed, with an individual much her inferior in station—the driver of a stage coach,—and with this man, whose personal appearance afforded but a sorry compensation for his lack of mental acquirement, the infatuated girl linked her future destiny. Yet had she no cause to complain of her husband, who treated her with kindness, and shewed the utmost deference to her wishes. This rash step, however, quite alienated the love of her father, who saw all his ambitious projects dashed to the ground, and disgrace entailed upon his name, by the lowly connexion into which his only child had entered. He revoked his will, and if ever her name were mentioned in his presence, he fell into paroxysms of rage, and long was it before he regained calmness.

Flushed with the idea that he had carried off a heiress to immense property, Hawkins relaxed in his habits of regularity, and so neglected his duty that his employers discharged him at a moment's notice. Maddened at the prospect of destitution, he urged his wife to address her father again. She did so, and the result was as before. Disappointed in procuring relief from Mr. Violet, the manner of Hawkins gradually changed towards Phœbe; there was a coldness in his air, which to some natures would have been less endurable than brutality accompanied with violence, for those beings who act on such animal impulses, occasionally display real fondness,—while this refined frigidity, this constrained courtesy, never warms into an expression of love. Phœbe beheld with sorrow this alteration; she did not reciprocate her husband's neglect; all her buoyancy of character was gone—all her frivolity vanished—every feeling was concentrated in woman's noblest attribute—she loved on!

Instead of trying to repel the approach of distress, Hawkins sought in intoxication an antidote to care. The hours he should have devoted to labour were spent in the public-house, and long beyond midnight would his young and lovely wife sit up for him. And when he returned from his nightly orgies, no endearing word would escape his lips; a look of scorn was all that the heartless fortune-hunter bestowed upon her, who for his unworthy sake, had relinquished all her prospects of grandeur, and all those luxuries which are at the command of wealth.

Amid this scene of suffering, Phœbe became a mother, and her sorrows were forgotten when she fondly gazed upon the little creature which she had brought into a world of tears. Even Robert Hawkins, when he looked upon his child, felt his heart was softened, and his conscience smote him for his cruelty to Phœbe. He sought for employment, but so indifferent was his character, that his applications were fruitless. Soured by misfortune, his better feelings were again obscured, and again did he resort to the alehouse. Phœbe never complained, but her health rapidly sunk under the sternness of her father, and the indifference of her husband. And bitterly was her

anguish augmented, when she thought how dark must be the future destiny of the infant to whom she had given birth. Even now did her boy cry for sustenance, with which she could only scantily supply him. Her cup of misery was not yet full—her love was yet to sustain a severer trial. One night Hawkins did not return—the candle expired in the socket, and still the faithful wife was watching; every step she listened to with eager anxiety—the morning came, and Hawkins was still absent. Too soon Phoebe learned the mournful truth, that the being in whom her heart's affection was centred, had been arrested for horse-stealing.

I cannot trust myself to tell her distraction; those who are strangers to affliction might regard a description of the passionate outbursts of a devoted, and nearly breaking heart, as exaggeration. Disgrace could not stem the intensity of her love—she felt the wretched object of it was now doubly entitled to all that woman's affection and energy could accomplish. The humane governor of the county gaol granted her permission to see her guilty consort.

How fearfully changed was Robert Hawkins! The colour had fled from his hollow cheeks, animation had deserted his sunken eyes, and he seemed the shadow of his former self. On seeing his wife he startled, and covering his face with his hands, exclaimed:

"Oh Phoebe! I have not deserved this kindness."

"Robert," she replied, "do not speak of what is gone and forgotten; all I know—all I feel—is that you are my husband, and the father of my child."

"Who will curse his parent for bringing disgrace upon him."

"You rave! dear Robert! can you doubt my love? Nothing can change that! The world may reject you, but to me you must be ever dear!"

"This is too much—Phoebe! Can you forgive my cruelty to you? Can you associate your name with that of a felon?"

"All—all—Robert! I cannot forget that you made poverty to me a blessing—that your love, in brighter days, has chased away every gloom which might oppress my bosom."

"Bless thee! Phoebe! But you must fly this scene—wretch that I am; you will be branded with my shame—and my boy, my innocent boy, will be pointed at by the finger of scorn, as a convict's child."

"Dearest Robert! It shall not be so; I will plead our sufferings to our father."

"He will spurn you in unforgiving wrath."

"He cannot reject the prayer of a daughter for her fallen husband. Oh, heaven will prosper such an errand, and move his heart."

"Oh Phoebe! low, degraded as I am—I am not quite lost, while blessed with such a partner."

They separated, and, faithful to her promise, the unhappy Phoebe sought the princely abode of her sire. So changed was she, that the servants did not recognize her. She asked for Mr. Violet, and was informed that being particularly engaged, he could see no one. Hers was a mission of no common nature, and regardless of the surprise of the domestics, she rushed up stairs, and paused not in her progress till she had entered the study, in which was seated her proud father, looking over that volume sacred to Mammon—his ledger.

She fell upon her knees, and the only word which she could utter was "Father!" Startled at this appeal, the old man turned, and looked upon his child; and when he saw her emaciated form, barely covered with scanty apparel, his flinty heart was touched, and he gently raised her, and spoke in the accents of kindness. She told him her sad story, and though his brow contracted when he learnt that his son-in-law was in prison on a capital charge, he heard her patiently to the end; and to her request for assistance, he offered refuge to her child and herself, if she would change her name.

"And will you not save my husband?" she tremblingly inquired.

"No! Let him die!—and, with him, your disgrace!"

A mortal paleness overspread her face, her eyes seemed starting from her head, her voice failed, and her whole frame was convulsed. She was falling, when her father rushed to her assistance;—it was too late—he but received in his arms the corpse of the once gay and beautiful Phoebe Violet!

THE WIDOW.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY JOHN M'DOUGALL, PROV. G. M.

IN a certain seaport town in the west of Scotland, not a hundred miles from Greenock, there resides a widow, whose husband has been dead these fifteen years : he had followed one of the learned professions, and practised in a town, on the south-west coast, where his talents—his integrity—and his affable manners commanded general respect ; the consequence was, an excellent business. Indeed, their temporal affairs were what is commonly designated flourishing—that is, their domestic circumstances were comfortable.

What added to their mutual happiness, they had an only daughter and four sons ; though young in years, they gave decided proofs that their minds had been under serious and successful cultivation.

When their father was pursuing the arduous duties of his profession, the mother had been 'teaching the young idea how to shoot.' Her excellent example, as well as her inculcation of the precepts of religion and morality, had the tendency to arrest the vagrant thoughts of youth, and fix them on objects calculated to elevate and adorn the character.

Providence seemed to smile on all their undertakings, and the future was gilded with bright prospects. Looking down the vista of time, the fond parents saw the youthful barks glide on the stream of life 'without a breath the blue waves to curl,' or an angry heave of the 'vasty deep' to disturb the peaceful serenity of their voyage. They communed with their hearts, that innocence so pure—that affections so sensitive—that filial piety so strong—that hearts so untainted with the deceits of the world—and veneration towards their Creator so ardent, would surely, amidst the storms of the troubled ocean of existence, ride triumphant under the immediate guardianship of God. 'The ills which flesh is heir to,' sanctified by his Providence, would at least be modified in their operations against them, so that their pilgrimage through this vale of tears might be comparatively happy. In gazing through the telescope of Hope, the panorama of their subsequent lives unfolded scenes of unequalled beauty. The daughter, arrayed in all the glories of female excellence, occupied the foreground ; the parental vision in extacy saw the pledge of their love growing in years, in wisdom, and in comeliness, when sickness threw its lurid pall around their bodies, and the intellectual elements were convulsed ; she was seen like a guardian angel soothing the one, and consoling the other. The sons merged into manhood, appeared in the prospective, nobly sustaining the hopes their parents had indulged in, and though a glimmering cloud might sometimes cast its darkening shadows over the alluring prospect, the sun of Hope soon dispelled the unwelcome intruder, and the imagination again ranged the limits of this landscape of stirring delight. 'Twas thus that father and mother looked on the future as connected with their happy offspring, their domestic felicity had been unbroken ; no chilling dews had withered the fragrance of unalloyed bliss they had enjoyed since first their hearts had been knit by pure affection.

The past had been all that human nature could have wished for ; the present was replete with unsurpassed joy ; and the future was pregnant with bright and happy days. The herald of health glowed on their cheeks, and inward tranquility sat enthroned in their hearts. It was a scene over which angels might have raised their notes of congratulation, to see the fond parents surrounded with the interesting circle of little children, lisping their evening prayers, or chaunting the vesper hymn ; prattling their affectionate accents, or narrating their innocent frolics. "In the midst of life we are in death." Inspiration records nothing more practically true than this ; for when we may be selfishly addressing ourselves, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years to come, take thine ease," the fiat of the Omnipotent may be going forth, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." Here we have an exemplification of the truth of this ; for, amid the reflections on buried time, the sweets of to-day, and the contemplation of unborn events, the father was seized suddenly ill : no fears at first were entertained of a fatal termination to the malady ; all that human skill could avail was done to counteract the influence of the disease, but its deep-rooted nature baffled the power of medicine and science. Death seemed inexorable. The husband felt assured

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that "his hours were numbered," and was calmly resigned. It was here that Christianity shed a lustre, brilliant as the glorious hopes it inspires; dissolving nature gave testimony to its sustaining power even amid its mouldering ruins. His affectionate wife sat by his bedside, anticipating his every want, and executing his every wish. The cold sweat was wiped from his leaden forehead, and the parched lips were moistened by the same kindly hand.

The children visited the sick chamber unconscious that ere long they would be fatherless, and their weeping mother a widow; he spoke often and affectionately of his little daughter, M——, (who at that time was residing with a friend at some distance;) he endeavoured to cheer the heart of his dear partner by pointing her to this star of her earthly hope, and that if spared, she would soften a mother's dying pillow, and make the evening sun of her existence set in a cloudless sky.

He felt convinced that his temporal affairs were not such as to warrant him to conclude that his sons would be exempt from earning a livelihood, otherwise than by industry and labour, he therefore judiciously recommended that her own discretion would be exercised in directing their views on this point, and to impress on their minds as they successively attained the period when manual toil would be the 'lot of their inheritance,' that 'the hands of the diligent maketh rich.' Under the blessing of heaven their honest endeavours would be amply rewarded, thus her declining years might be rendered easy.

His mind was ill at ease regarding her own personal welfare; she was in such a state as indicated that in a few months another orphan would be added to the number, thereby rendering her circumstances painfully interesting. When the relaxation of pain would admit, he spoke with rapture on their connubial bliss, incident upon incident was crowded into their conversation, and in the brief space of a few hours they, as it were, had re-lived the former part of their existence. If ever the agonising pangs of separation were intensely heightened at the reminiscence of departed joys, that moment must have witnessed such a climax.

"What peaceful hours we once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still;
But, ah! they're gone, and leave a void
The world can never fill."

He discoursed with energy on his hopes of future bliss, adding that the Christian communion they had here tasted was only an anti-past of the purer and more permanent felicity in another and better world. "Such are the hopes that cheer the just." He expressed a strong desire that his little sons would be called into his presence. This was instantly complied with. He addressed them collectively in a strain of the deepest affection, and then separately bestowed his last benediction on each. The feelings of regret were evident from his appearance as well as from his words, when he was informed that his little daughter M—— had not yet arrived. "We will meet in heaven," was his exclamation,

"Where death divided friends, at last
Shall meet to part no more."

The lamp of life was now burning dimly—the flickering flame was scarcely perceptible—the vital spark was scanning the portals of egress, as if anxious to leave the tenement of clay, and breathe uncontrolled by mortal form in the ample fields of space. As he pressed the hands of his weeping and affectionate wife to his bosom, "Welcome heaven and all its glories," was heard to rise from his lips, and the soul winged its flight with the same breath to regions far beyond the ken of man.

The widow supported the afflictive bereavement with Christian magnanimity; her little ones, awed by the solemnity of the scene, had clustered closely around her. Claspings each of them in her arms and embracing them fondly to her heart, she said, with a serenity of mind that religion only is capable of imparting—"The Lord gave, and he hath taken away; blessed is his holy name." His promise is, "I will be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow." The daughter arrived shortly after the melancholy event had taken place, and when the sad news was communicated to her, her little heart seemed ready to burst, and she could only exclaim, "My father, my father, where is he?" The lapse of time has softened the poignancy of her grief, but never subdued its power. Her memory seems to have treasured his affection with all the ardour of a devoted child. Every trivial kindness she experienced from his hands,—every tender expression of

paternal regard that had escaped from his lips, have all, like so many precious jewels, been retained, and arranged in the cabinet of the heart.

The necessary preliminaries having been completed for the interment, the day arrived when "dust was to be committed to dust." A numerous and mournful assemblage met in the house of mourning. The big tear that stole down many a cheek, and the suppressed sigh which struggled for utterance in many a bosom, as the venerable man of God raised his suppliant voice to the throne of the Eternal, evidenced that a breach of no ordinary magnitude had been made in the social circle.

The corpse was followed to the churchyard by this sorrowing company, where, amid the weeping of friends and relatives, the remains of a beloved husband—an affectionate parent—a warm-hearted friend—and a sincere Christian, were laid beneath the clods of the valley, "to rest in the grave till the morning of the resurrection."

The sepulture rites being over, friend after friend withdrew to their respective homes, and the mother, husbandless, was left with her orphans to ponder in silence on the past, and brood with sadness on the future.

The brilliant tints of the picture which she had seen sketched under other circumstances, and yielded her such delight, now wore a gloomy aspect—the alternation of light and shade—the obscuring clouds which now floated over the once gorgeous hues—the solemn darkness of the once lovely and cheering drapery, convinced her that she had then viewed the world through a false medium.

In a great measure thrown on her own resources, she exhibited a decision of character, and a prudence of economy in the management of her family concerns, that beautifully harmonized with her previous history. Her industrious habits were proverbial; yet amid the multiplicity of these severer duties, she would snatch an occasional hour for the instruction of her daughter M—— and sons. The two eldest sons and the daughter had been sent to school, and made rapid progress in the various branches which they were taught. The teacher, under whose care they were placed, had been an intimate friend of their father's; and his special attention to the orphans' education, proved that he was a friend indeed. His own intellect of the highest order, he laboured assiduously to adorn "the pliant soul of erring youth." His fervent wish was that they might prove themselves to be "the worthy descendants of a worthy sire."

About this period she gave birth to another daughter; her maternal solicitude and responsibility were, therefore, greatly increased—her joys and fears were mingled—memory reverting to fled years conjured up a thousand thrilling associations, and coming time was invested with an interest all-absorbing.

The eldest son in a few years became proficient in the ordinary branches of education, and excelled in some of the higher departments. The daughter M——, besides having made considerable progress in common scholastic attainments, studied Latin and French with much success.

These indications of future usefulness and worth had a salutary tendency in animating the heart of the fond mother. "Though clouds and darkness had beset her path," yet she perceived the finger of Providence guiding all the mysterious movements; and from the transitory nature of earthly joys, she was taught that more noble realities would be enjoyed in yonder climes of bliss.

Years rolled on, and the children had all either finished the common routine of education, or at least had progressed in the elements of essential knowledge. The eldest son had chosen the profession of his father, and every feature in his character seemed to bear testimony to his adaptation for such. His masculine mind had grappled with the difficulties of his profession—his natural genius, aided by his superior acquirements, had mastered every obstacle. His correct deportment and engaging manners won him the esteem of all who knew him. His mother loved him—his sisters vied in their affection for him, and his brothers exhibited all the tenderness of fraternal regard for him. Hitherto this little circle had been unbroken; comfort and happiness had diffused their genial influences over the years that had elapsed since the well-to-be-remembered period when the father had departed this life; the idea of one link being snapped by death, or any other cause, from the chain of existing domestic felicity had never once found a place in the mother's heart. The consolatory thought that she would breathe her last in the midst of her dear offspring, and like their father give each a parting blessing, had been cherished as the "apple of her eye." But the hour was on the wing when this delusive spell was to be stripped of its fascination—the charms which imagination had gilded

this shadowy hope with, were soon to be dissipated,—and truth, arrayed in all the attributes of stern majesty, was about to disclose realities incompatible with the widow's peace of mind. The eldest son had long indulged a wish (in secret) to visit other lands. Anxious to acquire a competency of this world's goods, he deemed his fatherland inadequate to realise his expectations—his eyes turned to the United States of America—there, he fancied, fortune beckoned him to follow her, and win her golden opinions by becoming a voluntary exile. The tide of filial affection would sometimes check the impetuous career of thought as it sped its way across the boundless deep to sojourn in other climes, and mingle with strangers under other skies. "My mother!" he would ejaculate, as the idea of bidding her farewell would enter his mind; "am I thus to requite thee for all thy tender solicitude over me; am I to cause the 'iron to enter thy soul,' and render unhappy a heart devoted to my happiness. No! Yes, yes, I must go, the ties of affection will be riven asunder; but God will guide my mother, protect my sisters, and defend my brothers." His resolution being fixed, he waited on his mother to communicate the unwelcome tidings. It required all the fortitude he could summon for the unpleasant task, conscious that her feelings would rise in rebellion against such a proposal.

He addressed her in a pathetic strain on his present position and future prospects; the past was reviewed as with an eagle's eye, present circumstances were depicted in terms of deepest interest, and succeeding years were painted in all the glowing imagery of a mind biassed with the hopes of ultimate success. He pointed to a period when, enriched with the treasures of Columbia he would retrace his steps back to his native shores, and share the triumphs of his spoils with his dear mother. She heard the saddening announcement and was appalled—she saw her fond hopes were all soon to be scattered—the dangers of the trackless sea rose in all their terrific forms before her imagination—the foam-crested wave was seen to embrace him amid the fearful wrappings of contending elements. If safely landed on a foreign shore, disease in a thousand varied forms was seen to make him its victim—or death terminating his earthly pilgrimage, when no affectionate friend was near to close his eyes when the last throb had ceased to agitate his heart. The swellings of her heart being in some degree subsided, she remonstrated with all the energy of soul she was capable of exercising; she besought him by a mother's love—by her fears—by her sorrows—by her joys—by her life—and by her death, to abandon the thoughts of forsaking home and all its countless endearments. He listened with conflicting emotions to her affectionate and ardent entreaties; but the die was cast, no appeal of human oratory could shake "his high resolve;" his ambition to be affluent had been excited, and danger, disease, and death were all to be braved to accomplish this one object. His answer to the objections urged by his mother extinguished the last ray of hope she had entertained of overcoming his resolution; for in the course of a few days he had sailed from ———, and after a tedious and boisterous passage, he arrived at New York, where he still is, threading his way among the mazy throng, that surround the "idol fortune," to catch an approving smile from the fastidious Deity. Time, however, seems to have blunted the keen feelings which in former years he possessed, as his communications to a still affectionate parent are limited indeed.

The widow's health, which had not been in a good state for some time prior to this, received an additional shock by the departure of her son. A nervous debility seemed to interweave itself into her material system, but the mind was still unclouded—the same patient resignation beautified her character—the same glorious hopes cheered her heart. The consolation that she had yet three sons and two daughters who were distinguished for an unwavering attachment to her, chased away either gloomy reflections or dubious forebodings.

The eldest daughter, M ———, had now finished her course of education: To symmetry of person, engaging and pleasing features, were conjoined unassuming manners, wisdom and piety. Her prudent conduct was a source of much solid comfort to her widowed mother. The youngest daughter was now an interesting little creature. The sons were all characterized by sedateness of mind, kindly dispositions, and cultivated intellects.

The mother would often gaze on the fatherless group when they were seated around the domestic hearth, and trace the image of her departed husband in all the lineaments of their happy faces. Her felicity to see them in this family capacity, however, was not

destined to be of long duration. The embers of adventure and enterprise which had slumbered in the hearts of the sons since their eldest brother left home, now broke forth with a power so resistless that maternal authority was inadequate to repress it. The mother saw the approaching crisis, and laboured to avert it. Her ingenuity devised numerous schemes to avoid the fearful consummation—the task was fruitless.

The second son declared that his future home would be on the deep, his mind was girt for the consequences, and no earthly inducement would persuade him to relinquish the idea. His buoyant imagination looked on the perils incidental on such a profession as a necessary ordeal to be passed through, ere he could arrive at riches or distinction. He had read of the thunder storm, of the rocking earthquake, of the lightning's uncontrolled and magnificent grandeur—of the shores of distant isles being strewn with the wreck of navies—of the brave mariner's grave being the fathomless ocean. These seemed only to incite him with a greater desire to leave the “dull, tame shore,” and gather from experience the truth or fiction of these details. In vain the mother reasoned on the nature and magnitude of the hazards connected with a sea-faring life, all that her affection could prompt or her anxiety suggest, were advanced in language fitted to sap resolution formed by a maturer judgment. The dazzling hopes of opulence and fame were too intense to be conquered even by the pathos of a mother's moving eloquence. A short time afterwards he was apprenticed to Captain —, of the ship —, which was on the eve of sailing to one of the West India islands. The necessary preparations being completed, she departed from —, carrying with her another of the widow's joys. The protection of him “who holdeth the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hands,” was often and earnestly supplicated for her sailor boy, while voyaging amidst the wonders and dangers of the mighty ocean. Scarcely had the wounds of her heart, occasioned by this circumstance, been healed, when they were made to bleed afresh.

The third son had caught a portion of the romantic spirit of his two brothers, and also of their decision of character; for the weeping entreaties of a widowed mother, and the tender appeals of his affectionate sisters, failed to dissuade him from prosecuting such a dangerous calling. The second brother's narration of his hair-breadth escapes—the strange novelties he had seen—the awful glory of the watery elements—and the verdant scenery of the western islands, were related in such glowing terms of enthusiasm, as was exactly suited to captivate a heart less susceptible of adventurous impressions. A few days more, and another of the widow's joys was wafted by the breeze on the bosom of the deep to a distant shore.

Under similar circumstances, many of the children of misfortune have sunk beneath such accumulated calamities: but the widow's soul rose in nobler magnanimity as joy after joy disappeared from the family horizon.

Bereavement after bereavement, though mantled with sorrow, never destroyed her equanimity of mind; the silent tear would sometimes steal down her cheeks, and the pensive sigh sometimes heave from her bosom, yet the murmuring complaint never escaped from her lips, nor did the repining sentiment ever find a sanctuary in her heart. She had been disciplined in the school of affliction, and she humbly submitted to the allotments of heaven.

The fourth and youngest son still remained to gladden her. He was characterised by a peculiar sweetness of temper. Nature seemed to have gifted him in this respect with no niggardly hand, and the fruits of his mother's pious example were strikingly blended in all his actions. The widow and her daughter M— were passionately fond of him, and they revelled in the hope that his mind might be partialized for some avocation better adapted to, and more congenial to his habits, than the generally reckless one of a sailor's, they naturally concluded that his personal presence would be an acquisition to their comforts in the absence of the others—they embraced every opportunity—they employed every argument—they urged every motive in order to induce him to adopt a business of a domesticated character, and they conceived that one who had hitherto been so dutiful and so affectionate, would implicitly obey the tender and ardent dictates of those who loved him so strongly; but alas, their anticipations were soon doomed to be withered. The human heart is too mysterious and intricate to be comprehended even by philosophers; it is not then to be wondered that individuals possessing only a limited portion of physiological science are often in error, both as to the means employed in exploring its labyrinths, and the conclusions arrived at on a superficial inquiry as to

its appearances. In this instance the complexion of the thoughts was entirely dissimilar to what had been expected, for the ideas of the son were exactly the counterpart of the mother's and sisters'; his were flowing in a channel from which nothing could change them. His placid deportment had been taken as an index to his mind, nor had they been mistaken as far as filial respect was concerned, for never was there a more affectionate son; his very soul appeared wrapped in the desire to elevate his widowed mother above the ordinary wants of mortals. A thousand ingenious schemes started into being to effect this purpose; the creative fancy of his youthful mind crowded into the arena a host of crude opinions, as to the most plausible mode of attaining his object; these, however, were all subjected to the testing process of a judgment enlightened by natural as well as acquired genius, and the result of the analysis was a "sailor's life;" his every wish, his every hope, his every exertion was brought to concentrate on this point. His mother learned his resolution with dismay, she had clung with all the eagerness of maternal fondness to a hope that now lay wrecked before her; it had mocked her aspirations, and the fragments of its rayless shadow presented humiliating memorials of the illusory nature of sublunary hopes. The widow's emotions of grief were of the most painful description, yet heaven sustained her.

Her fourth son was soon journeying 'o'er the world of waters;' like his other brothers, he arrived in safety at his destined port. They were all spared to make several voyages. She, of course, enjoyed much pleasure in their company when at home, as did their sisters. Time had softened down the asperity of her grief occasioned by their successive departures, but still the dangers of the ocean, arrayed in all their dread appearances, passed as vividly before her imagination, as the first hour when her eldest son embarked for a foreign land. They had visited islands in the West Indies that had been the charnel houses of the European. She had gloomy forebodings that in some of these the bones of her dear sailor boys would be buried with the strangers. When the sweeping blast howled around her dwelling, and pitchy darkness spread her sable curtain over the face of nature—when the sad intelligence would be re-echoing from many a mourning heart, that a sailor friend, a son, a brother, or a father had breathed their last on the pestilential shores of our colonial possessions, the widow's apprehensions were then more excited for the welfare of her sons. Her prayers for their security would mingle with the storm, and rise through the shades of darkness to the throne of the Ruler of the Universe.

The last voyage that the young son made was to Demerara; in the midst of the almost universal sickness that prevailed at that place, he retained his health. Having discharged their cargo there, the vessel sailed for another colony, and scarcely had she arrived, when disease seized almost the whole crew. Death added here to its numberless victims several fresh trophies, and amongst these was the widow's son.

He had practically learned to "remember his Creator in the days of his youth;" for, whether in the retirement of domestic life, or gliding over the unruffled bosom of the mighty deep; whether placed on the giddy heights of the lofty mast, when bending beneath the fury of the hurricane, or toiling under a vertical sun, the audible or mental prayer was speeding its way to his heavenly Father. Now, when the last conflict of nature was waging, the supremacy of religion shed its sacred halo to the latest moment of the sailor boy's existence. His illness was short, but severe. When about to breathe his last, he called for one of his comrades, and said, J——, I forgive you any injury you may have done me; may God bless you. Tell my mother and sisters, when you arrive at G——, the particulars of my death. Say to them I prayed for them when dying; we will yet be a family in heaven.

"Oh what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades,
White are the robes we then shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads."

Farewell!—and he expired with his head on his comrade's knee. When the fatal tidings had arrived, it was deemed advisable to make the communication to his sister M——, the widow's delicate state of health suggested this medium of information as the most appropriate.

A friend called and said that she had something of importance to impart to M——. With a beating heart she left her mother for another apartment; scarcely, however, had she crossed the threshold when she sunk to the floor. She thought there was

something ominous in the word "important;" the idea that death in some form had bereaved her of a brother, had overpowered her—nature shuddered at the thought of such an event. When a little restored, she frantically exclaimed,—“Tell me all! oh, tell me all! which of my brothers is dead?” The friend, knowing that the one dead was a particular favourite, and had been shortly expected home, hesitated to give the intelligence; however, her entreaties elicited the fact, that her youngest brother had died in the island of A—ten weeks prior. The ebullition of feelings which succeeded this disclosure was most affecting—“Is he dead?—is he dead?—is my brother G—dead?”—the strugglings of grief appeared ready to break her heart—“he is in heaven, blessed be God for the hope,—oh, I feel assured he is in heaven! Tell me—tell me, is it a dream! or is he really dead? Oh, my poor mother, she will sink under this additional sorrow! He was pious, he was affectionate—*is he dead?—is he dead?*” This accumulation of her sensitive feelings was too great for her to bear, these recoiling on her heart produced insensibility, and she dropped into the arms of her friend.

Under these circumstances it was thought prudent to inform the widow of the death of her son. When the melancholy annunciation was made, Christian fortitude and resignation shone in all the splendour of their native glory.

She calmly answered, “it might have been worse; like Job, all my sons and daughters might have been taken away. ’Twas hard to part with one so young, so affectionate and so promising; yet I humbly acknowledge, O God, that—

“Thy justice but resumed its own,

“Tis mine still to adore.”

When brought to her daughter (who had partially regained her usual serenity) the scene was deeply interesting. The widowed matron tenderly, but fervently, reproved her for indulging in such sorrow—that the hand of God was in this dispensation—to remember her brother’s virtues, and triumph over her grief, by patiently submitting to “Him who ordereth all things well.” These admonitions gradually restored her composure of mind. Clasping her mother in her arms, she exclaimed, “O, I know I have acted improperly, forgive me, I will still live to watch over your declining years.” The widow lives and her dutiful daughter M—.

Greenock.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY J. P. DOUGLAS.

(Author of “*A Dream of Youth*,” &c.)

In the glowing morn, when the warm sun flings
Its radiant light on all living things;
When the leaves and flowers begem’d with dew,
Shine soft and fair thro’ each rosy hue;
And the sky, and the earth, and the ocean, seem
Glorious and bright as life’s young dream—

I think of thee!

In the first deep blushes of morning’s beam
I think of thee!

In the hour of noon, when my limbs recline
’Neath the clustering shades of the juicy vine;
When the sultry winds breathe faint and low,
Like the voice of a spirit oppress’d with woe;
And the drooping flowers o’ercome with heat,
Quiver and fade in the wild retreat,

I think of thee!

Pale guide of my weak and wand’ring feet,
I think of thee!

When the full rich tone of the vesper hymn
 Chimes loud in the shades of evening dim ;
 When the silvery moon, and the zenith stars,
 Look bright in the sky as sun-fleck'd bars ;
 When the lonely heart is yet more lone—
 Each feeling softened, and changed each tone,

I think of thee !

Hope of my dreaming heart ! beautiful one !

I think of thee !

And thus to my soul thou art become
 A beacon, to light life's cheerless gloom ;
 A form of scarcely mortal part—
 The only joy of a bleeding heart ;
 And still in the morning's fervid glow,
 Or when the soft winds of night breathe low,
 I think of thee !
 And the stars shall sing as their rounds they go,
 And the fountains shall echo the song as they flow,
 I think of thee !

Maryport.

GAMBLING.

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

MR. RAVENSBURG, a gentleman of great wealth and high connexions, had long resided at a seaport town of the West of England, where his extensive landed possessions lay. At the time this tale commences, great as was Mr. Ravensburg's wealth, yet in consequence of the rapid progressive improvement of his native town, it gradually became more and more probable, that, in the course of a few years, each perch of his land would increase in value, and ultimately be equal to the estimated worth of every acre ; which is now literally the case.

In the same town resided Mr. Wilford, a gentleman of moderate fortune, closely connected by the ties of friendship and acquaintanceship with the magnates of the place and its neighbourhood. The families of these gentlemen being on the most friendly terms of intimacy, it very naturally occurred that a tender attachment arose between Mr. Ravensburg's son and Mr. Wilford's daughter, a lovely and amiable maiden of nineteen.

The match being considered eligible by their parents, the young couple were speedily united, and established in an elegant and commodious dwelling, second to none in the town, where in peace, happiness and splendour, they passed not only *one*, but many blissful honeymoons.

Young Ravensburg being an only child, and heir-presumptive to all his father's possessions, the necessity of guarding against casualties seemed never to have entered into his parent's calculations ; for the immense wealth of the Ravensburg's appeared almost unlimited, and apparently bade defiance to disaster, so as to render the customary precautions unnecessary ; therefore no settlement or assignment of any part of the family property was made over to the bridegroom, or his lovely partner, who remained chiefly dependant on the elder Mr. Ravensburg, and were supported by him in princely munificence.

About twelve months after this marriage, the elder Mr. Ravensburg made a journey to London on some public business, and being nearly related to Viscount R—, was introduced by him to the best (?) society in the metropolis ; where, amongst others, he

became intimately acquainted with Lord T——, who was well known to many as a notorious gambler, and an unprincipled *Roue*; and to these *valuable* titles there were many bold men who did not scruple to add that of blackleg; but by dint of unflinching assurance, and high connexion, this disgrace to his "order" still made his way to the saloons and dinner tables of the higher classes.

One evening, as they were retiring from a large dinner party, his lordship invited Mr. Ravensburg to visit a club, of which the peer was a leading member. This club was held at a house that went under the name of an hotel, but in reality was only entitled to that appellation by which Plato's dominions are known; in short, the place was a gambling house—a hell. On arriving at this sink of iniquity, the evening being chilly, Lord T—— proposed a bumper of Burgundy, and Mr. Ravensburg being non-dissentient the order was given *instantly*, and a bottle brought in, which proved so excellent that a second and even a third flask of the same vintage were speedily put *hors de combat* by the highly gratified toppers.

When the vinous juice had sufficiently won its way to his companion's brain, Lord T—— led him to a retired apartment, where were assembled a coterie of rogues and fools all busily employed in plucking or being plucked by each other. On entering this room Lord T—— whispered something into the ears of one of the bankers, to whom Mr. Ravensburg was formally introduced; when Lord T——, excusing himself on the score of intending to try his fortune at the game, left his friend to the care of the obsequious and redundantly polite proprietor of the establishment, who for a time purposely withdrew his guest's attention from the players until rejoined by his lordship, when, shaking a purse of guineas, this sprig of nobility exultingly exclaimed—"See, Ravensburg, what I have picked up in a few minutes; go, my fine fellow! try your luck, and see if fortune will smile as much on you."

Mr. Ravensburg hesitated a reply, when, in a tone verging on irony, the wily banker observed,—“Perhaps the gentleman might not prove so fortunate, and probably he, like myself, knows the value of a few guineas too well to risk the venturing of them when the year's expenses are to be liquidated.”

Mr. Ravensburg was a little angered at this implication, and feeling piqued at the tone of the banker's words made no reply, but casting a proud glance at his companions advanced to the table, where he staked a handful of guineas, which in a trice fortune doubled for him, and thus continuing the play for several hours he left off the winner of a large sum. Elated with success, and flattered with praise artfully bestowed on the judgment and precision with which he had calculated the chances, the now excited dupe paid repeated visits to the gaming table, where, still favoured by the goddess of wealth, or rather by the connivances and indulgence of his wily entrappers, he carried away considerable sums, and made up a heavy purse of winnings.

During this sunshine of prosperity Lord T—— was not remiss in his attendance on the delighted Mr. Ravensburg, who, enraptured with his success, seemed to have become magically infatuated, if not absolutely intoxicated, with the all-absorbing excitements of *gambling*; nor at the end of a week had he any reason to complain of the operations he had engaged in, for he was then a winner of more than a thousand pounds; but even as birds are enticed toward the trap with crumbs, so were these golden gains only baits to allure a pigeon into the snare. Affairs, however, took an unfavourable turn during the second week, at the conclusion of which our novice in the *black art* had not only lost the whole of his previous winnings, but also all the ready cash intended to defray the charges of his London journey; and moreover, was indebted to his *friend* Lord T—— for the loan of five hundred guineas; the whole of these losings having been adroitly pocketed, and in due season shared by the bank directors and their blackleg coadjutors.

It was at this season that the villainous duplicity of Lord T—— was required, and expertly called into action, in stimulating and encouraging Mr. Ravensburg to continue the ruinous practices he had been decoyed into; therefore with bland words, and a well-feigned shew of sincere friendship, the unprincipled wily nobleman made use of the most specious arguments to cajole and deceive his but too credulous dupe. He invented fictitious tales of his own mutable adventures at the gaming table, and falsely asserted that by perseverance there he had realized a princely fortune; quoted many trite sayings of fortune's vagaries, and told illusory anecdotes to shew that no individual ever experienced two successive weeks of ill luck, always concluding his deceptions harangues by strenuously exhorting his *friend* to continue his devoirs at fortune's shrine,

giving him the warrant of his word, *honour*, and experience, that sooner or later the goddess always smiled on her devout and persevering votaries. Urged by these and many other equally fallacious arguments, the deluded Mr. Ravensburg was induced to continue his gambling pursuits, in the prosecution of which his losses nightly became greater and greater, and he found himself gradually becoming deeper and deeper in debt to Lord T——, whom the bank constantly and most liberally supplied with cash, to lend *his* friend and *their* mutual victim.

At the end of the fourth week of his sojourn in London, Mr. Ravensburg was his lordship's debtor £20,000. He drew on his friend Wilford for that sum, on a pretext that the money was wanted to engage in some lucrative speculation. Poor Mr. Wilford honoured the drafts, and thus parted with the whole of his patrimony, excepting indeed a life-interest income of about £200 per annum.

Lord T—— continued his villainous practices, and Mr. Ravensburg, with ruinous infatuation, pursued his career of folly, until every acre of his vast possessions became transferred into other hands; so that, after six weeks absence, this once wealthy gentleman returned to his family, and the home of his ancestors, literally—a beggar.

On alighting at the door of that mansion, of which he now was no longer the owner, he found the same shew of magnificence as in former days, for his impoverished state was not then known in his native town; his domestic establishment was therefore unaltered, and the apartment in which he joined his wife and family exhibited its wonted display of all that refinement and luxury could require, or wealth procure.

The wanderer was received with conjugal, filial and friendly affection, and smiles of joy sparkled in every eye as he was welcomed into the bosom of his family. A gloom, however, was soon cast over the meeting; for, almost instantly, the wan and sorrowful appearance of poor Mr. Ravensburg was manifest to his assembled relatives and the worthy Mr. Wilford, who was one of the foremost to meet and greet his friend on his return.

As the evil tidings could not possibly long remain undivulged, the unfortunate gentleman thought it best immediately to reveal to his sorrowful auditors the true state of affairs. Having come to this determination, he endeavoured to smile—but it was one of those bitter smiles brought forth in moments of despair. Still he strove to collect himself, and tried to arrange his scattered thoughts to succinctly put the surrounding group into possession of the cause of his disgrace, and the fact of his and their ruin.

“My dear family and friend!” he commenced, in a low, sorrowful tone—but he could not proceed; he shuddered and covered his face with his hands, whilst tears of sorrow and repentance gushed from his eyes, and loud heart-breaking sobs and groans issued from his overburthened soul.

Amazement sat upon every countenance: the wife surveyed her husband in tearful silence; the young married couple exchanged glances of mingled alarm and surprise; whilst Mr. Wilford—the only collected individual of the group—conducted himself as though he was in some measure prepared for a disastrous catastrophe. After glancing his eye around the family circle, this true friend mildly but firmly thus addressed the grief-stricken Mr. Ravensburg:—“My dear sir, whatever may be the nature of your distress, and whatever may be the event of your journey to London, believe me, this silent, bitter agony is far more distressing to your family and friend than can possibly be the knowledge of the cause and extent of the misfortune which, it is but too evident, you have fallen into. I am aware that something is sadly wrong, but pray be calm; make us acquainted with particulars, and then, perhaps, we may be enabled to relieve, if not entirely to remove that sorrow which now so much oppresses you.”

“Impossible! impossible! my kind-hearted and much-injured friend!” bitterly uttered the poor, dejected, ruined gamester. “Oh, that you had accompanied me to town, then had I returned to my native place worthy of your esteem, entitled to the respect of my fellow-townsmen, and with pure claims on the love of my now ruined family.”

“Ruined! impossible—impossible!” exclaimed all present.

“Explain! explain!” cried Mr. Wilford; “your mind must be wandering—some passing circumstance has too much excited you, or some one has been playing upon your imagination.”

“Cease, O cease, I conjure you, or you will drive me mad in reality;” mournfully exclaimed the poor duped victim of titled villany.

"Pardon me, my good friend, I must proceed, for all who are assembled here cannot but be fully aware that something disastrous has occurred to you during your absence from us. Such being our conviction, we are partly prepared to receive your recital; and let the circumstances be what they may, you will find our sympathy and support consolatory, and mayhap highly useful."

A dead silence succeeded this appeal. The ruined gamester alone seemed unmoved. He was apparently buried in his own tortured thoughts. At length, however, with the energy of madness, he wildly exclaimed,—“Ruined! ruined! I tell you—portionless ye are: yes, beggars are we all—without house, lands, money, goods, or home. All, all, are gone!—and of these—of all these, have you been deprived by my villany! Nay, be silent—interrupt me not,—have patience, I conjure you. Pity me! pray for me,—and, if you can, forgive me, when I tell you that, in six short weeks I have despoiled you of your fair inheritance, have consigned you to the bitter pangs of poverty, and to the doom of houseless wanderers! And oh! may God pardon me! not content with ruining myself and family, I have also almost reduced to beggary the best, kindest, and truest of friends.”

The apartment now rang with loud and general exclamations of grief, which could no longer be smothered. But Mr. Wilford, with admirable presence of mind, introduced a few judicious consolatory remarks, which partly allayed the storm of grief, and reasoned the family into a state of comparative calmness; then turning to Mr. Ravensburg, he addressed him in the kindest manner.

“Well, my friend, I call to mind that you wrote to me about some speculations—and they have, doubtless, been unprofitable ones. I fear in those engagements you have been made the dupe of unprincipled men, who created bubbles in the air to amuse and deceive you; they perhaps also misled you with persuasions that these air-bubbles would be returned to you in solid globes of gold. But your good sense and wonted sound judgment have returned and discovered to you the fallacy of these representations; and you now grieve at the loss of a few thousands, which you can well spare, and will scarcely miss; therefore—”

“Silence, silence! dear Wilford; I know you mean me well and kindly; but your efforts, my good friend, could at the best, only heal the surface, whilst they penetrate and wound my heart into its very core. Glossing over the matter will not do now—the whole must be told and speedily; therefore, retire, retire,” said he, addressing the females, “and leave me to confide my tale of woe to Mr. Wilford.”

“No, no,” exclaimed the ladies, “let us also hear all, and as we have equally enjoyed your splendour and goodness, let us shew you, whatever may arrive, that a fond wife and dutiful son and daughter, can endure all and everything for their husband and father.”

“Enough, enough!” exclaimed the tortured man, then for a moment hiding his face on his wife’s shoulder, he said,—“As God lives, I am a ruined man! without lands, money, goods, or home. All! all! I have lost all by the hellish vice of gambling! and into the horrid practices of that vice, I was wickedly beguiled by the villainous arts of a miscreant whose brow is adorned with a coronet.” He then related the particulars before recited, and at the conclusion of his lamentable communications sank down in an agony of madness and despair.

A long and sorrowful pause succeeded, the silence of which Mr. Wilford was the first to break by observing,—“But surely, my dear sir, the documents by which your property is transferred to others, must be illegal, for gambling debts are not recoverable in a court of justice; therefore, for the sake of your family, and permit me to say, for my sake, and for that of the public, you ought to resist every effort that may be made to obtain possession of your property.”

“Never, my good friend, never! Weak, sinful, and dreadfully imprudent I have been; but would you have me dishonoured too? No!” said he,—“never—never!” and then suddenly rushed from the room.

On the subsequent day of Mr. Ravensburg’s return, the public, the wide-eared, talking-public, became apprised of his misfortunes, for the myrmidons of the money-lenders, usurers, and other such hard-hearted harpies of the Metropolis, who had plucked their pigeon of every feather, arrived, took possession of the landed estates, and of all the goods and chattels of that unfortunate being, who but recently had been so much envied, and almost worshipped, by many for his wealth.

The worthy Mr. Wilford kindly received the forlorn Ravensburgs into his dwelling, where for a few years the two families resided, and by the strictest frugality and economy were supported on the limited income of £200 per annum, until, on the death of Mr. Wilford, that life-interest ceased; and then the elder Ravensburgs were obliged to find an asylum within the walls of the poor-house, where eventually they died.

The younger Mr. Ravensburg became a dissipated idler, and soon closed his earthly career, leaving a widow and two sons to endure the biting hardships of poverty; but death soon sent the heart-broken widow to her grave.

The sons are still alive, and hold very subordinate situations in some department of the revenue, and in the fulfilment of their official duties, these unfortunate men daily travel past many a patch and parcel of valuable land that they would have inherited had their grandfather wisely and prudently avoided the insidious arts of Lord T——, and the allurements of the Gaming Table.

THE CHILD'S DEATH.

BY BENJAMIN STOTT.

Cool was the breeze of the summer's night,
And pale was the face of the silvery moon,
The stars of heaven shone clear and bright
In the golden time of delicious June;
The flowers were shut, and the birds asleep,
All Nature was hushed, and calm and mild;
When a mother, with heartfelt grief did weep,
As she gazed on the face of her dying child.

The stillness of midnight's solemn hour
Was broken by wailings of painful breath,
The sick child struggled with feeble power
Against the approach of powerful Death;
The mother bent o'er its wasted frame,
In her heart was hope, in her face despair,
And when the poor sufferer lisped her name,
She appealed to Heaven with tears and prayer.

But relentless Death, mortality's king,
Was hovering there to receive his prey;
He flung his dart, and the cold, cold sting
Set free the soul from its house of clay.
The mercy of God gave the child relief,
And the mother drooped o'er that lowly bed,
Her tears flowed fast, with unfeigned grief,
When she saw that the joy of her heart was dead.

Fair morning came, and the sun rose bright,
His warm rays opened the sleeping flowers;
The fruitful earth drank the dews of night,
And birds made vocal the fields and bowers;
The face of Nature in sunlight smiled,
And morn's first mists from the earth were driven,
But the mother still knelt by her lost dead child,
And commended its innocent soul to heaven.

Another day; and a funeral train
 Were pacing slowly the churchyard through!
 They gave to the earth its clay again
 In a spot o'er which the daisies grew;
 A mother looked up to the clear blue skies,
 While the coffin was covered with soil and sod,
 And gratitude beamed in her tearful eyes,
 For she knew that her child was in heaven with God!

Shakspeare Lodge, Manchester.

THE ENCHANTED OPAL.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

"WHAT a beautiful boy that is of your's, Eustace," said the Earl of Wilmington to his cousin, as they stood gazing from a French window down the lawn of Arundel Priory; "alas! I have none such to glory in," and a shadow fell upon the countenance of the Earl. The child alluded to had just galloped down the avenue on a small white Arabian, and altogether bore himself as if he intended at no distant day to "witch the world with noble horsemanship." The velvet tunic of forest green, the embroidered cambrie collar, and the plumed cap, which he doffed gaily as he passed the window, were but the accessories of his station, not the adornment of his person; the bright and animated countenance, the rich profusion of glancing curls, and the almost haughty expression of his brilliant eyes were the combination which struck the musing fancy of the Earl. Married early, many children had past away from their gorgeous cradle to the silent tomb, and there remained only to him a frail delicate girl, the infant heiress of his name and honours. Evelyn Arundel was certainly his near relative, and should the tender blossom of his present hopes be gathered to the tomb of her ancestors, he was likely to perpetuate the dignity of the noble house of Wilmington; but still he *was not his son*, and thus were crumpled the rose leaves on the couch of the Sybarite!

Eustace Arundel had amassed a splendid fortune in India, far exceeding that which sustained the honours of the house of Wilmington; had married a beautiful girl, who died early, leaving him the young Evelyn; and now retired to the shades of Arundel Priory, he passed his life in the patriarchal pleasures of an English country gentleman, superintending his estates, and rendering his tenants happy. But a long residence in India had incapacitated him from the more boisterous and exhilarating excitements of rural life; and though his stud was the best appointed—his hounds the most unexceptionable—and his preserves the rarest in the three surrounding counties, they were supported merely as the adjuncts of his position, and the means of rendering him still more popular among the gay squires of his neighbourhood, to whose amusement they were chiefly devoted.

Evelyn was receiving a kind of home education from an amiable, but slightly eccentric college chum of his fathers, who, removed by his bounty from that *worst of destitution*, the state of a *poor scholar*, and installed as part tutor, part chess player at the Priory, wore away the evening of his former toilsome pilgrimage in lettered ease. Many might have hesitated in committing the ardent imaginations of a boy, who at seven years betrayed much intellectual superiority, to the care of a visionary enthusiast such as Wilfred Lorimer; but the warm-hearted Eustace smiled at his whims, as he called them, and lost all idea of their impressing themselves on the mind of his son, in the happy consciousness of relieving and benefitting his early friend.

That night was an eventful one for the future destinies of Evelyn; a compact was then sealed which shackled his free-will, and bound him within its golden fetters irrevocably,—he was affianced solemnly by "act and seal and deed" to the infant Julia, the heiress of Wilmington, to become her husband when she attained the age of eighteen, and he arrived at twenty-five, upon pain of forfeiting for ever the whole of his father's accumulated wealth, which, in the event of his refusal to fulfil the contract, was immediately to be transferred to the fair Julia herself, so that a very small un-

alienable stipend would alone remain to the recusant. This romantic scheme which some expression of the visionary Wilfred first suggested to the politic mind of the Earl, was heartily concurred in by the enthusiastic Eustace, who desired nothing better than such a union of family, wealth, and dignity, and thus was sealed the destiny of the unconscious representatives.

Years elapsed, the mystic dreams of the Rosycrucian Cabala, the nymphology, so characteristic of its delusions, that union of the powers of the air with the destinies of mankind, were the prevailing and exciting topics which the young Evelyn heard discussed with a rapt enthusiasm in the old oaken library at the Priory when his graver studies were completed, and his visionary tutor indulged himself in his favourite disquisitions, to which the boy listened till the light of the long summer evening which streamed through the ruby and amethyst panes of the stained window faded away into the grey twilight—then wandering forth into the green solitude of the park, they watched the stars come forth silently one by one, and ever as one brighter than the rest appeared in the blue heaven of night, Wilfred mingled the lore of the Chaldean Astrologer with the mystical visions of the great science, combining the mystery of the celestial influence with the sublime results of that inspired chemistry, or natural magic, of the disciples of Zoroaster, till he became at length bewildered in the wanderings of his own imagination, and the trance of the dreamer subsided into the reality of life, as the supper bell of the Priory recalled the wanderers to the comfortable arrangements of its ancient parlour. Such was the boy-education of Evelyn Arundel, such the first bias given to his early ideas, which though apparently entirely banished by his subsequent academical studies and college amusements, and by his really active mind and hilarity of disposition, yet gave rise to such fastidious appreciation of female excellence and purity, that none of the present daughters of Eve seemed likely to approach his standard of ideal perfection. Happily his kind friends had interfered early enough to prevent any difficulty of selection arising, leaving him no choice.

This circumstance first disclosed on the death of his kind father, and the subsequent law arrangements to which the young heir became of necessity a party, was an intelligence so astounding that for a time he could scarcely believe in its reality, till the cool pertinacity of his solicitors impressed it with a matter-of-fact certainty, from which there was no escape, save the romantic act of refusing his part of the contract, and sacrificing his station in society, rather than unite himself to his yet unknown "*fiancée*." The Earl of Wilmington had resided chiefly on the continent, trusting to the mild air of Italy to preserve the life of the last of his race, but had now returned; and it became a matter of necessity for Evelyn to present himself at the mansion of his relative. The Earl was delighted in finding the blooming boy of the Priory had ripened into an elegant and manly youth; for Evelyn was fast approaching twenty. We need not observe that his yet graceful Countess was delighted with her future son-in-law. "By the bye, you have never yet seen Julia," was the nonchalant observation of the Countess at the termination of one of his morning visits; "to be sure she is but a girl, very different to what she will be, but after all very charming. You shall positively behold your *fiancée*,—we will surprise her with a visit in the school room;" and before Evelyn had power to utter a word, the Countess led the way. He followed mechanically with a desperate energy, for on that glance hung his future destiny. The whole route to that dreaded presence was marked upon his memory with distinct minuteness; every turn, every step left an indelible impression, and the enthusiastic worshipper of female perfection stood before the Lady Julia! She was seated at the harpsichord, the fashionable instrument of the day, and looked up at the entrance of her mother and the stranger. The governess drew back, and the young lady, rising with a bashful awkwardness which caused the overthrow of the music stool and sundry piles of music, presented herself, a rather overgrown slender girl of thirteen, with a pale countenance "all eyes"—a profusion of school-girl massy curls, as yet of no definite tint, shading her neck and shoulders—and hands, which it must be confessed rested rather awkwardly on the keys of the instrument, offering by the slight redness with which the fatigue of practising on the coldness of a spring morning had permeated them, no very flattering contrast to the spotless ivory. Words passed—the interview ended—and Evelyn had unconsciously regained his own apartment before the stupor of astonishment and disappointment cleared away from his excited senses. *This "the Julia!"* To return again to the house of the Earl was impossible; a few lines were despatched, and the unhappy Evelyn found himself on

the "glad bosom of the deep blue sea," on his way to Italy, a self-expatriated exile, to muse and resolve, but assuredly never to unite himself to that impersonation of awkwardness and inanity. It was not as yet in his power to release himself decidedly from the fatal contract, but he was determined never to fulfil it; when the eventful period arrived, he had already decided on giving up the wealth which could not render him happy, and freeing himself from a bondage so uncongenial to his taste and habits.

Years glided away, and the early bias of Evelyn's mind began to show itself in his present reveries, wandering a pilgrim through the classic land of mythology, every shattered fane, and once-sacred grove recalled the idea of some nymph, or dryad, who had hallowed vale, or hill, or fountain, and whose Arcadian existence had only slumbered for a while to be again revived in the *SYLPH* dreams of the *CABALISTS*. Haunted by such imaginations, the existence of Evelyn was becoming that of a mere musing visionary, when an accidental rencontre with an old college acquaintance on a tour through Italy, drew him back again to the homes of men and the *agrémens* of fashionable society. Nervously alive to the slightest sarcasm, or approach to ridicule, he plunged apparently as gaily into the stream of pleasure as his friend, and attended with him one evening a splendid masquerade, held at the palazzo of one of the nobles of Florence. The gay Sir Edward was speedily attracted by some fair masque, and left Evelyn to enjoy the festa as he might. The tender and voluptuous music, the splendid moonlight flooding with silver the unclouded sky, and the almost overpouring odours of the rich Italian garden were fresh excitements to the enthusiasm of Evelyn, and when he reached a fountain whose "diamond rain" sparkled and fell like the tinkling of fairy music, what were his sensations when there stood beside him a form, light and graceful as the loveliest creations of his dreams! The fair unknown seemed as if she courted his attention, for she paused beside the fountain, nor drew back at his approach; her white garments fell in the graceful drapery of the antique around her delicate form, and a thickly gathered veil concealed from his view the features which he had already decided must be matchless. The voice of Evelyn was harmony itself, and how sweetly fell his trembling accents on the ear of the listening maiden, for listen she did to the enthusiastic rhapsodies then first poured forth at a *visible* shrine—an apparent incarnation of the beautiful *ideal* so long worshipped and sought in vain! till acceding to his passionate adjurations, the fair unknown cast aside her veil, and revealed to him that face which once seen was never to be forgotten. The pale *spirituelle* beauty of her classical contour—the large lustrous eye, almost too glorious to be looked upon—the rich luxuriance of tresses drawn back from her delicate forehead, and arranged with that glossy profusion of braided and plaited fillets which usually encircle the head of a youthful muse, confined only by a silver bodkin, on which glittered in jewels an Egyptian sphynx—were the realizations of his most sublimated visions of female beauty.

"Evelyn Arundel!" said the fair unknown. "Nay, start not—your name, your station, can be no stranger to one who has been for many years a part of your destiny—a very shadow of your thoughts. I am SHE to whom you have been so long vowed! and here, beneath this radiant moon, the only light by which I am permitted to be visible to you, I affiance myself to the *BEING*, whose very existence has been so long destined to be united with mine; or rather, the divine essence of our spiritual natures are bound together by a mystic tie, beyond your power to break. Be this the symbol of our united fates. Farewell, Evelyn! we are yet destined to meet again! *Remember!*" and drawing from her delicate finger a ring, she placed it in his hand, and with the rapidity of thought, had vanished in the odorous darkness of the thickly-clustered myrtles which surrounded the fountain!

It was in vain to follow. Evelyn wandered and lingered through the palazzo and its garden, in the vain hope of again seeing the fair vision, till the bright sun looked upon the faded garlands and haggard countenances of the last departures, when he regained his hotel in the yet unsubdued delirium of the night's romance. **THE RING!** the mysterious symbol remained to prove, by its actual presence, that this at least was no dream; its fairy-like links of fretted gold, united by the Egyptian hieroglyph of the lotus leaf, sustained an Opal engraved with the single word "*Remember!*" Often when after a vain search of days and weary nights past in the festal halls, or the moonlight groves of Florence, Evelyn gazed upon the almost life-like flashes which darted from the restless fire which appeared to burn in the centre of the mysterious gem, it

seemed to him as if there were bound within its circle the spell that ruled his fate, transferring from itself that magic fire to consume and wither his exhausted and excited frame—yet he still wore next his heart the ENCHANTED OPAL, nor appeared in the least desirous of freeing himself from a witchcraft so potent.

His friend had gone forwards on his travels, and Evelyn was again a solitary pilgrim. He had now reached Rome, and found there letters which imperatively recalled him to his native shores, a few months alone intervening now from the period when the fatal contract was to be fulfilled, or annulled for ever,—an event now doubly distasteful, but which a sense of justice to himself and others rendered it impossible to avoid. And yet to quit the land containing the self-affianced nymph, without again beholding the enchanting and nameless bride of his destiny! How were these conflicting difficulties to be arranged?

Evelyn, as was his usual custom, had wandered forth in the moonlight to muse and meditate and hope till his footsteps had unconsciously reached the cavern of Egeria, consecrated by the spiritual loves of the crowned Roman and his goddess bride, and still to be haunted by visions as lovely; for there, unveiled, in the bright moonlight, stood the Lady of the Fountain, the mystic giver of the ENCHANTED TALISMAN! To attempt to shadow forth the feelings expressed by Evelyn, in the long interview which followed, would be vain. The fair unknown appeared to linger and listen with a softened interest to the wild sketch of his life and fortunes, to the romantic vows of eternal adoration, and the ardent supplications that she would unravel to him the enigma of of her life, and give him a right and title to the fairest hand that ever plighted itself to mortal.

"Dearest Evelyn!" she whispered—and oh! how doubly sweet seemed such words from her—"did I not think you would despise me, I would indeed lift the veil that has so long hidden the mystery of my existence. But no, it cannot be. Not yet has the soul destined to be mine past the ORDEAL of the THRESHOLD—not yet has the spell sublimed the MATERIAL into the VISIONARY—not yet has thy spirit reached the SHRINE of the PURE EOS. I feel thou wouldst reject me; that a few words would break the spell I would have rivetted for ever. Do not ask me—we will meet again, and then——"

"No! it shall not be thus," said the impassioned adorer; "mysterious and nameless as thou art, should we again part, I feel the heart round which thy spells are woven could no longer support existence—it would break upon the spot last hallowed by thy footsteps."

"Nay, calm this agitation, Evelyn—we shall *yet meet again, and must part*. Go forth to England—I will be with thee even there, invisible, yet ever near; for such is our compact, that only by *thine* own will can our destinies be parted. Thyself hast given to me a mysterious existence—a life which it rests with thee to prolong, or annihilate by a word, to cast back to the far shadows of Time and Death, the realization of the dream, or to transmute by the purer essence of the soul, the ideal into the enduring reality!" A bright blush as she spoke gave a yet more radiant expression to her beauty—she withdrew her delicate hands from the eager clasp of Evelyn, suddenly dropped her veil, and pointing solemnly to the starry sky, a dark cloud gathered over the face of the moon, and though it instantly passed away, the nymph of the fountain had again disappeared!

Evelyn Arundel reached England within the limited period assigned by his father's will, and having made all the arrangements necessary to the purpose, in spite of the amazed, yet urgent entreaties of his solicitors, (one an old and valued friend of his father) executed a deed of renunciation, which was duly forwarded to the Earl of Wilmington, and Evelyn rejoicing in his new-found freedom, was making arrangements to quit England for ever, when a letter from the Earl arrived, touching upon no point of the all-important event, but merely soliciting an interview with him previous to his leaving England, as he had a slight commission, which it would highly oblige him to deliver personally in Florence. How was this interview to be avoided? There was no cause for offence—the Earl appeared quite satisfied with the late result, and Evelyn determined on giving his last morning in England to his parting interview with the Earl. To his astonishment he was shown into the drawing room, where the Countess, just attired for a morning drive, received him with imperturbable ease, made no allusion to the absence of the Earl, and after informing Evelyn that she was about to issue forth

on the thousand-and-one missions of a lady's shopping, desired him to use no ceremony, he would still find Julia in the *schoolroom*, left the apartment before the bewildered Evelyn had power to reply. "*The schoolroom*"—by what magic process was he led to ascend again mechanically those well-remembered stairs?—to enter that dreaded apartment? It was just the same as it appeared five years ago. A female form was seated at the harpsichord; he advanced with an effort of desperation—the fair musician arose, and Evelyn Arundel was at the feet of the *LADY OF THE FOUNTAIN*!—the nymph bride of the cavern of Egeria!

Why should we prolong the tale? The first glance cast by the youthful Julia on her affianced, awoke in her heart a love as impassioned and lasting as his impression of dislike. The minutest details of his life and habits were ascertained by her, and she again visited Italy under the care of some distant relatives, with the romantic idea of winning that love which was the sole charm of her existence. A few years had confirmed the promise of that delicate beauty which her extreme youth prevented Evelyn from appreciating, and possessing a disposition highly romantic, she determined upon availing herself of the "*nympholepsy of this fond despair*," to win the love of her affianced husband! How well she succeeded need not be told, nor how sweet was the smile of the beautiful bride, as her enamoured husband placed as a guard above the golden symbol of his wedded happiness, his Julia's first gift—the *ENCHANTED OPAL*!

THE WITHERED LEAF.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token, like a scorpion's sting.
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain, wherewith we are darkly bound.
CHILDE HAROLD.

I WALKED in a forest at break of day,
When the sun was careering away, away—
When the birds were chaunting their morning praise,
And the air rang loud with their merry lays,
And all was rejoicing in that sweet hour,
But on me, alas! it had lost its power!

In a forest I walked—'twas a summer's morn,
Lovely and bright—but my soul was forlorn!
And my spirit was lonely, and at my heart
I felt an oppression that would not depart;
And I gazed around me with vacant stare,
The very image of mute Despair!

I sat me down on a mossy bed,
At the foot of a tree whose branches spread
Their leafy covering o'er my head;
A little fount well'd up its stream,
Which sparkled and glowed in the sun's first beam,
And my mind went back to that happy time
When I too rejoiced in my youthful prime.

Whilst thus I mused with silent grief,
There fell on my bosom a yellow leaf!
A yellow leaf—a withered thing!—
Faded—when others were blossoming

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And green, and fair, in the summer's sun ;—
 Even thus that leaf its race had run :
 And now it laid on my aching breast,
 Which had long been a stranger to peace and rest,
 And awakened thoughts of a sombre cast—
 Thoughts of the present, the future, the past—
 Thoughts of my own dark, wayward fate,
 Which rendered my young heart desolate,
 And shot through my brain with o'erwhelming might,
 Like the torrent's rush, or the whirlwind's flight.

Poor leaf ! thought I, thou once, like me,
 Bloomed beauteous on thy parent tree !
 When the laughing spring breathed o'er the earth,
 At that glad season thou hadst thy birth ;
 And thou openedst thyself to the balmy breeze,
 That cheerily swept through the forest trees ;
 And the dews of heaven fell soft on thee,
 And thy breast was a couch for the honey-bee !
 Beneath thee slept the bird at night,
 Till the first approach of morning's light,
 When he rustled his wings and flew away—
 And thus thou didst bloom through the live-long day.

But alas ! whilst all seemed thus so fair,
 Stern Fate was weaving for thee its snare !
 And the mildew came, and the canker-worm
 Silently, secretly, preyed on thy form—
 Silently changed thy bright green hue,
 And thou drooped when all Nature was sweet to view ;
 Thy life was short, and thy reign was brief—
 A spring-bud !—in summer a withered leaf !

Even so hath it ever been with me—
 Even so is it now—and so shall it be !
 I may not tell of those joyous days
 When pleasure attended on all my ways ;
 Enough for me that such days *have* been,—
 But my heart though young is no longer green
 And verdant, but fallen from joy to pain,
 Never to taste of bliss again,
 Till the grave shall encircle this form of mine,
 And my spirit in heaven's pure realm shall shine !
 Well, be it so ;—till that hour come
 My bosom, leaf, shall be thy home !
 And sweeter 'twill be like thee to die,
 Than to live through years of misery !

* * * * *

Oh ! there are times when the spirit's tone
 Can be struck by the slightest cause alone !
 When a setting sun, or a rising moon—
 A bell's soft chime at the close of noon—
 A flower's rich scent, or a withered leaf,
 Can tune with the spirit's lonesome grief !

BETA.

Wentworth Lodge.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING.

BY JAMES WYATT.

Author of "*Scenes in the Civil Wars*," &c.

How few persons there are, even in this enlightened age, although daily and hourly using and enjoying that great blessing of art and civilization, that great medium of transmission of ideas to succeeding generations,—*writing*, who give even a solitary thought upon the origin of it. How few there are who have ever troubled themselves for a moment to reflect on the rise, progress, and present perfection of this admirable art; and yet, with reverence be it said, a more interesting history could hardly be found, if skilfully entered upon. Without writing, what should we be?—take it from us, and what should we do? Then, and only then, should we properly understand how to appreciate this inestimable boon. Without this art the midnight oil of the ancient sages, philosophers, and poets, would have been consumed in vain; their thoughts, schemes, and measures, would have been "wasted on the desert air," and we of the nineteenth century would have been but little in advance of the people who "walked in darkness." Even now, although the schoolmaster is abroad, although the advantages of education are accessible to all, there are many who refuse to avail themselves of them, who think unworthily of them, and who neglect to secure them for their children. Surely they have formed a most incorrect estimate of the privileges,—privileges that in earlier days even monarchs would have been proud of, and advantages that the most potent nobles of the land would have given half of their domains to possess! The current of civilization flows rapidly along, and it is worse than vanity to imagine that it can be stopped; it is worse than blindness to suppose, that because a man has attained a position without education, his sons will do the same. We must advance and go along with the intellectual stream, or we shall be outdone by all our neighbours. It is against the order of nature to remain stagnant, and all who oppose the *movement* are enemies to their country, to their fellows, and, though they least suspect it, to themselves. Strange as it may appear at the first blush, there is many a charity-schoolboy of the present day who writes a better hand than the powerful monarch of England, Richard III, did. This circumstance alone, independent of the "thousand-and-one" reasons besides, ought to induce those persons to avail themselves of all educational advantages who can reach them, and assist others to the enjoyment of them also.

It is our intention to give a short history of writing, and trace it from the earliest period of which we have authentic record, to the present time; and if our readers will consent to go back with us into the "dark ages," and accompany us on our route, we will endeavour to be as conversational and unwearying as our abilities will allow us.

Writing is "the method by which mankind realize their ideas by visible images, so as to place them under the eye, and fix them permanent in time."* It has been held by a good authority, with whom we agree, that the first efforts which men of all races and in all countries have used for this purpose, have been made, not as the elementary writing is, by *pictures of their words*, but by *portraits of their ideas*; and also (as well as they could describe them by signs and metaphors) of the circumstances, relations, actions, and effects produced and suffered in all combinations, just as they lay conceived in the mind. The very language of these unlettered people is conducted by *metaphors and allegory*; the transcript, therefore, into visible ideas could be nothing but the *pictures of these images*. This opinion, we are aware, clashes with that of others upon the same subject, but the proofs in favour of it have nevertheless been indirectly admitted. The specimens brought by dissentients to this opinion are the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but these, we contend, are strong in proving our own case; for whoever examines these characters attentively, will find that they were merely intended as pictures of animals, &c., possessing certain peculiarities they intended to represent, and not as pictures of words, or portions of an elementary written language. Into the various arguments against this position, it is not now in our province to go, as it is unnecessary to our present purpose.

The Egyptians had a precise form for all their typical characters fixed and determined by universal concurrence, which accounts for that uniformity observable in all the

* Pownall

multitude of examples which are found in various parts, and are supposed to have been written at very different periods. Plato, in his second dialogue on laws, confirms and explains this point. He states that the types and figures, be they such as they are, certainly are formed on the basis of an institution of the government of Egypt, which directs that no sculptor, painter, or statuary, shall, under any idea of improvement, or on any pretence whatever, presume to innovate in these determined forms, or to introduce any other than the constitutional ones of his country. The Egyptians, however, invented an elementary, or alphabetic writing, which became the "secrete and sacred" writing, which they used to convey knowledge to the *learned and privileged* alone, and thus kept it secret from the people at large; the picture writing alone remaining the vulgate. Herodotus expressly notices this; and further, it is found, that they had two sorts of elementary writing, one of which they called the Sacred, the other the Demotick, or Civil. And there are positive instances where these sacred writings were the elementary, or alphabetic writing, and expressly mentioned to have been written from the right hand to the left; a circumstance not predicable of pictures. Herodotus, giving an account of one of the statues of Sesostria, in Ionia, says, that on a line drawn from one shoulder to the other, were written these words in the sacred letters of Egypt,—“I obtained this region by the strength of these arms.” Other instances of *letter* inscriptions are given by the same author. Diodorus Siculus also mentions an inscription on a rock in the mountain Bagistan, inscribed by Semiramis.

It has been remarked by another author that the first writing on record is that which is mentioned in Exodus, chap. 17, ver. 14. What it signified, or how it was done, we cannot tell. It must be allowed that God gave the first specimen of regular writing on tables of stone, which did not take place till some time after this. And it is probable, that the first writing in elementary, or alphabetic characters, is that spoken of in Exodus 31, ver. 18, though there might have been, and doubtless were, marks or hieroglyphics cut on wood, stone, &c., before this time. “That there were letters in use prior to the time *generally* assigned to them,” says Pownall, “and that they existed amongst a people, from whom those who were called the inventors of them learnt them, may be assumed as a clear and decided fact on the testimony of Diodorus Siculus, who says, in Lib. 5, fol. 340, the elementary writing by letters was known as being amongst the Syrians; that the *Muses*, however, invented them. Now it is very natural for a Greek writer, or a Grecian transcriber, if he had met with the word *Moses**, to convert it to *Muses*. From Moses it is most likely the Syrians received their knowledge of letters, be that as it may.” The Egyptians had letters prior to the erection of the obelisks. Herodotus in Euterpe, chap. 125, mentions that an account on record was written on one of the pyramids in the Egyptian letters, of the amount of the expence in radishes, onions, and garlick, for the workmen employed in building it.

Pliny informs us that the most ancient writing was upon the leaves of the palm tree, and afterwards upon the inner bark of trees. This mode of writing is still common in the East. The Burmahs write on sheets of ivory, or on very fine white palmira leaves; the ivory is stained black, and the margins are ornamented with gilding, while the characters are enamelled or gilded. On the palmira leaves the characters are in general of black enamel, and the ends of the leaves and margins are painted with flowers in various bright colours. In their more common books the Burmahs with an iron style engrave their writing on the leaves. It has been conjectured by Dr. Kennicott, that many of the first manuscripts were written on skins. Mr. Yeates even thinks it exceedingly probable that the very autograph of the law, written by the hand of Moses, was upon prepared skins. In Exodus, chap. 26, ver. 14, we read that rams' skins, dyed red, made part of the covering for the tabernacle; and it is a singular circumstance, that in the year 1806, Dr. Claudius Buchanan obtained from one of the synagogues of the Black Jews, in the interior of Malaya, in India, a very ancient manuscript roll, containing the major part of the Hebrew Scriptures, written upon goats' skins, mostly *dyed red*; and the Cabul Jews, who travel annually into the interior of China, remarked that in some synagogues the law is still found written on a roll of leather, not on vellum, but on a soft flexible leather, made of goats' skins and dyed red. The Persians of old wrote all their records on skins, and Herodotus states that the skins of sheep and goats were

* So called from *Mos*, water, referring to the circumstance of his being found there.

made use of in writing by the ancient Ionians. We find from Job chap. 19, ver. 24, that it was usual in his day to write, or engrave, upon plates of lead, which might easily be done with a pen, or graver, or style of iron, or other hard metal. Montfaucon assures us, that in 1699, he bought at Rome a book entirely of lead, about four inches long by three inches wide; it contained Egyptian gnostic figures, and unintelligible writing. It was also an ancient practice to write upon smooth planks, or tables of wood. Pliny says that table books of wood were in use before the time of Homer. The Chinese, before the invention of paper, engraved with an iron tool upon their boards, or upon bamboo; and in the Sloanian Library at Oxford, there are some specimens of Kufic, or ancient Arabic writing on boards about two feet in length, and six inches in depth.

Among the ancient Britons the early mode of writing was by cutting the letters with a knife upon sticks which were generally square, but sometimes formed with only three sides; so that each stick contained either four or three lines. These sticks are especially mentioned in Ezekiel. According to Aulus Gellius, the ancient laws of Solon, preserved at Athens, were cut in tablets of wood. Several of the prophets, it is probable, wrote upon tablets of wood, or some such substance. (*See Isaiah, chap. 30, ver. 8, and Habbakkuk, chap. 2, ver. 2.*) Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, when required to name his son "asked for a *writing table*, and wrote, saying his name is John." An improvement took place in the tablets for the use of pupils learning to write; they were covered with a coat of wax, and written upon with an iron pen, called a style, sharp at one end for writing, and broad at the other for erasing miswritten words. The style was, however, sometimes made of brass, gold, silver, or ivory, according to the taste of the writer. Cassianus, the martyr, is said to have been assassinated by his scholars with their iron styles. The ancient Egyptians used to write on linen anything which they intended to last long. The papyrus was first discovered to be the best material for writing upon, about the time that Alexander built the city of Alexandria. This papyrus is a sort of flag, or bulrush, growing in the marshes of Egypt. When the outer skin is taken off, there are next several films or inner skins one within another; these when separated, from the stalk, were laid on a table and moistened with the glutinous waters of the Nile; they were afterwards pressed together and dried by the sun. From this papyrus it is that what we now make use of to write upon, hath also the name of *papyr*, or paper, though of quite another nature from the ancient papyrus, as our readers are aware.

Many of the manuscripts found in the ruins of Herculaneum are on this kind of Egyptian paper, and this city was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 of the Christian era. The invention of the Egyptian paper nearly superseded the use of every other material for writing upon, till Eumenes, king of Pergamus, substituted parchment instead of papyrus, in emulation of Ptolemy, king of Egypt, whose library he was ambitious to excel, by this invention, which carried the advantage over the papyrus. Most of the ancient manuscripts we now have are written upon parchment. Josephus says that the copy of the law presented to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, was written upon parchment, in letters of gold. The library at Alexandria was the most famous in the world; it contained an immense collection of manuscripts collected through the pride, or learning, of the Ptolemies, at a vast expense, from all parts of the earth. This valuable repository was burnt by the order of the vagabond Caliph Omar, A. D. 642; and it is said, that during six months, the numerous volumes supplied fuel for the 4000 baths; an unparalleled instance of ignorance and brutality.

Salmasius, in his notes upon Pliny, says that the Egyptians made their clothes from the inner bark of the papyrus. For the same reason Pliny admires the custom of the Parthians, who used to *write upon their clothes*, preferring that mode of writing to the making use of paper. This act of respect to antiquity was imitated by Petrarch, who occasionally wrote his thoughts in gilt letters, upon a cloak of leather, which he wore, inside and out. The invention of parchment did not entirely supersede the use of the Egyptian paper, as we find St. Paul, when writing to Timothy, desiring him to bring with him the books, but especially the *parchments*. The paper at present in use is made of linen rags, and is comparatively a late discovery. No book has been found written on this paper antecedent to the year of our Lord 1270.

Upon the introduction of parchment, an established form of writing was instituted, but the art was confined to a privileged few, who were either authors, or professional scribes, in England, as well as other countries. To come more immediately to our

own land, we would note that the earliest British and Irish authors and penmen were Pelagius and his disciple Celestius, who flourished in the fourth century; they wrote their manuscripts in Latin. In the next century flourished St. Patrick, of Ireland, venerated to this day as an author. Gildas, our earliest historian, was born at the end of the fifth century; he was by birth a Scotchman, but was educated in the schools of Ireland, and no existing Welsh manuscript bears date previous to the twelfth century, so that it must be admitted, of the British dominions, Ireland bears the palm for ancient literature. The venerable Bede, an Anglo Saxon, the well-known historian, was born in 672, and was educated at Wearmouth Abbey, under Benedict, the bishop there, and Ceolfred. He records a paragraph which gives us an idea of the importance of education, and the great estimation placed upon books in that day. He says that his tutor, Benedict, sold one of his volumes, a work on cosmography, to his sovereign, Alfred of Northumberland, for eight hides of land, about 960 English acres! One of the earliest existing specimens of Saxon-English literature, is the song of the elder Caedmon, "On the origin of things," which was written about the year 600. The Irish were probably possessed of the knowledge of letters from a very remote antiquity. The oldest *existing* manuscript, however, is believed to be the Psalter of Cashel, a collection of bardic legends, compiled about the end of the ninth century, by Cormac Mac Culinan, bishop of Cashel, and king of Munster.*

King Alfred was doubtless the first who introduced a *system* of learning into this country. He induced literary men of other countries to take up their residence in Britain, and was a most indefatigable transcriber of their manuscripts as well as his own, in order to make his country a hive of literature. He died A. D. 901. In the succeeding century, says Warton, there was in every great abbey an apartment called the *Scriptorium*, wherein many writers were constantly busied in transcribing, not only the service-books for the choir, but books for the library. The Scriptorium of St. Alban's Abbey was built by Abbot Paulin, a Norman, who ordered many volumes to be written there, about the year 1080. Archbishop Lanfranc furnished the copies. Estates were often granted for the support of the Scriptorium. Some of the classics were written in the monasteries very early, and Henry, a Benedictine monk, of Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, transcribed, in the year 1178, Terence, Boethius, Suetonius, and Claudian. Of these he formed one book, illuminating the initials, and forming the *blazon* bosses of the covers with his own hands. Several of the monks were accustomed to illuminate (that is, embellish with illustrations and ornamental capital letters) and *bind* their books, as well as to write them. A manuscript was not considered finished, unless the initial letters at the commencement of the chapters and sections were illuminated and blazoned with fine colours. In the twelfth century, which is remarkable for the intricacy of illuminated capital letters, gold and silver were used among the colours to an extravagant degree among the limners; and manuscripts continued to be more generally written upon parchment and skins, even after the introduction of cotton paper. We find a curious paragraph, or note, relating to this period, in the "*Introduction of Learning into England*." It states that "about the year 1120, one Master Hugh being appointed by the convent of Saint Edmund's-bury, in Suffolk, to write and illuminate a grand copy of the bible for their library, could procure no parchment for this purpose in England."

The most important and interesting specimen of early penmanship extant, is the incomparable record of *Domesday*; and it may not be an unpardonable digression for us to wind up this first part of our essay with a brief description of this extraordinary book, abridged from Kelham's valuable work of "*Domesday Illustrated*." The book contains a general survey of Britain, and was begun by order of William the Conqueror, with the advice of his parliament, A. D. 1080, and completed A. D. 1086. Commissioners were sent into every county, and juries summoned and impanelled in each hundred out of all orders of freemen, from barons down to the lowest farmers, to give in, upon oath, to the commissioners, due information for the faithful and impartial execution of it. These inquiries being taken were sent up to Winchester, and the substance of them was afterwards methodized, and formed into the record we call *Domesday*; and which is now kept in the Chapter House, Westminster. It is comprised in two volumes, one a large folio, and the other a quarto. The first begins with Kent and ends with Lincoln-

* Knight's England.

shire, and is written in 382 double pages of vellum, in one and the same hand, and in a small but plain and uniform character, each page having a double column. The other volume contains 450 double pages of vellum, but in a single column, and written in a large fair character. The great bar to the general perusal of Domesday Book is the great number of abbreviations and contractions of words and terms, which although well understood at the period when it was written, are by no means clearly understood in the present day. The whole of it is in Latin. A tax of six shillings was raised upon every plough land to defray the expenses the king had been at in compiling it. Various reasons are assigned to the conqueror for causing this survey to be made; some attribute it to his avarice to increase his revenue,—others to his justice, that taxes might be laid with more equality. At any rate no injustice was complained of in the digestion of so difficult a work, and of so various a nature; the use of it too was very great, as the king by this means came to an easy and exact knowledge of his landed revenue; and the subjects' right, when any dispute arose between them, thereby received a new evidence; and at this day, what manor is ancient demesne, and what is not, is determinable by Domesday alone.

We now close the first part of our essay; in the next portion we shall treat the subject with reference to a later period.

THE PRESSGANG.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESCUE.

For 'tis the sport to see the engineer
Hoist with his own petard.

HAMLET.

THE Griper had now crossed the bar, and with the wind from the westward, was proceeding to her destination at the Nore; bearing with her, indeed, a freight of woe, and leaving behind her misery and despair. The wife looking around on her helpless family, whose protector had been dragged from them by the hand of savage violence, mingled with grief for her loss, the sad and dreary prospect which the future held out to them—misery, want, and starvation. The parents lamenting for their son, the pride and the support of their declining years; and sorrowing as those to whom even hope is lost. And they, the victims, what prospect lies before them? Should they escape the thousand dangers of the seaman's life, they may hope at some future time once more to be permitted to revisit their beloved home; but it will not be until their strength and vigour are exhausted, and they are considered as worthless for any future service; and then with constitutions broken by wounds, and the vicissitudes of climate, and with minds crushed and bowed down by a long course of systematic and never-ceasing tyranny, which shelters its dastardly cruelty under the specious and comprehensive term of discipline; then, having endured all this, they have the great satisfaction to remember that their *grateful country* will dole out to them a pittance, which will just suffice to keep them above the point of starvation, during the miserable remnant of their days.

All honor be to those whose noble minds and indomitable perseverance at length enabled them to vindicate the rights of freedom, and burst the shackles of the enslaved negro. What heart has not beat responsive to the eloquence of those noble champions of the universal rights of man, whilst they have exposed the practice of kidnapping—whilst they have detailed the horrors of the middle passage, and described the future condition of the unfortunate slave. It was glorious, it was ennobling to humanity, to see enlisted in that sacred cause, commanding eloquence, high intellectual and moral worth, the powerful support of the ministers of religion, and the no less powerful sympathy of the fair, and to see their combined influence forcing the powerful oppressor to quail before the irresistible power of public opinion. Let us not detract from the merits of that high and glorious achievement—let us not wrest one leaf of the well-earned laurel from their brows. And yet it is strange that they should forget that at their

very doors there was to be found a practical illustration of the slave trade, in all its blackest and most disgusting details; and that whilst millions were found to raise their voice in behalf of the oppressed negro—there was not one to cast away a thought upon the equally oppressed seaman. But let us hope that the scenes which we have endeavoured to depict are never more to be seen amongst us; and that the advancing spirit of the age will not tolerate the open practice of slavery, in a country which boasts itself to be free. Let us hope, that if not justice, at least policy, will induce the adoption of a less oppressive and a wiser system. It should be remembered that tyranny will not always be patiently borne, that the intolerable weight of these wrongs has before now forced the oppressed to rise in retribution, and that their vengeance has been recorded in characters of blood. And let it not be forgotten that this accursed system has been one main cause of an international war, in which thousands of lives were sacrificed, in which millions of treasure were expended; and that if still persisted in, it may, and perhaps at no very distant period, lower the proud flag of Britain, and send from her the empire of the seas.

Cuthbert had, in the meantime, been recovered, by the attention of the kind hearts around him, from the stupor into which he had been thrown; and he had also been informed, by those who had seen the transaction through the grating which was fixed in the side of the brig, of the brutal treatment which his wife had received. The effect was electric, and forgetting his own wrongs, he bound himself to vengeance on the unmanly oppressor, with an energy which at once astonished and subdued his companions. The blow was now struck, the arrow rankled in his heart, but little did he deem that his vow was so near its accomplishment. It was not long after the ship had cleared the bar, and the commander had turned on more than "three sheets in the wind," that the periodical visit was made to see that all was right below amongst the pressed men. It was then that one of the party, watching his opportunity, thrust into Cuthbert's hand a crumpled piece of paper, on which, after their departure, there was sufficient light left to read these words,—“We are determined to stand it no longer; half of the ship's company are with us, and if you will join us we will take the ship. If you will do so, let some one call out at the grating—“all's well,” in a low voice, when eight bells are struck; there will be one on the watch, and at the proper time you shall have the signal to start.” It need scarcely be said how readily men in their situation would seize on the opportunity of ridding themselves of a bondage which to many was more bitter than death; which cast a blight over all their future prospects, and delivered them over to slavery, perhaps to terminate only with their lives. It required all the energy which Lambton possessed to restrain them from instantly making the attempt, so much had even the prospect of regaining their freedom animated them. Having at length in some degree brought them to reason, he reminded them of the difficulties they had to overcome, and the strong necessity of their acting in concert, if they hoped for success, and after long and serious deliberation, they arranged their plan, and then waited with impatience for the signal.

How long and dreary did the hours now seem, and how ready were they to interpret the slightest noise they heard into the harbinger of their freedom; every sense was strained to the uttermost, and their impatience was often upon the point of getting the better of their reason. At length, wearied out by the intense working of their passions, all had sunk into a state of apathy, except Cuthbert, whose better regulated mind had enabled him to retain the necessary controul over himself; he, too anxious and excited for rest, kept strict and vigilant watch. It was on the second evening after they had first received the communication, that a noise was made upon deck which could not be mistaken, and at the same moment a crow-bar was shoved through the grating. Cuthbert now roused his shipmates with the cheering intelligence that the hour was come; a few moments restored them to the full use of their faculties, and with the promptness of men familiar with danger they stood ready for the attack. Cuthbert in a few words reminded them of the plan they had agreed upon; “and remember, my brave fellows, we fight for freedom and vengeance, and let these be our watchwords for the night.”

Whilst pursuant to this arrangement, some made a feigned attack upon the hatch-way, the remainder prepared to make good their way upon deck; the grating was soon pinched clear, and they silently ascended one by one to the fore-chains. By the time the first few had gained that position, a voice from the gunport cautiously whispered

to them to enter through it, and that they would find arms under the break of the fore-castle; they crept forward accordingly warily and silently, hastily seizing upon such weapons as came to hand. A dozen were now ready, and more arriving with each succeeding moment, when Lambton, unable to restrain himself any longer, shouted aloud their war-cry for "freedom and vengeance," and sprung aft upon the group surrounding the hatchway, who with their whole attention directed to that point, little anticipated an attack from any other quarter; the foremost of them were soon therefore cut down, and now being joined by that part of the ship's company who were in their favour, they drove their adversaries aft to the quarter-deck. The few marines belonging to the brig were drawn up here, and had once fired, but the night being dark they had occasioned more damage to their own party than to their opponents, and the small space now occupied by both friends and enemies, prevented them from using their muskets again. Hardup, who had command of the watch, when the attack was made, not much relishing the appearance of danger, had contented himself with issuing his contradictory commands from the quarter-deck; but now, finding the fight to approach too closely, he used his best endeavours to secure himself in a place of safety, but it was in vain. Lambton, with the usage of his wife burning in his remembrance, sought only for him during the brief, but bloody struggle; he had at length caught sight of him as he was endeavouring to conceal himself in the quarter-boat, and bursting through the remainder of the opponents, he sprung towards him, uttering his fearful cry for vengeance. The dastard now brought to bay, fought for a few moments with the energy with which despair will sometimes endue even cowardice, but his time was come; the cutlass of Lambton passed through him, and the handle struck against his breast, and with the violence of the thrust, they fell together on the deck—the oppressor and the oppressed—the living and the dead! Old Drumhead in the meantime waking up from his drunken slumber, had turned out, little anticipating the meaning of the noise which had roused him, or the fearful reckoning he was about to be called upon to pay; he had scarcely set his foot upon deck, and uttered his usual blessing,—“You cursed rascals, I’ll flog you all,” when he met that fate which his long course of tyranny most justly merited. The two men whom he had so wantonly punished before leaving the harbour, although still smarting from the effects of his barbarity, were lying in wait for him, and the words had scarcely issued from his lips, when the tomahawk of one clove his skull, and a bullet from the pistol of the other entered his brain; and so he fell—with the words of tyranny yet warm from his lips. The few who now remained, mostly wretches who were hardened in the infamous traffic, still fought on with the ferocity of sullen desperation; but it was of no avail, they were soon either cut down, or made prisoners.

The ship was now their own, and after carefully securing their captives, they drew aft to deliberate upon their future proceedings. So sudden had been the attack, so brief the time employed, that even now, when success had crowned their efforts, they scarcely understood their situation, but all appeared like the delirium of a wild dream; yet amidst these jarring and bewildered feelings, there was one bright and cheering sensation which thrilled to their hearts—they were free! The time and place were well chosen for the attempt. Night had set in, and the brig was five or six miles north of Orfordness, and the wind being from the northward, she was under easy sail, waiting for daylight to run up the Swin. Cuthbert addressed them shortly, and asked if any one had considered the course now to be pursued; no one had apparently even thought upon the subject,—with the proverbial carelessness of seamen, they had looked only to the matter in hand, and left the future to take care of itself. There were some few, who, intoxicated with their newly-recovered liberty, proposed to run the brig into Hosley Bay, and bringing up as near the beach as possible, land and take their chance. But it being pointed out to them that it was impossible that they could get clear, and that a few days, or perhaps hours, might again see them in captivity, which probably would lead to death, they were induced to forego their wild attempt. Lambton now offered his advice, that with the wind favourable, they should use their best endeavours to get to the southward, and clear of the channel; and as they then might be considered comparatively free from danger, they would have more time to deliberate what course next to steer; this as appearing the most proper in their present circumstances, was at once adopted, and he was chosen commander, to carry it into effect. He immediately ordered all sail to be made upon her, and as they sprung to the work with the promptitude of seamen, and the vigour which their newly-recovered freedom inspired, the

Griper was soon packed from the decks to the trucks, and staggering under a cloud of canvass, was shaping a course across the Kent. The guns in the meantime had been double-shotted, and every means prepared to offer a desperate resistance, in case they should fall in with any of the numerous cruisers. A course was steered which would lead them without all the sands, and the wind, as if favouring their intentions, drew round a few points to the eastward, and freshened till it blew half a gale, but not a stitch was taken in; two of the best hands were stationed at the wheel, and during the whole of that anxious night, no one sought for rest, but remained upon deck, ready for any emergency that might arise. The masts were bending like whalebone, the studding sail booms were doubling like an elbow, but it was no time to think of shortening sail; daylight was fast approaching, and their only hope of safety was to get far enough to the southward during the hours of darkness; but carefully watched with the helm, and preventers clapped on wherever possible, everything stood gallantly. The brig was one of that class of vessels which were much in vogue at the time, and were a disgrace to the marine of the nation, of whom it was truly said, that they sailed as much under water as upon it, and fully deserved their general name of "washing tubs." She reeled under her canvass like a drunken man, and quivering through every timber of her frame, groaning and creaking as if she complained of the unwonted press upon her, she struggled through and under the parting waters, sending the green seas along her deck boiling like a cataract. Early in the morning watch they saw the welcome sight of the South Foreland light, and now, having to haul up, it became necessary to reduce their canvass. They then steered a course down the channel, keeping as near as possible to the French coast; everything was favourable, the weather continued dark, with that drizzling haze which often accompanies a north easter: nothing was fallen in with but a frigate beating up which they deceived by a judicious use of the signals found on board. They were now about twenty leagues to the westward of Ushant, when Lambton once more summoned all hands aft on the quarter-deck; he had never once left the deck since the capture of the brig, and had in the mean time made careful inquiry into the stock of provisions and water. The number remaining, with that portion of the ship's company who had joined them, still exceeded one hundred, when Cuthbert thus proceeded to address them,—“Men, I hope you have all well considered, whilst we have been running down channel, the course we must now pursue; for my own part I can see but one that is open to us. The loss of the brig must soon be known, and all who were on board of her will be marked men; and remember, if we are taken, we shall not be tried by the laws of our country, but by the articles of war, although we have never yet been subjected to them, and I need scarcely remind you of what the result will be. There remains, then, for us, only one course, and that is, to turn what the world will call—pirates, and let them call us so, if they will; but they must remember, that tyranny and oppression have driven us to it. And yet, let us not deserve the name, but let us only make war, in our defence, upon that nation, which, by its unjust and arbitrary enactments, has outlawed and driven us from society.”

This short address was hailed with universal assent, and it was evident that though they had scarcely dared to whisper it even to themselves, they were fearfully convinced that there was no other alternative. He now proceeded to remind them that it was necessary that one should be chosen to command, and that he had only accepted the post until they had reached this point of their voyage; but they unanimously agreed that he should still retain the power. “I agree,” said Cuthbert, “but upon one condition, and that is, that no cruelty, or unnecessary violence, shall ever be allowed amongst us; let us make war like men struggling for their rights and liberties, and not like robbers and plunderers.” A general cheer showed that the crew fully participated in this feeling, and they now made choice of the remaining officers. This being done, and the ship's company properly stationed, they proceeded to cruise in the track of homeward-bound vessels, with the intention of supplying themselves with provisions and water sufficient for a run to the West Indies.

They had overhauled several ships, and had got from them what they wanted, taking nothing else, except arms, or specie, and had behaved with all the forbearance possible on the occasion, in conformity with the strict articles which had been drawn up, and signed by all hands. Amongst these ships, also, they divided their prisoners, allowing them to take with them everything they could call their own. And now, being well provided, they shaped a course to the southward. They were yet a few degrees to

the northward of Madeira, when at daylight a vessel was discovered, apparently in distress, and all sail was immediately made towards her; she was soon discovered to be an American schooner, one of that class generally known by the name of Baltimore clippers, and on boarding her, she was found to be entirely deserted. The head of the mainmast was carried away just below the rigging, and from the state of her bulwarks, it was evident she had been run on board of by some vessel; her boats were all gone, and it was clear that the crew, in the first impulse of their fear, had abandoned her. Her papers were missing, but upon examination of her cargo, it was found that she was from some port of France; she had made but little water, and the damage done to her, with the exception of the mainmast, could easily be repaired, and as she was a vessel every way more fitted for their purpose, it was determined to go on board of her, and abandon the brig. As they had luckily several carpenters amongst the originally impressed men, they were soon busily employed upon her; whilst the crew were overhauling the cargo, which was found to consist of silks and fruit, of which the silks alone were considered as worth stowage. Cuthbert, rejoicing in the opportunity of keeping the hands employed, as idleness is often the mother of dissatisfaction, hurried them on with their task. As soon as they were within the influence of the trades, the vessels were put under snug canvass, and the boats were employed in transporting the guns, provision, and water, from the brig to the schooner. As they worked with a will, their arrangements were completed in less than a week; and now, having dismantled the brig, and taken from her everything which could be of the slightest use to them, they scuttled her and left her.

It was strange to observe the feeling, almost amounting to regret, which was evident amongst the crew, whilst they watched that brig as she slowly settled down in the waters, which were soon to engulf her. With the bright sun shining above, and the sea scarcely ruffled by the steady breeze of the tropics, it seemed to them as if they were almost observing an act of deliberate murder; so deeply are the feelings of the seaman interested in the good ship in which he sails. But there was another and a deeper feeling pervading them, and yet one which they could scarcely analyze; although she had been their prison, and in one sense, an instrument of their oppression, yet whilst in possession of her, there lingered about them an idea, as if they were not wholly cut off from that country, to which, in spite of their wrongs, they still secretly and fondly clung: but, as the blue waters finally closed over her, they felt that the last link of that tie was broken for ever!

Lambton had carefully noted the hold which this circumstance had taken upon their imaginations, but by judiciously keeping them fully employed in preparing the schooner for her new occupation, a few days served to dissipate the last remnant of the impression, and they arrived amongst the islands without meeting anything worth their notice. In pursuing their cruise through them, they picked up a considerable number of prizes, and soon found accomplices and agents to assist them in disposing of the plunder they gathered together. In one of their trips they picked up an old Spaniard, whose life had been spent in the same trade, and under his advice, they established themselves in a harbour, about thirty leagues to the eastward of Cape St. Antonio, but little known, except to such as themselves, which was every way fitted for their purpose, and only a short run from the Havanna, to which place the bulk of their plunder generally found its way. Boldly and warily did they pursue their object, until the name of the *Revenge* was known and feared through the islands and shores of that vast gulf, which bears the general designation of the West Indies.

CHRONONONOTONTHOLOGOS.

(To be continued.)

HANDS.—Anaxagoras maintained that man owed all his wisdom, knowledge, and superiority over other animals to the use of his hands; but Galen very properly corrected this notion, by observing, that man was not the wisest creature because he had hands, but that hands were given him because he was the wisest creature.

RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM GASPEY.

Author of "*Poor Law Melodies*," &c.

How dark and despairing existence would seem,
 What a desert this beautiful planet would prove,
 If Omniscience had deigned not its sons to redeem,
 Divulging to all—"My Religion is Love!"

'Tis Religion that blesses and brightens this life,
 That cancels the curse, our first ancestor's doom;
 It pours balm on the turbulent waters of strife,
 And commands light to break through the chaos of gloom.

The penitent throws off the trammels of crime,
 The tears of the mourner and desolate cease,
 And unfelt is the pitiless ravage of Time,
 When Religion has whispered its errand of peace.

The martyrs who, dauntless, have sealed with their blood,
 That truth, which a God came on earth to proclaim,—
 That truth which extends over lands like a flood,—
 By Religion were nerved 'gainst the torments of flame.

What a scene of enchantment the death-bed displays,
 When the soul of the righteous is winging for flight;
 Ere this world recedes from his lessening gaze,
 Religion, a *brighter* reveals to his sight.

And as over the ruin a sunbeam may shed
 The joyous and golden effulgence of day,
 So, e'en the asylum, where slumber the dead,
 Seems the palace of hope in Religion's sweet ray!

PHILOSOPHY OF PREJUDICE.

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
 The reason why I cannot tell;
 But this I know—and know full well—
 I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

THIS is a hackneyed quotation, but one that suits our purpose well and ridiculous enough though it may appear, it would, perhaps, be difficult to find anything more appropriate, of more universal application, or which would more faithfully delineate that particular weakness to which all seem, more or less, liable. Among all the subjects of inquiry into which men enter, with a view either to amusement, or instruction, there is, perhaps, none more deserving of a portion of our consideration than that now before us. To like, or dislike, and that without reason, is, we believe, more common than is usually imagined. Not that there is not a reason, or cause, by which we are more or less influenced in all our conduct; but where this reason, or cause, does not appear to the person entertaining an aversion, he is in the same situation as our hero was with regard to the Doctor. Few people, we apprehend, will be found bold enough to assert that they are wholly free from this prejudice, or that they have not some small secret inclinations, which lead them to favour one man rather than another, and for which they are wholly unable to account.

One of the strongest features of this subject, and which cannot fail to attract the attention of even the most superficial observer is, that those are apt to fancy themselves

to be the most free from its operations, who are continually most especially influenced by it; while, on the contrary, those are least likely to be affected by it, who admit that their conduct is often liable to be controlled by its powerful influence.

The existence of prejudice being admitted, a few moments surely will not be unprofitably employed, in endeavouring to trace out its cause, and in striving to ascertain some of the secret springs by which we are moved and guided. Now, in order to do this successfully, we must in the first place lay down some fixed and unerring principle in human nature, to serve as a light, whereby we may be enabled to distinguish truth from error,—as a test, by the applicability of which we shall be enabled to discover the motives which often impel us to action. And here there is no occasion for the logical disquisitions of the metaphysician, whose subtle and interminable argument not unfrequently tends to render that obscure and mysterious, which was at first clear and intelligible, puzzling and perplexing the reader, and dragging him through half-a-dozen folio pages, in order to prove that two and two make four.

There seems to be implanted within us, from the time of our birth, a principle of self-love. This is the principle which develops itself earliest in the mind, and which is the longest in duration. It accompanies us from the cradle to the grave, and is, indeed, co-existent with us. This is the original and ruling principle in man. Original, because all other principles are secondary to, and are derived from it; and ruling, because all his actions are more or less influenced by it. The love of self, then, is the principle we shall lay down as the primary cause of our inclinations and aversions. It is, indeed, the prolific source of all our prejudices. But it is commonly said that prejudice arises from ignorance, and in proof of which, ignorant people are pointed out as being most particularly subject to it. Now this is partly true, and partly false; and we shall be able, without much trouble, to shew by our theory, wherein it is so. Ignorant people, it is true, are the most likely to be swayed by it; but ignorance alone is not the cause. Ignorance cannot produce anything; it is negative, being only the absence of knowledge, as blindness is the absence of sight. Blindness does not produce the block over which the blind man stumbles; but had he the power of sight he would avoid it, and thereby prevent stumbling. So with the ignorant man. Ignorance does not naturally make the obstacles, or difficulties, which obstruct him; but had he the light of knowledge to guide him, he would meet but few impediments in the way. We must, therefore, look within for the cause of our prepossessions and prejudices, and this cause we shall find to be—the love of self. Man loves himself first, and afterwards those things that are nearest, or most like to himself. The possessive pronoun, *mine*, meaning, with him, part of himself, and whatever imagination places in that relative position, he conceives an affection for; while aversion is excited for anything that is brought in contact with him, which is dissimilar, or opposite, to himself. The child prefers its own playthings, simply because they are its own; the mind has formed a closely-related connexion with them. Why does a boy love his brother more than another boy? Is it because there is any real relationship between them? Certainly not. The relationship between them is only imaginary. Though born of the same parents, they enjoy separate existence, independently of each other. They have no common sympathy whereby an injury done to the one, is immediately felt by the other. Let one not know it, the other has not been injured. It is the operation of the mind, then, that joins them together by an imaginary tie, and makes one think the other to be, as it were, a part of himself, and hence their mutual affection. And what we have here advanced, will be found to hold through all the relations of life. A father has a son living in America, and by accident he gets drowned; in the meantime the father lives as cheerfully and contentedly, with regard to his son, as though he were yet alive. In the course of a month information of his son's death reaches him. The mind, by which the connexion is formed, becomes affected; he is suddenly cast down, and gives way to powerful emotions of grief, though it must be evident that his son, living at a distance of three or four thousands miles from him, was, to him, comparatively dead while living. A proof that sorrow, or grief, on the death of a relative, is only the work of imagination, and may be found every day in the conduct of those who lose them. For a few days their affliction appears great; they seem wholly absorbed in the contemplation of their loss, regardless of passing events. In a few weeks the features begin to assume their wonted pliability, and to relax into a smile when amusement presents itself, and in a very short time, they may be seen diverting themselves, as though they had never known

sorrow; and those faces which were so lately bedewed with tears, may now be seen expanded to their utmost limits by fits of laughter. Now, no reason can be assigned why grief should be thus worn out by time, or why a man should not feel an equal degree of sorrow on the last day of the year with the first, seeing that the same cause must still exist. But no, it was only a thing of imagination, and, as such, soon vanished; the mind has accommodated itself.

Again, why do we, without any apparent reason, prefer one man to another? The only method by which we can solve that problem is, steadily to keep in view the principle we have laid down. One man does not love another because he is tall or short, fat or thin; yet there is a something about a man which prevents us from regarding him with indifference, if he be brought much in contact with us. It is true, that two complete strangers would be equally indifferent to us; but a very short acquaintance would be sufficient to compel us to make a distinction, and, as it often happens, to the prejudice of one of the parties. The social intercourse of life, in which our sympathies are generated and unfolded, and in which our mutual wants find mutual relief, seems authoritatively to forbid indifference. Nor does it appear that our choice is, at all, a thing of chance; for if we examine it closely, we shall find it to be regulated by the principle of self-love. The only standard by which a man can measure the disposition of another, is that of himself. His own is the perfect model, and in proportion as a man's sentiments are in conformity with ours, so is the affection we conceive for him, and the confidence we repose in him. It is, perhaps, a difficult matter, and one which nothing but a large and liberal education, acting on the impulses of a warm and generous heart, can produce, to love a man whose opinions and sentiments are the opposites of our own. And whenever it happens, as it not unfrequently does, that we feel dislike for one professing to hold the same principles with ourselves, we shall feel that dislike to arise from the supposition that he does not come up to our standard, or from a conviction that he is not sincere, that he is a hypocrite, endeavouring to induce a belief that he is what he is not. This dislike is heightened into disgust, when a base motive appears, when it is apparent that his words and actions are directed solely with the view to the advantages which too often are the reward of base conduct. Yet, though it may sometimes be a profitable one in a worldly point of view, no character is so disgusting to the man of integrity, as that which is all things to all men; and, like a certain insect in India, takes its colour from the leaf on which it may happen to feed. Now, candour is its opposite, and may, by indiscretion, be carried to an almost equally faulty length. But however far imprudence may lead a man in propagating what he considers to be truth, his conduct will never excite in us those feelings of resentment, which that of the former never fails to produce. A man who, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, will utter and maintain all he knows, because it may happen to be true, is universally set down as a fool; it is no longer considered to be candour, but folly, and as such, more calculated to excite our pity, than our indignation. A wise man will always know, when, and where, the cause of truth requires his interference, and whether his assistance will be likely to prove beneficial; he is never captious, and will not dispute about trifles. Things of no moment he thinks it beneath his dignity to contend for; he will not undertake a crusade against the superstitious notions of the ignorant, nor must we consider him as yielding even a seeming compliance to what he does not always oppose.

There is, then, a broad path between the two extremes, in which we may walk with honour; as far removed on the one hand from rashness and fruitless obstinacy, as from a mean and cringing servility on the other. How useful, then, must that knowledge be which enables us to discover and follow it through all its varied windings. Education is the light by which we must be guided; though, it must be confessed, that education itself, while it removes many and great errors, does sometimes become the source of others not less injurious to mankind. Looking thus at the origin of our prejudices, and seeing how they become assimilated, and as it were, part and parcel of the system, it is not to be wondered at that none should be found wholly free from their influence. How charitable, then, ought we to be in our judgment of others, seeing that all of us have so much that requires forbearance of each other. Undoubtedly the wisest and most truly liberal man is he who has so far exerted his reasoning powers as to have subdued, as far as possible, those prejudices, the complete extirpation of which it is in vain to hope for. A man of strong prejudices is generally set down as a bigot, and one of the worst

properties of bigotry is, that it totally blinds its possessor ; for though it be gross and glaring to all the world, he himself sees nothing of it, which is his greatest misfortune, for when once seen, it is already half removed. Let us, then, turn our eyes within ourselves, and endeavour to scrutinize our own motives with as much zeal and industry as we do those of others ; and depend upon it, the result will often dispose us to be charitable to all mankind.

St. Olave Lodge, London.

J. MORGAN.

THE ECHO.

—————And then it died,
Melting in melody.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE footfall of the modest Echo flying
Far to the impermeable solitude
Of silent glen and vale ! the scarce heard sighing
Of her soft sorrow that rude sounds intrude
On her retiring meditative mood,
Forcing the pain of mournful melody
From her faint lips ! The Zephyrs love-embued,
That hung so hushed and breathless, startled, flee
With wilder'd wing amid the etherial sea.

O ! those last cadences are tears of sound !
Echo weeps music, like a lover lorn
Roused from the naiad's bosom ; all around
Soft showers sadness as the light of morn,
Moist, gentle, on the spirit arid, worn
By daily care and strife. A tender mist
Of music fills the soul with sense new born—
A tremulous fine sense that there exist,
Sublimed joys we heretofore have missed.

J. C. OLLERENSHAW.

Manchester.

TURTON TOWER.

A TALE OF HUMPHREY CHETHAM'S DAYS.

BY GEORGE RICHMOND, G. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE steed is vanished from the stall,
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall,
The lonely spider's thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall.

GIAOUR.

It was at the close of a dreary November evening, in the year 1630, that Humphrey Chetham, Esq., or, as he was more commonly called, the Lord of Turton, having that day returned from his mercantile establishments at Manchester and Bolton, found himself snugly seated by the side of a pit coal fire, which blazed merrily up the chimney in a little sitting room within his Tower of Turton.

He had, as was before observed, been inspecting his establishments in the two manufacturing stations of Manchester and Bolton ; and on his way home, was con-

sidering the inutility of all his vast riches and possessions; which, notwithstanding the ease and comfort they afforded, still left a blank in his enjoyments, not all their wonted power could supply. "What motive can I have," reasoned the old man, as he gained the summit of Turton Heights, and the chilling breeze of the north, mingled with hail and sleet, swept furiously past him,—“What motive can I have, thus to be plodding and striving, as though I had a livelihood to seek, and a numerous family to maintain. I am a solitary being, and childless; a few years hence, and my bones will be at peace; *then* of what avail will be my well-stored coffers,* and to what purpose my extensive possessions? There was a time when I was flattered with the idea of having a partner, whose smiles would cheer and give me welcome on returning home, after the turmoil of a bustling, wearying day: but, alas! those hopes are withered and shrouded in the earth.—God's will be done,” he ejaculated, on dismounting in the court yard of his mansion, the folding doors of which were thrown open; and the Lord of Turton entered his dwelling, with the abstracted air of a man lost in thought and meditation; and with the solitary feeling that none but hirelings were there to bid him welcome.

We must now return to the sitting room fireside, where we at first discovered him; and where having laid aside his riding habiliments and partaken of some refreshment, he was still indulging the melancholy ideas with which his dreary journey had supplied him. He was seated in a huge clumsy oaken chair, curiously carved and chiseled, with a high pointed back, a description of household furniture particularly fashionable at that day.† Personally he was a tall spare man, verging fast into the yellow leaf of life; with a rather projecting nose, quick piercing eyes, and a spacious open brow; he wore the pointed beard and trimmed moustache, so often seen in pictures of this period, and on the whole, his countenance betrayed at first glance to a physiognomist, his entire character, namely—candour, sincerity, and penetration.

The Bible lay open on the table at his side, his arm rested on the open page, his head leaned upon his hand, and his eyes were fixed on the blaze, which in fantastic forms flickered up the chimney. “Man is indeed born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards,” mused the old man as he cogitated on his former hopes and prospects, which the icy finger of Death had for ever blighted; “and yet,” continued he, “how little reason have I to complain, who am, comparatively speaking, rich in that wealth which tends to make man's life pass away with ease and comfort. How many feel all the horrors of poverty and its attendant train of misery? How many are pining amidst the cold damps of a dungeon, bound down by the bonds of iron oppression? How many are palsied by the hand of sickness and of death? How many are suffering persecution for the sake of God, their religion, and their country? And even at this moment, how many are buffeted by the tempest that rages without?” He mechanically arose from his seat, and advancing to the window opened the casement; a gust of wind rushed in at the aperture, and his grey hairs streamed in the breeze—he drew his cap more deeply over his brow. “The hand of Providence protect them!” he mentally exclaimed, still ruminating on the deplorable fate of the helpless beings who might be doomed to bide the horrors of the storm. The scene which opened to his view might have drawn the charitable prayer from a less philanthropic breast than that of Humphrey Chetham. The high, and naturally dreary range of hills, called Turton Heights, were rendered still more bleak and dismal by the wreaths of snow and gloom with which they were enveloped; not a tree, house, or object of any description appeared to break the dull and unvaried scene. The moon, partially obscured by the dusky clouds which swept athwart its surface, still yielded sufficient light to wrap the surrounding Wash in a penetrable mantle of dusky gloom, and to “render darkness visible.” The north wind, bearing on its wings its bitter stores of hail, and rain, and snow, swept o'er the barren and inhospitable hills of Edgeworth Moor, and howled amongst the battlements of Turton Tower.

If the mind can be disposed to superstition, it must be on such a night as this; and, if when the Lord of Turton looked on the surrounding scene, and viewed the jarring elements of nature—if, when all around loured dark, and drear, and desolate—

* Any person who has seen the huge box in Turton Tower, which is pointed out to the stranger as “Mr. Chetham's money chest,” will not feel much surprised at the apathy with which the old gentleman views his riches; if, indeed, as he remarks, his coffers were full.

† I remember to have seen two of this description, much dilapidated, at a broker's shop, for which the moderate price of twenty-five shillings each was asked; unfortunately, I was no connoisseur in such matters, and the old lumber remained.

might he not then be excused, even had he not lived in the days of magic and witchcraft, if a superstitious thought intruded, and his brain was for a moment crowded with the phantoms of a vulgar belief in demonology and witchcraft, the chief power of which consists in a command and controul over the elements.

If such thoughts did intervene, we must not suppose that it was owing to individual ignorance, or want of principle; if it was a fault, or even a folly, it was one of the age, and not of the man. Long before this period, a belief had prevailed of the transmutation of metals, the philosopher's stone, astrology, witchcraft, &c., and to these errors many of England's highest characters had, to a greater or less degree, acceded. Not twenty years before the era of this tale, nineteen notorious witches were arraigned and tried at the Lancaster Assizes, before Sir James Altham and Sir Edward Bromley, Knights. The proceedings on this trial were published, by the command of his Majesty's Justices of Assize; not for the purpose of exploding the baneful superstition, but to descry the witches, and to this publication, which was edited by Thomas Potts, Esq., was added, "A particular declaration of the most damnable practices, murderous, wicked and devilish conspiracies, practised and exercised by the most dangerous and malicious witch, Elizabeth Sawthernes, alias Demdike, of the Forest of Pendle, in the county of Lancaster, widow, who died in Lancaster Castle, before her trial." The mists of darkness, superstition, and bigotry were spread over the land, and the sun of learning and knowledge had not yet arisen to dispel the noxious vapours by which it was surrounded.

Mr. Chetham had been nurtured in a neighbourhood where superstition and its concomitants flourished to their utmost extent. The transactions in Pendle Forest here alluded to, will long remain on the page of history, a glaring instance of the grossest credulity; and as these transactions occurred at a period when Mr. Chetham was in the prime of life, we need not be surprised, (although he could not be considered otherwise than as a man of sense and judgment,) that he should, in common with men both of rank and learning, be in some degree tinctured with the prevailing errors of his times.

Shuddering at the cheerless prospect which was presented to view, and perhaps influenced in some measure by the ideas it had engendered in his imagination, he stretched forth his hand with the intention of securing the casement, and retiring from a scene which had few charms to induce him to prolong his stay; but before the clasp had secured its hold; a shrill female voice, exerted to its highest pitch, exclaimed, "Lord of Turton Tower! Lord of Turton Tower! haste and aid the helpless: here's a woman and her child perishing in the snow within a stone's cast of your own fireside."

This singular summons, at such a moment, and in such a scene, might have appalled the bravest heart, and, in some instances, have rendered unavailing the assistance which it sought. For a moment, Mr. Chetham stood irresolute; yet it was but for a moment—the next, the casement was closed, and a silver call (answering the purpose of a modern bell) was made use of to summons his domestics. The transient fears of superstition had given way before the more natural feeling of charity and benevolence: the heart and hand of Humphrey Chetham were ever ready to succour the distressed; and, however unreasonable, the call of a fellow-creature for aid from him was never made in vain.

The summons requiring the attendance of his domestics still remained unanswered, and was a second time repeated but with no better effect. Snatching up a lamp which stood upon a table, he hurried down the narrow passage leading to the kitchen, on entering which a singular scene presented itself.

The domestics, tempted by the cheerful comforts of a warm fireside, rendered still more inviting by the reverse nature of the prospect which reigned without doors, had, during the evening, been assembled round the hearth, detailing and retelling all the horrible tales of ghosts, murders, robberies, and witchcraft, which had been handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter, and which, by a little skilful management had, at each relation, acquired additional horrors and interest.

This species of fearful amusement had been carried to such an excess in the kitchen of Turton Tower, that when the voice of the woman soliciting assistance from their master was heard, (their minds being already prepossessed with the marvellous and supernatural) it was no wonder that it acted as a *coup-de-grace*, and fear to its most fearful extent took possession of them. All the grisly wounds, shrouded phantoms, bubbling cauldrons, &c., with which they had been *regaling* themselves, flocked to their excited imaginations. As well might the Lord of Turton have solicited attendance from

the bleak hills which surrounded him, as from his fear-stricken domestics ; neither man nor maid dared to move an eye, fearing to meet the view of some appalling object ; and when their master entered, a smile would have passed over his features at the ridiculous attitudes in which they appeared, had it not been checked by his earnest anxiety for the fate of the unfortunate beings who might even at that moment be perishing in the storm.

"Well, my masters, how does it happen that I am obliged to wait upon you ? What's the matter ? Can no one answer ? Are ye deaf, or dumb, or spell-bound ?" The last words had a talismanic effect, each individual fearing that it *might* be the case, accordingly exerted themselves to convince their own minds that they were in some degree still possessed of their faculties.

Half a score of voices, the tongues of which a moment before had cloven, parched and dry, to the roofs of their respective mouths, at once exclaimed, "The witch ! the witch !"

"What witch ?" inquired Mr. Chetham, with a look of some surprise.

Each thinking that it was his or her duty to give the required intelligence, and believing themselves possessed of better information than their neighbours, and perhaps wishful to convince their master that their fears, and consequent disobedience to his call, proceeded from a *reasonable* motive, caused a Babel-like confusion of tongues.

"Old Nelly Brierley," said one ; "the witch of Affetside," said another ; and various tales of elf-shot cattle, witched charms, midnight meetings, broomsticks,* and mischief, floated down the general stream of vociferation.

"A truce to this folly," said the Lord of Turton ; "get lights instantly, and endeavour to find the poor creatures who are at this moment suffering all the horrors of cold, hunger, and misery, whilst you are prating here and frightening yourselves with ideas which have no realities save in your own silly imaginations."

Blank dismay was depicted on the visage of each of his dependants on the issuing of this mandate, and three or four stout fellows, who were reputed the best wrestlers and foot-ball players in the neighbourhood, and were famed throughout the district for their muscular strength and activity, stood trembling in every limb, the perspiration starting in huge-drops from their foreheads at the bare idea of venturing a few yards from the fireside in a dark and stormy winter's evening.

Mr. Chetham perceiving the unwillingness of his servants to exert themselves in this act of humanity, knowing also that no time was to be lost, and thinking that his example would probably have more effect than a volume of Rhetoric, prepared for sallying forth in person ; but his hand was no sooner laid upon the latch of the door, than it was arrested by that of old Gilbert, the house-steward, a man whose scanty locks had become silvered in the service of his master, and whose regard for him on this occasion was not to be subdued by fears which the hand of superstition had impressed upon his imagination.

"If you go, I go," said the old seneschal ; "but for God's sake, your worship, rush not headlong to your destruction—heed her not—there is nobody in the snow—it is only one of her tricks," (casting around a fearful glance, and whispering in the ear of his master) "she wants to tempt you."

"To tempt me," said the Lord of Turton, half smiling ; "and why should she wish to tempt me, Gilbert ? However, I'll run the risk of that, as I don't expect I shall be tempted, otherwise than to do a good action." Accordingly he opened the door, and proceeded across the court-yard, the steward following close at his heels. They had not, however, reached more than half-way towards the gate, when they were reinforced by the whole of the household, both man and woman.

* Witchcraft was a supernatural power, which persons were formerly supposed to obtain possession of, by entering into compact with the devil. They gave themselves up to him, body and soul ; and he engaged that they should want for nothing, and that he would avenge them upon all their enemies. As soon as the bargain was concluded, the devil delivered to the witch an imp, or familiar spirit, to be ready at call, and to do whatever was directed. By the assistance of this imp of the devil, the witch, who was almost always an old woman, was enabled to transport herself in the air on a broomstick, or a spit, to distant places, to attend the meetings of the witches, at which the devil always presided. They were enabled to transform themselves into various shapes, particularly to assume the form of cats and hares, in which they most delighted ; to inflict diseases on whom they thought proper ; and to punish their enemies in a variety of ways. *Manners and Customs of different Nations*, (p. 676.)

Whether it was that they had in some degree rallied their drooping courage, or whether it was a sense of their shameful conduct in thus leaving their kind and indulgent master exposed to all the evils which they had beheld in anticipation for themselves, or whether it was the loss of their general, the old steward, who was indeed a "limb lopped off," and after whose departure they dared not remain in the Tower, it is difficult to determine; but, as was said before, the Lord of Turton and his major-domo had not advanced many yards from the door when they were joined by the whole fraternity, who, if they did not think that in the multitude of counsellors there was wisdom, might have supposed that in the multitude of cowards there was safety.

The party had come to a pause after passing the gate, not knowing which way to take in search of the unfortunate victims of the storm, when the shrill voice of the old woman was again heard, mingled in chorus with the whistling winds.

"This way, this way—the Lord of Turton lacks his usual charity, or the blazing fire in his Tower is more tempting than the biting breeze on the Heights. Haste you, haste you—you're over long in lending succour to the perishing."

Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst the retainers of Mr. Chetham, it could scarcely have been attended with more paralyzing effect than was this wild address from the old woman. Their master himself was startled, and hesitated a moment whether to proceed or return: his philanthropy, however, prompted him onwards, and his panic-stricken domestics, too much frightened to seek for safety in flight, clung so closely to each other as almost to impede their own progress.

Following the course which the voice had directed them to proceed, Mr. Chetham was the first to discover the object of their search. By the side of a bush of holly stood the figure of the dreaded witch, and at her feet, half buried in a snow-drift, lay the unfortunate woman and her child.

"Hold down your lights," said the old woman as she stooped over the lifeless bodies, and for a moment appeared earnestly endeavouring to ascertain if a spark of life yet remained. Without rising from her stooping position, she turned her head and gazed steadily in the face of Mr. Chetham, who for the first time beheld this singular being. She was wrapped in a cloak of what had been dark frieze, but which from the numerous patches and additions it had received was become, as to its colour, a nondescript, or rather like unto Joseph's coat, a garment of divers colours—a hood of the same material was thrown over her head, from beneath which a profusion of dark matted hair flowed in anything but graceful ringlets—her features were those of a woman some ten or fifteen years past the meridian of life, but which could as yet scarcely entitle their possessor to the denomination of "old"—high cheek bones, small dark piercing eyes, overshadowed by strongly-defined and almost masculine eyebrows, a projecting nose and chin, with skinny lips, firmly drawn over a rugged set of rusty projecting teeth, betokening, on the whole, a countenance possessing a great degree of selfish shrewdness.

"The bairn has more storms to weather yet," said the beldame with a strong local dialect, and still looking earnestly in the face of Mr. Chetham,—"It's a God-send for you; but its mother's quiet enough—she'll need no more than a winding sheet and a toss into the chapel-yard—but," glancing at the attendants, "if you stand trembling there, like a flock of worried sheep, one hole may hold them both."

Aroused to a sense of what was immediately requisite, Mr. Chetham gave his attendants orders to convey the two bodies into the Tower. This was a task in which none of them appeared anxious to be employed, and they instinctively drew back, as if each was perfectly willing to transfer his portion of it to any neighbour, rather than partake of it himself. It is probable that their objections did not arise from any dislike to performing such a humane office, but rather from a shrewd doubt whether this might not be some scheme of the witch the more securely to entrap them: she, however, soon put to flight their reluctance and apparent disobedience to their lord's commands.

"Carry these bodies to your master's house at his bidding; you quailing fools," she said, elevating herself to her utmost height, and raising her hand in a threatening attitude; "woe be to him who neglects to bear a part—before the hour of midnight has passed he shall rue the day that gave him birth, unless every assistance is rendered to restore the ebbing lives of these your fellow creatures."

This threat was sufficient; the bodies were immediately raised by the attendants with, to all outward appearance, as much zeal and alacrity as they had before shewn unwillingness to touch them, and they returned to the Tower with far greater celerity

than they had betrayed in departing from it. Mr. Chetham tarried the last, and ere he departed, turned round to offer the reputed witch some remuneration for the share she had taken in this act of humanity, but to his surprise she had disappeared, and could nowhere be discovered.

(To be continued.)

CLAYTON HALL.

(WRITTEN SOME YEARS AGO.)

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of "*The Village Muse*," and "*Miscellaneous Poems*.")

THE bell doth call in Clayton Hall
The labourer from his bed ;
The day hath dawn'd, blithe Hodge hath yawn'd,
And from his cot hath sped ;
With pick and spade on shoulder laid,
With rural smock-frock grey,
With hardy face and homely grace,
To work he hies away.

Hath sentinel of old Cromwell
E'er watch'd thine ancient hall ?
Thine olden bower hath seen the hour
Of Royal Charles's fall :
O'er thy threshold hath warrior bold
E'er pass'd with manly tread ?
Have drums e'er beat around thy seat,
Or banners wide e'er spread ?

Let fancy float around thy moat,
Which since his day hath been ;
Thy looks are grey, to time a prey,
A melancholy scene :
Thy ruined tower, thy lonely bower,
To thinking minds recall
The civil wars, rebellion's jars,
O ! venerable Hall !

Those days are gone, but their dread tone
Revives at Fancy's call,
And doth mingle in the dingle
That blooms around thy Hall,
With the loud songs of feather'd throngs
Whose varied wonders fall
With all their powers o'er my lone hours,
O ! ancient Clayton Hall !

With joyful grace may I retrace
The merchant prince, whose name*
And pious charitable face,
Are dedicate to fame :
While there is either book or stone
To tell that he hath been,
His Medicean name alone
Shall consecrate the scene.

* Humphrey Chetham, Esq., who died at Clayton Hall.

THE ROUGH DOG.

BY ZETA.

HAVING one day to call upon Mr. A——, an old acquaintance of mine, I found, not much to my satisfaction, that the door was well guarded by his dog, Chance; which, from its wolf-like appearance and growling propensities, was no great favourite of mine. Well, I whistled, spake softly to him, and tried every means I could think of to coax him from his post, but yet Chance would not budge an inch; and as I knew that if I presumed to drive him off by force, he would most likely fly at me like a tiger, I prudently waited until Mr A——, who had observed my manœuvres from within, came to open the door.

"Well, Mr. A——," said I, as soon as I was comfortably seated, "I would not keep such a rough-looking brute as that dog of your's; if I did keep a dog at all, I would, at least, have a decent-looking animal, and one that showed a little more civility to my friends."

"Indeed," replied he; "to tell you the truth, you are certainly not the first person who has given me that hint; but you know 'all is not gold that glitters,' some very pretty dogs are of very little use, while a dog with a rough skin ought not always to be despised. That uncouth dog of mine, although it has the appearance of a wild animal from the desert, is such a faithful creature that I scarcely think money could induce me to part with it."

"I must acknowledge," said I, "that he appears faithful enough to his post, for he does not seem inclined to let any one enter your door, except yourself. Nevertheless I assure you that I know of no one else who is particularly partial to him, and therefore you need not be much afraid of being tempted by the offer of gold to part with him."

"Well, well," replied he, "I know that he is not a general favourite, and as he is certainly rather ill-natured, I generally keep him confined to the yard. But you will wonder less at my partiality, when I inform you that I have reason to believe that dog once saved me from losing a considerable sum of money, and probably my life also."

"In that case," said I, "I no longer wonder that he should be such a favourite; but as you have raised my curiosity, I feel anxious to know in what manner the dog proved of such singular service to you."

"The circumstances," replied he, "which I allude to, happened in the latter part of the year 183—, when having occasion to leave home for a week or more, I took care, when my horse and gig came to the door, to secure the dog in the stable, to prevent his going with me. I then got into the gig, and drove off; but before I had travelled many miles, I was surprised to see Chance trotting along by the side of the gig as usual. It afterwards appeared that the dog, which was allowed to accompany me in shorter journeys, had after my departure become so restive, had scratched, barked, howled, and kicked up such a terrible uproar in the stable, that the servant, after trying every means to silence him, had at last been induced to let him out; and thus, before I had got far from home, the dog was wagging his tail, and running along beside the horse in his usual manner. However, as I knew when he had once overtaken me, it would be a difficult matter to drive him back again, I therefore at once submitted to (what I then considered) the inconvenience of having him as a companion during my journey. Six days we travelled together very comfortably, the dog running beside my horse during the day, and sleeping beneath the manger during the night. On the evening of the seventh day I arrived at a small village, about twelve miles from home, and as I had travelled a considerable distance, I stopped awhile to get some refreshment for myself and horse. As I passed through the kitchen, I noticed three men sitting drinking around a cheerful fire; but as they were strangers I paid little attention to them. I staid at the inn about an hour, and on departing I observed that the three men were gone, but at the time I thought nothing of it. The night was now exceedingly dark, and as I had no lamps, I was obliged to drive carefully. Before I had proceeded far, the dog leaped into the gig, and afterwards lay quietly at my feet, until I got to a very lonely part of the road, when my horse suddenly shied, and the dog immediately stood up, and laid his forefeet upon the splash-board of the gig," when the words "Deliver your money," in stern accents met my ear, and at the same moment I found a man had seized the reins near the horse's head. You may easily guess that I did not

feel very comfortable; however, I mustered courage to shout—"Stand off;—what do you mean by stopping my horse?" When the same rough voice replied—"Deliver your money, or you are a dead man." My position now became very critical. But as I had seven hundred pounds in my pocket, I resolved to make a push to save both the money and my life; I therefore laid the whip freely over the horse, and a short struggle ensued, but the man stuck so firmly to the bit that I soon found I had no chance to shake him off. And as I fancied just then that I heard a noise as of some person getting over the fence behind, I gave myself up for lost; but as I was preparing to defend myself in the best manner I could, the dog, which in the fray I had quite forgot,—but which had now begun to understand the affair,—gave a deep growl; I instantly gave him a signal, and quick as lightning, he flew over the splash-board, along the horse's back, and in a moment the man and he rolled over into the hedge-bottom together. The reins were free—the whip cracked—the horse, terrified, flew along, and spite of the dark night, I never checked his speed until I arrived at a turnpike gate some five miles nearer home. Here I pulled up, and in a short time the dog arrived, panting, and covered with blood. On examining him, I could find no wounds upon him; but while I caressed him, and felt grateful to my deliverer, I was afraid the man had suffered more severely than I could have wished; for I was well aware the blood with which my dog was covered, had flowed from the robber's throat. I soon drove on, and arrived at home in safety, and when I was again comfortably seated by my own fireside, I felt how thankful I ought to be to that Providence which had preserved my life by the very means which I had taken such precaution to prevent."

"Upon my word," replied I, "you had a very narrow escape, and I think I shall be inclined in future to look upon your dog Chance with a more favourable eye; although when he gives one of his terrific growls, I shall probably think of his activity in seizing folks by the throttle. But pray," said I, "do you imagine that the three men you saw in the inn had anything to do with the affray?"

"Why," replied he, "the night being so exceedingly dark I had no chance of recognizing the robber, but when I afterwards learnt that the men had made very particular inquiries concerning me of the landlady, I was a little suspicious that such might have been the case; and a circumstance which occurred about two months after, tended to confirm such suspicion; for being in a neighbouring dale I called at an inn, and while I was sitting, along with some other persons, a man muffled up in a large top handkerchief, came into the room, and after seeing me he became suddenly confused and presently left the room. I noticed the circumstance, and as I felt positive I had somewhere seen the man before, I began to consider a little, and soon recollected that he was one of the three men who was in the inn on the night of my attack. I therefore immediately began to make some inquiries respecting him, and learnt that he was a man of indifferent character who lived in the dale; that, about eight weeks before, he had been found early one morning in an outhouse, with his throat much cut and mangled, and as he appeared from his manner not to be in his right mind, they concluded that he had, with some rude instrument, attempted to destroy himself. He was ill for some weeks and was strictly watched, but being now quite recovered, he went about as usual, but as his neck was much disfigured, he seemed to be ashamed of the matter; and wore a large muffler to conceal it. I now felt fully convinced that my dog had done the deed, and that the man had feigned himself to be of unsound mind, to avoid suspicion. Had the dog been in the room when he came in, I have no doubt but he would have proved his acquaintance by giving him a very warm reception, but as it was, the man got quietly off, and I have never seen him since, neither have I any particular wish to meet him again, especially in a lonely road, on a dark night; but should such ever be the case, I hope, at least, that I may have by my side, his old acquaintance, my faithful dog, Chance."

Loyal Bolton Lodge, Leyburn.

CLAUDINE'S CROSS.

A SWISS STORY.

BY GEORGE FLETCHER.

(Author of "*Knowledge among the Many*," "*On Poetical Imagery*," &c. &c.)

VESPER-HOUR in Switzerland! Land of the noble,—oft-sung, but never-ending theme—birth-place of WILLIAM TELL! Mountain hero! the enthusiast deems he hears your voice in the echoes of the hills. Deeper than carved poetry are your deeds engraven on the "heart's-table" of each Alpine child; yet here there are no classic monuments to tell of your struggles—to record your triumphs; no marble urn, or sculptured pillar. There are none of these; but mighty chroniclers attest your daring. Shade of departed greatness! the Alps are here—the stern, unchanging tablets of the past.

Here are we sighing out our soul in the Swiss valley. The bright and beautiful sun is "flecking" with his broad beams yon icy pinnacles, and anon they seem like the countless fanes of a golden city. Fainter and fainter waxes the glory, till the sunlight scarcely gems the wings of yon eagle soaring aloft to his Alpine eyrie; and the eye can hardly discern, near where trees and verdure form a green girdle to the glaciers, the rude cross raised by some pitying hand to the memory of CLAUDINE.

Who was Claudine? Descend with us lower down into the valley; and, underneath the vine-shadowed porch of the cheerful hostel, we will give utterance to, not a wild story of Freedom's struggle amid those eternal hills, but to a record of human frailty and suffering.

The father of Claudine in early life had been a soldier, though designed originally for the ministry. At the University of Gottingen, where he was studying, he met with one with whom he speedily became intimate. His friend, however, was intended for a soldier; and he spoke so glowingly of the life he should lead after the term of his academical probation had expired, that Claude Valmont became somewhat discontented with the choice his parents had made; and when, after the departure of his friend, Pierre Maslyn, from the University, he received a letter from him detailing that a military life had as yet far exceeded his expectations—so stirring, so full of adventure it was—Claude contemplated his future career in the gospel with increased distaste. He persevered, notwithstanding, in his scholastic duties, and attained those academical honours requisite for an embryo minister. The death of his only surviving parent, however, at this period, left him at freedom to choose his own course of life. He did not long hesitate. He communicated with Pierre upon the theme dearest to his heart, and received a reply so encouraging, that in a short time he became a soldier, serving to the great delight of the two friends in the same regiment with Maslyn.

It is not our design to follow Claude throughout his military career. A few brief words will suffice. The companion of Pierre, he for a while plunged into the licentiousness that is too characteristic of the followers of Bellona all over the world. But the horrors of war and hard service came to check this license. The continental troubles caused much bloodshed in places which till then had been theatres of the great drama of peace. In one of their campaigns, Pierre Maslyn became acquainted with a beautiful Italian girl, whom to know was to love,—at least, it was so with Pierre. His passion was returned. She was an only child, and wealthy. Pierre was of good family, (so said genealogy) but less affluent. The parents of Florence almost worshipped their lovely daughter; and they only stipulated that the lover should leave the army, a condition which his love for Florence made him not unwilling to comply with; and, choosing a time when hostilities for a time had ceased, he found the means of quitting the service with honour, and became the husband of the Italian heiress.

The fortunes of Claude Valmont were less sunny. He, too, became a husband; but it was the husband of one as poor as himself—one who left her dear Swiss valley to follow the man she loved. She was a patient, gentle, loving thing, and never intentionally gave Claude cause to sigh at having plighted his troth to her. Yet he did regret sometimes to think she should have to bear the hardships which are entailed on the wife of a wandering soldier. But she bowed her head so meekly for the burthen—was so cheerful, such a kind nurse to him—that he was content to let her still be his camp-

companion. She became a mother, after a few years of wedded life; and a poor girl came into the world only to be motherless—the birth being fatal to the parent. Ere she died, in a few faint, broken sentences, she implored the grief-stricken Claude to quit the life he was leading, and return to the vocation for which in earlier years he had been destined—commended her infant to his care—said she should like to have seen her native valley once again—attempted to murmur a verse of the “*Ranz des Vaches*”—blessed the daughter and parent—and calmly died.

Claude looked upon the promise to resume the ministry, which he had given his dying wife, as sacred; and as he was entitled to his discharge immediately after his melancholy bereavement, he availed himself of the opportunity of quitting a profession which had become distasteful to him. The interest of friends procured him a clerical appointment in a village of one of the Swiss cantons, whither he went, accompanied by his infant daughter.

A strict disciplinarian throughout his military career, Claude Valmont, in his ministerial capacity, assumed the manner of a just, but very rigid pastor. He seemed to forget that the doctrines of the meek and gentle Jesus should be preached by those who are inspired by the spirit of charity and universal love. He did not reflect that the simple mountaineers were almost like another race of beings, compared with the lawless soldiery, with whom he had for years been wont to associate—that it required but a delicate hand to unlock those springs of devotion which a love of the wild and majestic around them had garnered in their breasts. The manner of Claude Valmont was stern; his habits temperate even among the most abstemious. He preached the Gospel like one delegated to awaken rebellious sinners to repentance, not as a kind father speaking to his children. So he acquired the respect, but not the love of his parishioners.

Yet for his only child—poor, motherless Claudine—how deep and ardent was his affection. As boiling fountains are sometimes found beneath beds of snow, so did he, within an exterior apparently cold and ungenial to human ties, cherish a love that clung round his heart; but that heart—strange that nature should so err!—was not suffered to unbend before his child; and she lived almost without the knowledge of a parent's kindness.

Claudine sprang from the bud of childhood to the blossom of womanhood gentle as a mountain daisy. To speak somewhat in the Eastern style—the rose looked on her beautiful cheek, and faded: she had the flowers' freshness—the birds' music. She was all heart. Was not such a being formed to be loved? and she was—truly and dearly—by Guthriel, the boldest hunter in the canton.

Did Claudine love him? She wished, she hoped, she *thought*, she loved him. He idolized the wildness of his native hills—he dreamt of no clime beyond their boundary. She, alas! oft sighed for a land soft and sunny as that Italy of which her father sometimes spoke; and thought if Guthriel were more sentimental, though less manly, she should not esteem him less. Often when recapitulating the perils he encountered in hunting, Claudine would deem that the emotion which swelled her bosom at the fearful narration of Ernest Guthriel was love. She deceived herself: it was but the native sympathy that is inherent in woman. She respected him—no more.

It was the eve of Claudine's birthday—her eighteenth summer. She sat in her favourite bower. Guthriel was not with her. A wealthy relative had summoned the Swiss hunter from his mountain home to his dying embrace, many leagues distant. It was not without mournful forebodings that Guthriel parted with his mistress, though he thought it would be but for a brief period. He had sworn, with the deep fervour of a mountaineer, love, firm and enduring as the changeless Alps. He had received in return a promise that she would be his at the close of one long year—a promise ratified by the approval of her father; yet he had left her but a few weeks, (for the prolonged illness of Guthriel's kinsman detained him so long,) when she was sitting in that shady retreat, where time that had found them playmates and children, had left Ernest a lover, and she a lovely, but too susceptible woman, with the arms of another encircled round her waist.

Many days had elapsed after the departure of Guthriel, when a young stranger, whose accent and manners betrayed his southern origin, arrived at the dwelling of the pastor Valmont. He was the bearer of letters which ensured him a hospitable reception, coming, as they did, from an old comrade, who had shared many dangers with Valmont in earlier years, and who now sent his son on a mission of friendship as his representative.

The appearance of the child of his friend found a way to the bosom of the austere Claude. He had the very look, the voice, the gestures of his father, though tempered somewhat with the sunny beauty of his Italian mother; and Valmont, as he gazed on him, became a soldier again, and gave him an earnest welcome to his household hearth. In a few days the stranger, who was called Signor Illium, had completely ingratiated himself in the good opinion of the pastor, his ductile spirit adapting itself to his peculiar tastes. He had come, Illium said, on an excursion in search of the wild and wonderful in nature; and Valmont delighted to point out the most striking features in the landscape near his home to the notice of the young Italian, whose enthusiastic praises only served to endear him to one who loved the rugged wildness of his Swiss home, harmonizing, as it did with his stern spirit. Whatever might be Illium's feelings towards Claudine, he concealed them completely from her father, his manner only betokening respectful courtesy, so that the pastor was wholly disarmed of caution, and freely entrusted Claudine to his society when his ministerial duties called him from his home. He was the less unwilling to do so, as having made Illium acquainted with the engagement of Claudine to Guthriel, he deemed that a sufficient surety; knowing that Illium, if he reflected his father's honourable spirit would not, after such announcement, dare to look with the eyes of love on one who was little less than the bride of another. And so Illium became the constant companion of Claudine. He was a matchless guitar-player; and he wedded to his instrument a sweet voice that sung the romantic legends of his own cloudless land. Claudine was bewildered: a simple mountain girl, who had seen but little of society, save what the unstudied and somewhat rude converse of the villagers in the canton afforded her, Illium broke upon her presence like a glorious dream—a spell of enchantment, which she dreaded the morrow would break; and she trembled to think of the time when Ernest should return, and claim her hand, for her throbbing heart soon told her how much dearer Illium had become to her. He did not, like Guthriel, almost daily peril his life in the arduous pursuit of the chamois; bringing, when he returned, a young kid, whose parent he had perhaps slain, to be nurtured by her fostering care, or a few wild-flowers which he had climbed some dangerous rock to gather. Illium was ever by her side, speaking in those soft low tones which she delighted to hear; and, like Keats' *Lorenzo* and *Isabel*,

"They could not in the self-same mansion dwell,
Without some stir of heart—some malady."

That "malady"—that "stir of heart"—was soon to reveal itself in the declaration of a mutual passion: but we are anticipating.

Weeks had passed in this unrestrained intercourse. There was no one, in such seclusion did he live, to warn the pastor of the danger of allowing his daughter to have so much of the society of the fascinating southern. Had they done so, he would have slighted the injunction; he was hoodwinked by pride, and thought she would not dare to transfer her affections to another in opposition to his will. Time progressed, and the eighteenth summer of Claudine approached. Ernest was still absent. One day, however, a letter arrived, explaining the cause of his prolonged absence. The epistle was a faithful transcript of the writer's earnest feelings. Among other matters, Ernest stated that his relative, who was now no more, had left him the greater part of his wealth. "But the only satisfaction I derive from this circumstance," were the words of the simple mountaineer, "is, that my beloved Claudine will not, when a bride, have to depend on the uncertain and dangerous exertions of a chamois hunter for protection; but instead, shall become the mistress of as fertile a farm as the canton holds within its boundaries." Guthriel then proceeded to say that his departure would be delayed for some time to come yet, as he had to administer to the will of the deceased; but intimated that the presence of a friend like the curé, would materially remove, by his advice and experience, the obstacles that retarded his return. The letter concluded with a fervent wish for the happiness of Valmont, whom he already designated by the appellation of "father," and a brief, but energetic love-prayer for Claudine.

The contents of the epistle gave the pastor much satisfaction, as it foretold of the good fortune of one who, next to his child, was nearest his heart. Though not a mercenary man, he could not but rejoice to think his daughter as Guthriel's wife would not be likely to suffer the vicissitudes which fell to the lot of her sainted mother; and which, he too surely felt, had brought her to an early grave. Knowing the difficulties which Ernest's ignorance of law matters would expose him to, and anxious for his return to the valley, the curé intimated to his daughter and Illium, to whom he nar-

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rated the contents of Guthriel's letter, his intention of acceding to the wish expressed by Ernest of having the benefit of his counsel and advice; and should therefore journey in the course of a day or two to the place where Guthriel was staying.

Had Valmont marked the effect of this intimation on his daughter and Illium, it is probable he would have hesitated to take such a step. The former, blushing and tearful, thought of her betrothal to one whom, though every way worthy, she could not love; and she dreaded that the forthcoming absence of her father would throw her yet more in the company, and, alas! for her faith, in the power, of the Italian—whilst he, dissembler as he was before the pastor, could not repress a thrill of emotion that coursed through his frame, mantling his cheek, and making his bright eyes yet more brilliant, as he viewed the opportunity in perspective of more completely enthralling the love-sick Claudine.

The curé observed none of these tokens of a half-revealed passion in the lovers; or if he did, he ascribed them to a widely different origin than the real one, and unsuspectingly made preparations for his departure. On the morning of the second day after receiving Ernest's letter, Valmont began his journey. To the only female domestic in his humble establishment, a widow, well stricken in years, he confided his daughter; bidding Illium also protect her as he would a sister, during the brief time she would be without a father's care.

The parting between the pastor and Claudine was more affectionate than would have been anticipated from the former's general character. As he held her to his bosom, his heart rose to his lips, for the spirit of buried love told him then how much she resembled her mother! Had he always displayed to Claudine the tenderness evinced in that moment of separation, she would never have known, perhaps, what it was to yield up her love, as she had done, to an acquaintance of yesterday. But the fountain of her warm and tender feelings had been early sealed up by her father's apparent coldness. Ernest, her early playmate and betrothed husband, in her inexperienced eyes, too much resembled the pastor to become the lover of her heart; and the Italian, young, eloquent, and romantic, was the very being above all others best calculated to unlock the springs of passion in her bosom. He spoke of love to her; she listened, and believed. While clinging to her father's neck, his kindness inspired her with the desire to confess how she had forgotten her promise to Guthriel, and dared to give ear to the love-vows of another; but the next instant the thought of Illium, and that such disclosure would for ever trample her hopes in the dust—lovers always hope—overcame every other consideration, and she suffered her parent to depart without betraying the repugnance she felt when he told her he should soon return, and accompanied by her betrothed—by the man who would soon make her a happy wife. Happy! the word rung on her ear like a fatal knell, and bitter tears flowed down her cheeks as she watched her father's retreating figure from the vine-braided porch of the parsonage.

Bertha, the pastor's housekeeper, unlike the majority of her sex, was a mere novice in love affairs, and was as ignorant as Valmont himself of the position which Signor Illium occupied in the mind of her young mistress. As she saw no necessity for being over-watchful, so guarded had the Italian been in his general conduct, the pair were left to pursue their walks, and hold their conversations unrestricted by her presence; and had there remained but a lingering spark of love in Claudine's bosom for Ernest, those romantic walks and those fascinating conversations would have trod it into darkness. He wandered with her through the most sequestered dells in the vicinity of the curé's dwelling; and, as he was well versed in European literature, each spot in the landscape around him consecrated by history was to him most familiar; and he would speak of Tell and his triumphs with a fervour worthy of a son of the mountains. Then would he discourse of other lands—of his own Italia, whose beauty was even yet a marvel—of Venice, her fairy islands, her palaces and fountains—and all with the eloquence of Love's own improvisatore. One evening—it was the prologue to her eighteenth summer—the lovers were alone in Claudine's bower. Illium's arm was round her waist, while he breathed words of passion in ears that greedily drank in the language he uttered. At length he spoke of the probable arrival of her betrothed—could she consent to become the bride of Ernest with her heart in another's keeping? Claudine, who, amid the delirium of joy around her, had not dared to contemplate the picture here called up to her view, withdrew herself from Illium's encircling arms, and conjured him to flee from her while there was yet time. But the enamoured Italian was not thus to be balked. He threw himself at her feet; and, amid a flood of passionate protestations, tears, and sighs, told her there was yet a way to escape the fulfilment of

a promise, which she had confessed would break her heart; then in a voice inaudible to all, save her, he bade her fly with him—fly, and become the bride of him who possessed her heart's secret,—or remain, to utter vows which would be a nuptial mockery. As her lover pronounced these words, Claudine gazed in his face with a look so fraught with misery; and yet so innocent, so loving and confiding, that his conscience smote him for having by his arts disturbed the serenity of the mind of so guileless a creature. But the feeling was transient. Claudine was too securely enmeshed in the web of fascination he had woven round her to offer but a feeble resistance to his impassioned arguments. Illium had the means at hand to further the scheme he projected; a conveyance was procured, and—why need we linger in our story?—late the next evening the Swiss maiden fled with her seducer.—(*To be continued.*)

A FEW REMARKS UPON THE IMPORTANCE OF A CONTINGENT FUND FOR AFFORDING RELIEF TO OUR MEMBERS IN OLD AGE.

IN reading the excellent article by ZETA, in the last number of the Magazine, it is impossible to dispute the accuracy of what he says in alluding to what he terms, the blemishes of our Order; but forcibly as his "*Lady in the Lodge*" is made to speak of the defects of Odd Fellowship, it is yet to be regretted that the talented author has left unnoticed that most serious defect in our Institution, which does more than all beside to lay us open to the charge of improvidence, if not positive error, destroys the otherwise completeness of our beautiful fabric, and which threatens, unless remedied, to seriously interfere with the permanency of the whole of that structure which we hope to hand down unimpaired to future generations. This defect is the want of some asylum, or established fund, from which we might afford support, or, at least, assistance, to our decayed, aged, or otherwise superannuated members.

It has been to many, upon first joining our Order, a matter of considerable surprise, that we, in distinction from most other provident institutions, have no provision as yet in existence to aid us in that emergency, which, if life is spared to us, must befall us all, namely, old age, and its consequent inability to follow those employments by which we now earn the means of subsistence. Our Order in its various benefits provides in most cases, liberal assistance to our brethren in many of those casualties to which they may be exposed; and yet, by some strange anomaly, it leaves them at the close of their days, and when unable to support themselves, to struggle unaided, with the only one that is really certain if they live, to overtake them.

It is true that the Odd Fellow has always a claim upon the kind assistance of his numerous brethren, which would doubtless be attended to; but can any merely casual assistance be equally beneficial with a regular and certain allowance?

The plan of raising such fund, and granting such allowance, may appear startling and difficult, if only from its novelty; but, it may be asked, in what point it is more difficult, or less meritorious, than was the first establishment of our Widow and Orphans' Fund, which is now generally successful, and is the acknowledged gem of the Order? Let but some plan be adopted among us, and the difficulties will speedily vanish; for what can be impossible to so vast a body as ours, united for the benefit and protection of each other?

The writer of these few remarks is yet but a young brother of the Order, still he is one of its most sincere lovers; he is not actuated by any foolish or factious desire of novelty and change, but he brings this subject before his brethren, solely from a wish, if possible, to benefit the Order at large, by remedying that which all must admit to be a serious evil, and an evil too that he has in his own Lodge proved may be easily removed from among us; for that Lodge has had for some time past a distinct and fast increasing fund, formed and supported expressly to insure, to those of its members who may need it, an unfailing resource, should they at a future time become the victims to the united attacks of old age, and its too frequent attendant—poverty: to such as may be so, we guarantee seven shillings per week.

Our example has been followed by some of our neighbouring Lodges, and the humble writer bids farewell to his brethren, in the hope that some such plan will speedily be adopted; for then, and not till then, will the edifice of Odd Fellowship be a perfect structure.

Lord Portman Lodge, North London District.

T. LANCASTER, P. G.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Harrogate Medical Guide; a Popular Treatise on the Mineral Waters of Harrogate, and the Diseases in which they are useful; with Supplementary Remarks on Diet and Exercise, by Alfred Smith, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Surgeon to the Ripon Dispensary, etc., Author of "Observations on the Waters of Harrogate." London: Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS work is the production of a member of our Order, and one whose name will be familiar to the readers of the Magazine as that of a frequent and valued contributor to its pages. The title of the work is of itself sufficiently explanatory of its design and objects, and it only remains for us to express our opinion of the manner in which Mr. Smith has accomplished his task. He displays a thorough knowledge of the subjects on which he treats, and his information is conveyed in a clear and perspicuous manner. The medicinal properties of the Harrogate Waters are shewn to be exceedingly numerous and efficacious; and we earnestly advise invalids, especially those who are suffering from Dyspepsia or Indigestion, to purchase and read the publication before us. There are some books whose truthfulness it is almost impossible to doubt, and to us this appears to be one of them. The language used by Mr. Smith is at once simple and graphic, and where the subject admits, he frequently rises into eloquence. The following well-written remarks form the opening part of his preface:—

Health is the indispensable qualification for all enjoyment. Without it none of the bright and beautiful things with which the world abounds can yield gratification to man. When this fails, neither the allurements of pleasure, the pursuits of ambition, the beauties of nature, the discoveries of science, nor the creations of poetry can charm or delight the mind. Like an unstrung instrument of music, the system is but thrown into disorder and discord by the very impressions which should otherwise evoke harmony, and produce agreeable sensations. In the diseased state of the body the faculties of the mind are but sources of gloom, dissatisfaction, and despair. The memory of the past is filled with the images of departed joys, and overclouded with the undue and exaggerated pictures of disappointed hopes and unimproved advantages; the present is shrouded by the depressing feelings of deficient energy; and amid the shadowy indistinctness of the future, doubt and apprehension, difficulties and dangers, appear to be hovering, clothed with terrors not the less appalling because they are imaginary and unreal.

We cannot do better than extract the following passage, in which will be found some interesting and judicious observations, and a statement of the considerations which were the author's inducement to his undertaking:—

I am quite aware that nothing can seem more trite and common-place than to urge considerations upon the value and importance of health. This is one of those truths which are the most readily admitted, but the least acted upon; and if its frequent reiteration has any chance of pressing it upon the attention, so as to lead to practical care, I think it may well be justified. Nothing, indeed, can equal the reckless indifference with which men risk and tamper with this blessing, except the miseries they experience from the loss of it, and the anxiety they evince to regain it. Men act as though the material substance of their bodies were harder than steel, and more imperishable than granite. There is no degree of exposure or fatigue to which, in the pursuit of wealth or pleasure, men will not subject themselves—unmindful that the very means they employ to obtain them are very likely to render their acquisition valueless or impracticable; and it is no uncommon thing to see the first half of a man's life spent in the pursuit of riches and enjoyments at the expense of his health; and the latter part in the anxious care of his health, at the expense of enjoyments which he dares not indulge in, and riches which can only be employed in the attempt to regain his health. And, if we extend our consideration beyond the personal to the domestic and moral bearings of the subject—if we dwell upon the dreadful consequences to families and often to communities which result from undefined or erroneous views of the importance or conditions of preserving or restoring health—we shall hardly be inclined to complain that the subject is too often broached, or too earnestly insisted upon; and still less that various departments of it are from time to time treated of in a manner adapted for popular use. Information of some kind or other upon matters of such vast and universal importance, the public mind must and will have; and surely it can be no improper or unnecessary undertaking to supply it, as far as the ability or opportunity extends, with information of a correct and intelligible description. This is, perhaps, needed in many other departments of medical science; but in none more than in that which this publication especially regards. The properties of mineral waters, universally acknowledged and resorted to though they are, as powerful means of restoring or establishing health, are but little studied or understood, even by those who use them; and hence the waters themselves are often condemned for the inefficacy or injury resulting from their misapplication, through ignorance or inattention. Such patients are often hurried from one place to another—from one end of the kingdom to the other—and often after a vast sacrifice of time, trouble, and expense, fail in obtaining the relief which a judicious selection and well regulated use of one spring would certainly have afforded. The frequenters of the different spas, moreover, require some information as to their nature and uses in particular, as well as generally in reference to the diseases in which they are employed, for a reason which especially relates to them, more than to others. It is that they are, for the most part, removed from the medical advisers they have been accustomed to consult, and who can rarely furnish them with more than general and imperfect directions respecting the spas they are about to visit; while those to whom they may apply on the spot are

deficient in the advantages which a knowledge of the patients' habits, temperaments, and especially their peculiarities of constitution, affords in the treatment generally, and in the application of the waters to their peculiar cases. If these considerations are correct respecting mineral watering-places generally, they are more particularly applicable to Harrogate. Many celebrated and excellent places possess but one spring. It is obvious that, however great its efficacy in the removal of disease, it can be but of limited application. The patient soon finds out whether he is or is not benefited by its use; and is induced to remove or remain accordingly. But Harrogate possesses several springs of various and indeed opposite properties; one of which may prove useless and even injurious in any given case, which would be speedily and certainly cured by the use of another; and some of which (it is not perhaps too much to say) would, by proper and careful management, be useful in almost every description of complaint likely to be benefited by the use of any mineral waters. The range of these is sufficiently extensive; for, leaving out cases of *acute* disease, (which it would be absurd to commit to the remedial powers of any spa) there are not many of the diseases which flesh is heir to, which may not, in some sense or degree, be lightened or relieved by some of the waters of Harrogate, especially if their efficacy is combined with judicious dietetic and medical treatment.

We have thought it advisable to extract at some length from this admirable treatise, because we consider its subjects of paramount importance. The author has avoided as much as possible the use of technical phrases, and the style throughout is pleasing and felicitous—a rather uncommon occurrence in works of this nature, and one which will render it an especial favourite with invalids. The treatise concludes with some excellent supplementary remarks on Diet and Exercise, which are well deserving of general attention.

A Dream of Youth, and the Minstrel's Harp, &c. &c., by Jonathan Percy Douglas.
Maryport: Christopher Maugham, Crosby Street.

THIS is a small volume of poems, the greater portion of which, the author informs us, "was written in early youth, and may therefore be classed among other juvenile productions; indeed, with the exception of some occasional stanzas in the Second Canto of 'The Minstrel's Harp,' the whole of this volume was composed when the author had scarcely attained the age of eighteen years; and though since that period," continues he, "sufficient opportunities have occurred to rectify inaccuracies of thought and diction, it has been to me as a 'sealed book,' having seldom or never looked into its pages. Is it to be wondered then, if errors, the natural result of youth and inexperience, or that weakness and contradiction of sentiment too often manifested in the writings of young poets, should be found to prevail in this volume?" Notwithstanding these candid and modest observations we have been much pleased with many parts of this book, which affords sufficient evidence that the author has the germs of future excellence about him; and we anticipate, at no distant period, that something may emanate from his pen worthy general admiration. There are many fine passages in the two principal poems, and a deep and enthusiastic love of Nature is breathed throughout them. They are essentially productions of the imagination and the heart, given forth without any reference to plot or system, but doubtless depicting freely and fearlessly the author's spontaneous thoughts and feelings. Like most young poets his verse is tinged with somewhat of melancholy, and many portions are of a remarkably sweet and touching character, intermingled with much glowing imagery. He has obviously read and studied Byron minutely, and some of his lines bear a marked, though perhaps unintentional, resemblance to that great poet.

There is much pathos in the following passage:—

My life hath been
A partner with these solitudes—my soul
Hath revell'd upon beauty—the blue hills,
Rich groves and forests, and the sparkling rills
That wander through the woodlands, have been all
Entwin'd with my existence—and a spell
Hangs on my destiny, that would forbid
My parting with you, till the memory's hid
In dreamless dark oblivion—and the shell
For ever mute, that speaks its dreamings where ye dwell.
Here have I loved more tenderly and true
Than earth may know, or these sad lips avow;
And thoughts of one those early scenes recall,
Like Hope's soft twilight o'er a darken'd soul,
Till Memory sees again her beauty and her pall.
Yonder, when evening's star illum'd the sky,
And rose the moon o'er heaven's blue canopy;
When all was silent as the noiseless air,
That scarcely waved the floating gossamer—

I breath'd my passion to a form as bright
 As e'er appear'd on Fancy's throne of light :
 Glad as a spirit in the sunbeams' ray—
 Now cold as earth that mingles with HER clay.
 She stands before me in her sheeted dress,
 A moveless statue pale as nothingness;
 Death's cankering blossoms on her features bloom
 To gild a rosebud of the wintry tomb.
 How cold that breast which burn'd with tenderness—
 Those eyes once bright, how glazed and passionless;
 How mute each feeling and how chill'd each sense,
 Those pale lips, breath'd in matchless eloquence :
 Alike from care and every anguish free,
 That breaks the calm of life's tranquility.

We could quote various parts equal to the above, but our space forbids it. We must conclude by extracting the following clever sonnet :—

DEATH.

The dead! the dead! why speak ye of the dead!
 How pale and cold, in the lone sepulchre,
 Their ashes rest, as the low midnight air
 Waves the rank grass above each frozen head :
 How calm each feeling and wild passion there,
 Lies prostrate in the dark and narrow bed :
 The stern, the strong, the beautiful, and fair,
 Whom youth and vigour lately garlanded,
 Yet look into the grave! for there thine heart
 May find a balm to soothe its loneliness ;
 The hope,—that when this trial of distress,
 To thee no longer can its pains impart,—
 That thou by Faith and Charity forgiven,
 May find a mansion in thy Father's heaven!

PRESENTATIONS.

August, 1841, a massive Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. W. T. Whittaker, by the Victoria Lodge, Chester.—September 7, 1841, a handsome patent Lever Silver Watch, to P. G. William Campbell, by the Heart of Oak Lodge, Chester.—November, 1841, a Silver Tankard, value £10 10s., by the Rock of Hope and other Lodges of the Bourne District, to Prov. C. S. Thomas Ball.—March 3, 1842, a splendid massive Silver Medal, with gold centre, and a handsome embroidered purple Silk Velvet Collar, to P. Prov. C. S. Gee Chambers, by the Noah's Ark Lodge, Newark District.—March 5, a handsome Silver Medal, to P. S. Pepper, by the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Newark District: also, a handsome Silver Medal, to brother William Taylor, of the same Lodge, for his unwearied exertions on its behalf, he having proposed and recommended above half of its members.—March 8, 1841, a splendid Silver Cup, with the Arms of the Order embossed thereon, to Prov. G. M. William Doughty, of the Richmond District.—April 9, 1842, a patent Lever Silver Watch, to P. G. John Marshall, by the Richmond Castle Lodge, Richmond District.—May 2, 1842, a splendid Silver Snuff Box, to Prov. D. G. M. John Morgan, by the Richmond Castle Lodge, Richmond District.—July 13, 1842, a handsome Silver Watch, to P. G. Sharp, by the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Rochdale District.—March 25, 1842, a splendid Silver Medal, to P. Prov. G. M. James Massey, of the Belper District.—July 19, 1842, a splendid Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. Noah Orme, of the Apollo Lodge, Manchester, by the Cranborn Lodge, North London District.—December 25, 1841, a splendid Silver Medal, to V. G. Samuel King, by the Princess Victoria Lodge, Bacup District.—July 26, 1841, a Silver Snuff Box and a Silver Cream Ewer, to P. G. Joseph Bennett, by the Star of Hope Lodge.—August 16, 1841, a handsome Silver Medal, to P. G. Thomas Mc William, by the Good Intent Lodge, Newton-in-the-Willows.—May 14, 1842, a valuable Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. John Kippie, of the Robert Burns Lodge, Glasgow, by the Heather Bell Lodge, Glasgow District.—July 18, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, to brother Peter Carrick, by the Friendly Mechanic Lodge, Bradford District.—August 28, 1841, a Silver Medal, to P. Prov. G. M. John Riley, by the Quorum Lodge, Colne.—March 28, 1842, a splendid Silk Flag, measuring ten feet by six and a quarter, to the Philanthropic Lodge, Gateshead District, by Hostess Wakefield.

Marriages.

At Bonnington, Leith, on the 21st of June, by the Rev. Francis Muir, Charles Auld, Esq., M.D., P. Prov. G. M. of the Greenock District, to Isabella, daughter of the late Rev. James Logan, St. Ninians, Stirlingshire.—March 15, 1842, brother Thomas Dobinson, of the Vulcan Lodge, Winlaton, to Miss Isabella Smith, of Winlaton: March 28, 1842, P. G. Sideway, of the same Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Dodds, of Winlaton: May 17, 1842, brother Robert Bell, of the same Lodge, to Ann Allison, of Winlaton.—Lately, P. W. Richard Young, of the Philanthropic Lodge, to Miss Isabella Lewis, sister to P. G. William Lewis, of the Banks of the Tyne Lodge, all of the Gateshead District.—May 1, brother George Allen, of Cottonworth, to Jane Wood, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Wood, of Weldrake.—May 31, 1842, brother Charles Marshall, of the Mystery of Providence Lodge, Grantham, clerk of St. John's church, Spittlegate, Grantham, to Miss Martha Lake.—Dec. 23, 1842, at Crick, Northamptonshire, brother John Wilson, of the Good Intent Lodge, Northampton, to Jane, only daughter of Mr. Elliott, of the above place.—June 4, 1842, Sec. Ralph Hind, of the Newsham Agricultural Lodge, Barnard Castle District, to Miss Margaret Batty.—N. G. Henry Hutchings, of the Loyal Mansion of Rest Lodge, Birmingham District, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late T. G. Collins, Esq., of Hints, Staffordshire.—May 9, 1842, brother C. Satchwell, of Bradford, to Miss Maria Alsop, of Wattenbury; and June 21, P. G. J. C. Garner, to Miss Maria Gilbert, of Shilton; both of the Equity Lodge, Edmondseate District.—June 11, 1842, brother William Hall, to Margery Robinson, of the Allendale Miners Lodge.—Brother James Routledge, of the Derwent Miners Lodge, Blanchland, to Abigail Ramberts.—April 11, brother Robert Telford, of the Agriculturalists' Friend Lodge, Hexham, to Margaret Todd: Brother W. Armstrong, of the Agriculturalists' Friend Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Stobs.—May 29, 1842, brother Adam Thompson, to Miss Ann Galton; both of Newcastle-on-Tyne.—June 25, 1842, brother Robert Dixon, to Miss Elizabeth Latimer.—Lately, at Birmingham, brother William Linforth, mail guard, to Miss Jane Sillitoe, of Fazeley.—July 26, 1842, at Coleshill, N. G. Joseph Williams, builder, to Miss Elizabeth Truss,

of Coleshill Park; both of the Widows' Protection Lodge, Coleshill, Fazeley District.—July 2, 1842, V. G. Robert Athy, of the George Mc Cully Lodge, South Shields, to Miss Isabella Coulson, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Coulson, manager of the firm of Messrs. Cookson & Co's. plate glass works, South Shields.—May 6, brother Lansdown, to Miss Penrett: April 7, 1842, brother Dixon, to Miss Amelia Taylor; both of the Bud of Friendship Lodge, Colne.—June 28, 1842, brother James Stone, of the Briton's Pride Lodge, Birmingham, to Miss E. Hesketh, of Ashted.—July 26, 1842, brother Robert Wright, to Miss Sarah, third daughter of Mr. Robert Cowans, butcher: July 28, P. G. Biggins, to Miss Ann Elizabeth Hopton; both of the Shakspeare Lodge, Durham District.—July 24, 1842, at the Collegiate church, Manchester, P. V. Charles Emmett, of the Mount Pleasant Lodge, to Miss Charlotte Hanson; both of Staleybridge.—May 1, 1842, P. G. Joseph Coulson, of the George Mc Cully Lodge, South Shields, to Miss Ann Major, eldest daughter of the late Francis Major, master mariner.—June 9, 1842, brother Philip White, late host of the Briton's Glory Lodge, to Miss Catharine Patrick: July 22, 1842, brother William White, to Miss M. Traaler: July 28, 1842, N. G. Branstons, to Miss Susannah White, eldest daughter of Hostess White, of the Britons' Glory Lodge: August 25, 1842, brother Henry Martin, to Miss Catharine Wright, of Brock, Warwickshire; all of the Briton's Glory Lodge, Market Harborough District.—July 12, 1842, N. G. Want, of the Armit's Well-Wisher Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Ford.—August 18, by the Rev. George Woodhouse, vicar, brother John Boulton, of the Lord Hill Lodge, Leominster, to Ann, second daughter of Mr. Philips, joiner.—May 14, 1842, at the parish church of Wensley, by the Rev. Mr. Booty, brother John Pearson, of the Star of Providence Lodge, Middleham, Masham District, to Miss Ann Blades, of Wensley.—August 11, 1842, brother Thomas Underwood, of the Albert Lodge, Melton Mowbray District, to Miss Hepzbiba Hardy; both of Pickwell.—July 11, 1842, brother Thomas Hale, of Hunsdon, of the Lord Brougham Lodge, North London District, to Miss Maria Malyan, of Bonnington House.—July 13,

1842, brother Thomas Roat, of Hoddesdon, of the same Lodge, to Miss Emma Logsdail, of Haily Hall.—June 30, at Easington, by the Rev. George Inman, C. S. John Omler, of the Thomas Hildyard Lodge, Patrington District, to Jane, fifth daughter of Mr. Peter Richardson.—

May 15, 1841, at Witton-le-Wear, brother Joseph Jackson, to Miss Jane Cheator.—May 7, 1842, at Hamsterley, brother George Greenwell, to Miss Margaret Ann Marras.—July 11, 1842, brother Richard Chester, of Finningley, to Miss Fanny Woodhouse, of Conisborough.

Deaths.

April 13, 1841, brother Edward Phillips: November 13, 1841, brother Sawyer: Nov. 21, 1841, wife of brother William Phillips: April 6, 1841, wife of brother Bolwell; all of the Devides Independent Lodge.—Sept. 11, 1841, brother Samuel Brown, of the Good Shepherd Lodge, Birmingham District.—March 20, 1842, the wife of brother Thomas Tupp, of the Lambton Lodge: June 1, brother John Turnbull, of the same Lodge: March 13, the wife of brother Thomas Watson, of the Flower of the Tyne Lodge: May 18, the wife of brother Robert Lyall, of the same Lodge: March 23, the wife of brother Robert Wilkinson, of the Banks of the Tyne Lodge: May 12, brother John Palmer, of the Victoria the First Lodge: May 16, Matthew Liddell, of the same Lodge: June 5, C. S. James Parry, of the same Lodge; all in the Gateshead District.—March 22, 1842, Margaret, wife of P. G. Atkinson, aged 32: April 11, 1842, brother Thomas Henderson, aged 29: April 18, 1842, brother James Coates, aged 42; all of the Shakspeare Lodge, Durham: March 3, 1842, brother Robert Heys, aged 33; and March 31, brother Thomas Richardson, aged 22, both of the Haswell Lodge: March 13, 1842, brother George Crake, of the Prince Albert Lodge, aged 28: March 19, 1842, brother Stephen Snee, of the Byron Lodge, aged 26: April 22, 1842, brother William Phillips, of the Lyons Lodge, aged 33: April 23, 1842, wife of Host Petch, of the Star of the North Lodge, Durham; all in the Durham District.—March 7, 1842, Charlotte, the beloved wife of brother Thomas Parker, aged 32, of the Stanhope Lodge, Kilbourn, Ripley District.—Aug. 6, 1842, aged 30, deeply lamented, P. P. G. M. Jobson, of the Bromley Lodge, Newark District. He was followed to the grave by a procession of the members of the Order, and upwards of a thousand people assembled to witness his interment. July 17, 1842, brother John Harrison,

of the Henry Jenkins Lodge, Masham District.—June 14, of consumption, aged 29 years, brother Thomas Phillips; also, very suddenly, July 22, aged 45, brother Joseph Shotbolt, farmer and auctioneer, honorary member; both of the Rock of Hope Lodge, Bourne District.—July 18, 1842, brother James Higginbottom, aged 37, of the Mount Pleasant Lodge.—June 24, 1842, the wife of brother William Bell, of the Victoria Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth.—June 25, 1842, the wife of brother Lees Ball, of the Isaac Gleave Lodge, South Hylton.—June 30, 1842, the wife of brother William Bell, of the Johnson Lodge, Deptford.—July 7, 1842, the wife of brother John Maddison, of the David Barclay Lodge, Monkwearmouth.—July 30, 1842, brother John Charles Watson, of the Rose of Houghton Lodge, Houghton-le-Spring.—June 8, 1842, P. G. James Delap Tindle, of the Hotspur Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District.—March 15, 1842, the wife of brother the Rev. Henry Bake, of the Rising Sun Lodge, Netherby.—April 16, 1842, P. P. D. G. M. Benjamin Daker, of the same Lodge and town.—May 15, 1842, host James Harper, of the Mineral Spring Lodge, Harrogate.—May 31, 1842, the wife of brother John Edson, of the Harmony Lodge, Knaresborough.—May 4, 1842, brother Thomas Wallace, aged 27, of Red Heugh.—February 28, 1842, aged 28, brother Jonas Heywood: May 4, 1842, aged 43, brother John Abbott: May 29, 1842, aged 34, brother Martin Markham; all of the Noah's Ark Lodge, Newark District.—May 29, 1842, aged 26, P. G. Arnold Poole, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Newark District.—July 30, 1842, aged 22, Mary Ann, the wife of brother Frederick Wright, of the Noah's Ark Lodge, Newark District.—Feb. 28, 1842, brother William Ford, of the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, Belper.—Feb. 28, 1842, brother Samuel Winson, of the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, Belper.

[Marriages, &c., too late for this Number will be inserted in the next.]

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William Macahan T Fro J M

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QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
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JANUARY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1843.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM MACHAN, P. P. G. M.

WILLIAM MACHAN was born on the 16th of May, 1810, in the parish of Papplewick, Nottinghamshire, where he continued to reside with his parents until he was fifteen years of age, when he removed with them to Leeds, and was then bound apprentice to a cordwainer. After residing three years in Leeds, he went with his employer to Liverpool, where he served the remainder of his apprenticeship. He joined the Philanthropic Lodge, in the Liverpool District, on the 31st of July, 1832. In 1833 he commenced business on his own account, which business he has ever since successfully followed. About this time he began to take some interest in the affairs of his Lodge, little expecting so soon to arrive at the highest honours in Odd Fellowship which the District could confer upon him. He first accepted the office of Inside Tyler, and was afterwards elected Secretary, V. G., and N. G. of the Lodge, at the expiration of which offices his brethren presented him with a Silver Medal, a somewhat rare occurrence at that time in Liverpool.

In September, 1836, Mr. Machan was elected G. M. of the Liverpool District. At this period Odd Fellowship was but of little service in Liverpool, there being only about four hundred good members in the District, which included the Isle of Man; and their numbers were still farther reduced by the Island becoming a District of its own. Discord had long disgraced their Lodges, and was near rending asunder the small band of brethren which remained. In such colours had the intentions of the majority of the members of the District been painted to the Executive of the Order, coupled with the fact of a heavy debt being owing, that the London A. M. C. suspended the whole District for one month. Mr. Machan considers this to have been the most useful portion of his career, as he succeeded, with the assistance of his colleagues in office, and a few of the past and present officers of Lodges, in keeping the members of the District together during its suspension. They looked upon themselves as greatly persecuted and injured, but much good soon manifested itself from this act of the A. M. C. Their difficulties were arranged with the Board of Directors—they again came into compliance, and in the short space of six years their numbers increased from four hundred to eleven thousand!

During the time that Mr. Machan was G. M. he was appointed Treasurer of his own Lodge, and, at the end of his office, Treasurer to the District, which appointments he still holds. Whilst Lodges were so rapidly increasing, he took his part in the labour of their establishment. He was elected N. G. of the Olive Branch Lodge at its opening, and served the regular time of office, at the expiration of which the members presented him with a Silver Snuff Box. He was also twice elected N. G. of the Honest View Lodge, and was presented with a Portrait of excellent workmanship, which is at the present time thought worthy of a place in the Exhibition Rooms, Post Office Place,

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Liverpool. He served the office of N. G. of the Vulcan Lodge, and was presented with a small service of plate. At the Temple of Odd Fellowship he was twice elected N. G., and was presented with a Gold Chain. He was also presented with a Watch for his services as G. M. of the District. He has had the honour of being appointed by his District as Deputy to the A. M. Cs. of London, Rochdale, York, the Isle of Man, and Wigan; and he has also represented his Lodge at the Birmingham A. M. C. He is also one of the Appeal Committee.

It would be quite superfluous to make any remarks on the character of Mr. Machan as an Odd Fellow. The above plain statement of facts will of itself speak sufficiently for him. We are glad to find that the members of his District have not been unmindful of his services, and we believe that there are few parties in the Order who have been honoured with more testimonials of regard. Mr. Machan's career has been one of eminent utility to his brethren, and we sincerely hope that he may long continue his exertions, and that others may be induced by his excellent example to follow in the same course.

A FEW WORDS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE claims of the Order upon public attention are now such as cannot by possibility be overlooked, and though it may suit the purposes of some to decry it, or preserve a contemptuous silence respecting it, the time is not far distant when its merits will be universally acknowledged and advocated. There is no doubt that, as has been frequently remarked, the quaint name we have adopted has operated prejudicially against us, and prevented many fastidious persons from even inquiring into our character and principles. They have felt satisfied that a society with so singular a name must be merely intended to carry out the whimsical and fallacious views of a knot of crotchety and eccentric individuals, and, therefore, they have stood aloof from it, lest their own characters as men of sense and prudence should be injured by the contact. We have also laboured under the stigma of being men of dissolute habits and improvident manners, when one would imagine that the very fact of our associating together for mutual protection and relief would have been sufficient to have vouched at least for our providence; and, as to our habits, we can fearlessly challenge our enemies to collect the same number of individuals from any grade of life who possess an equal amount of morality and steadiness of conduct.

We were sorry to meet with the following passage in a late number of *Chambers' Journal*, selected from one of Mr. Knight's "Guides to Trades." Amongst other hints to operatives, the writer says:—

"He should also take care to avoid seeking amusement in company with what are called 'good fellows,' either in the streets, or at fairs, races, theatres, 'free and easy' clubs, odd-fellows' lodges, and the like; as hereby he will doubtless get no good, and the probability is that he will get much harm, by learning habits of idleness and dissipation, for the days as well as the evenings and the nights will be often required for one or other of these amusements."

We are convinced that the author of the above cannot speak from experience, and must have been wrongly informed on the subject of Odd Fellows' Lodges; and we are grieved that Messrs. Chambers should have given additional weight and publicity to the remarks by circulating them in their excellent and widely-spread journal. Had they spoken on their own responsibility, they would unquestionably have put forth no statement without first ascertaining its correctness. Their journal has no doubt exercised a more beneficial influence, and supplied

more wholesome knowledge than any other periodical, whatever may have been its price; and they may be regarded by the working-classes especially as their best and truest friends. It is from a conviction that such is the case that we are anxious to set ourselves right with the Editors of *Chambers' Journal*, and to state the nature of the proceedings in Odd Fellows' Lodges. Most Lodges meet together once a fortnight, though many assemble only once a month, and the members, on these occasions, make their payments. For a small contribution they are entitled to from eight to twelve shillings weekly during sickness; and they are also entitled to a sum (from seven to ten pounds) payable on the death of a member or his wife. Relief is afforded to those who are compelled to travel in search of employment, and a fund is provided for the aid of distressed widows and orphans. Lodges usually open between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and continue open until ten, but in no cases longer than half-past ten. A portion of the time is occupied with financial and other matters relative to their government, in the initiation of new members, and also in receiving reports connected with sick and distressed members, and in adopting measures for their relief. The remainder of the time is often spent in singing or recitation, though some Lodges do not indulge in these amusements. In every instance, however, all immoral, profane, or political sentiments are strictly prohibited, and the least departure from decorum or the rules of sobriety is not suffered to pass unnoticed, but is punished by fine or otherwise. Members are not compelled to be present, but may send their contributions, if they think proper, or their personal attendance should be inconvenient. From this statement, the correctness of which we vouch for, it will be seen that the temptation to err in our Lodges is small indeed; and if a few of our immense body do occasionally diverge from the path of propriety, their errors must be ascribed to the imperfection of humanity, and not to anything in the doctrines or example afforded by Odd Fellowship.

We are saved the necessity of pursuing this portion of our article further, from the excellent remarks made by a clever correspondent in this number on the "Morality of Odd Fellowship." To this contribution we beg leave to call attention.

To those Editors who have favourably noticed our Magazine, and occasionally devoted a portion of their columns to advancing the interests of the Order, we tender our warmest thanks. We must particularly express our obligations to the *Sheffield Independent*, *Liverpool Chronicle*, *Manchester Times*, *Chester Chronicle*, *Greenock Observer*, *Bradford Herald*, *Shrewsbury News*, *Bath Journal*, *Bolton Chronicle*, *Manchester and Salford Advertiser*, *Manxman*, *Manx Advertiser*, *Manx Sun*, &c. Other journals may also be entitled to our thanks, and we request them to pardon any omission which may have resulted from their not having come under our notice. In the Isle of Man press we have always found staunch supporters, and there is so much of sound sense, mingled with palatable criticism, in the following passage, that our readers will pardon our quoting it from the *Manx Sun*. Speaking of this periodical, the Editor says:—

"The Society, or rather we might say Community, for whom especially the above periodical is designed, and under whose patronage it is sustained, now numbers its member by hundreds of thousands, scattered or rather thickly strewed throughout the British empire.

"The springing up of such an institution in the midst of society, and so rapidly spreading to all its parts, furnish demonstration of the tendency of man's nature to associate more closely than the ordinary bonds of society dictate. The Christian Church was one developement of this tendency. Freemasonry was another. The numberless associations to diffuse the Gospel—send out bibles and tracts—alleviate human wants—dispense charities—suppress intemperance and vice—improve in science, impart knowledge; and, finally to better the condition of man, in his soul and body, for time, and in eternity, all prove the same bias, and establish the fact, that the social state is the natural state of man, where his energies can be best exerted, and his happiness best secured. The association of "Odd Fellows" is another case in point, laid out on a magnificent scale, and combining in its elements the means of conferring more extensive and wide spread benefits upon the mass of humanity than any of the aforementioned—the religion of the Gospel excepted.

"As this Institution had its origin from the common ranks of society, and has made its developements among the same, it is admirably calculated to meet the wants of those who needed it most, and to confer benefits where no other association of the kind had theretofore been established. This desirable result, however, must depend upon the wisdom and virtue with which the immense barque is hereafter guided; and whether it make the haven of human happiness, or be swallowed in the vortex of human infamy, must be determined by its future history.

"Two evils especially threaten an institution of this kind. 1. That by opening the door too wide for admission, such a mass of human depravity will throng the temple, that its altar will be polluted, discipline will be laid aside, and the thing will be overwhelmed by its own corruption. 2. That political demagogues, finding so powerful an organization to their hands, will attempt to make use of it for party and insurrectional purposes; and these secret combinations in the end thus come to be converted into engines of destruction to the state. If these, and such like evils can be avoided, the Institution of "Odd Fellows" have it in their power to operate most powerfully and beneficially upon the middle and lower ranks, diffusing light, and comfort, and happiness, where heretofore ignorance, want, and misery have prevailed.

"The Magazine now before us augurs well for the craft. It consists principally of tales, biography, essays, and poetry, all well prepared or selected,* and admirably designed to impart pleasure and convey moral instruction at the same time. Of the twelve tales in the present October No., not one of them is light and frivolous; all pure, moral, and sufficiently exciting. The poetry too is above mediocrity, and the whole No. does credit to the taste and genius of the editor.

"One thing, however, about the No. does not quite meet our views of *such* a periodical. It is the commencement of three or four tales, leaving them hereafter to be continued. The editor is by no means singular in this; it is very common in the periodical literature of England generally; but this "*Quarterly*" is an exception to the general literature of the kingdom. In a semi-monthly or monthly publication, this "*continuation*" would be more tolerable; the forepart of the story would not be forgotten when the next No. should arrive; but this is a "*Quarterly*;" and it would be expecting too much of frail memory, to connect these broken links, when they had been separated and rusting for three months. Besides, this work is *peculiar* in its circulation. While Bentley and Colburn, and Blackwood, and Chambers, &c. &c., are taken in by the wealthy and literate, this *friend of the Odd Fellows* comes to cheer the heart of the humble and the poor. It is found in the cottage of the peasant, and under the shed of the fisherman; it is lent from house to house, sometimes here and sometimes there: many a one will read the forepart of the tale, who will never see the end of it. When his mind is all wrapped up with excitement and interest at the engaging incident, the cold chill of disappointment comes over him in these *italized* words—"to be concluded in our next." "Alas!" cries he, "the next will never come to me;" and he would rather be let alone, than to have his expectations thus raised, and not to be gratified with the sequel.

"We trust the editor will pardon us for this suggestion, while we add that the "*Odd Fellows' Quarterly*," as a whole, is adapted to the class of readers for whom it is designed—does honour to the Institution which it represents—and credit to the literature of the nation."

* The articles in the Magazine are original.—Ed.

With regard to the first evil mentioned in the above extract as threatening an Institution like ours, we reply that we are bound by our laws to inquire strictly into the character of all those proposed as members before they are admitted; and in case of any flagrant moral delinquency occurring amongst our brethren, it is followed by the expulsion of the offending party. This, of course, will be an effectual barrier against our Institution being "overwhelmed by its own corruption." With respect to the second evil which has to be guarded against, we feel no apprehension on that score: politics are expressly prohibited from being introduced amongst us, and any one attempting to promulgate any doctrines inimical to the state would speedily find out his mistake. It is in the full confidence that evils like these can be avoided, that we anticipate for Odd Fellowship a long and wide career of happiness and utility. We agree with the Editor of the *Manx Sun* that it is exceedingly annoying to wait for three months for the continuation of an interesting narrative, and we have frequently felt the objection he mentions as to publishing continuous tales in this Magazine. We do not, however, see that we can entirely obviate the difficulty. Many of our most talented contributors are in the habit of writing in chapters, and, in fact, all who are familiar with composition must be aware that it is exceedingly difficult to write a story of sufficient excitement in the space of four or five pages of a periodical. Perhaps, in the course of time, arrangements may be made for the more frequent appearance of our Magazine, and the objection will then be removed.

Our correspondent, to whom we have before referred, complains that the metropolitan press seem to be ignorant of the existence of our body, and that the reviews and magazines do not notice us. This may, in great part, be owing to ourselves. We have not sought to blazon our proceedings to the world, but have hitherto, with somewhat of a miser's disposition, conserved to ourselves the knowledge of the principles by which we are governed, and the vast amount of happiness which our Order is capable of diffusing. Our Magazine is not sent round, like other periodicals, to all the leading newspapers and reviews. Its circulation is confined to our own members, and the public have not the privilege or opportunity of procuring it through the booksellers.

We have received many communications from various members of the Order, urging the propriety of issuing the Magazine to the public. One writer remarks that "we are a world within ourselves, and the Magazine ought to be our organ of communication with the world without, for by its means the ends and objects of our Institution would be made known to the public." Some of our correspondents appear exceedingly confident that much profit might be realized to the Order by the increased circulation of the Magazine, should it be sold to the public; but this is a question into which we will not at present enter, believing, as we do, that profit in this instance is only a secondary consideration. It is the moral influence we should gain by such a course of procedure, to which we ought chiefly to direct our attention. We do not see any valid reason why we should attempt to conceal the motives by which we are actuated, confident as we are that the philanthropic and moral character of the Order will bear the test of the strictest scrutiny. Neither do we fear that an unfavourable opinion will be formed by the public on the tendency of the contents of our Magazine, and the literary ability of its contributors. We are equally anxious with our correspondents

to do away with any prejudice that may yet be existing in the mind of the public. We know that it has been the aim of many to represent Odd Fellows as a non-intellectual body, and we shrink not from affording every means in our power by which the members of our Institution may be judged of either in an intellectual or any other capacity. We believe that to be generally appreciated it only needs that our Order should be properly known. It is not improbable that the opinion of the next A. M. C. may be taken upon the subject.

Let us now address a few words to our contributors. We have had sent to us during the present quarter an enormous amount of articles of every description. When we state that we are in the habit of receiving between twenty and thirty communications weekly, being no less than from three hundred to four hundred in three months, we believe that we may calculate upon our friends putting the most favourable construction upon our actions. It must be obvious that, limited as we are to 56 pages, and making our appearance only four times during the years, many articles of merit must necessarily be omitted from our pages merely on account of our want of room. We are aware how dear to an author is the offspring of his brain, and with what a parental tenderness he regards what others may sometimes look upon with cold and perhaps disapproving eyes; and knowing this, we feel keenly our position, when we are constrained to decline so many of the articles which are transmitted us. As far as our own fallible judgment will allow us, we endeavour to act with fairness and impartiality to all, without reference either to personal friendship or locality. Whilst our space, therefore, and the long intervals which elapse between our publications are remembered, we trust that our friends will not construe that into a slight which is unavoidable and painful on our parts. From our intelligent Scottish brethren we shall always be proud and happy to hear, and their favours, we can assure them, shall meet with the utmost attention and consideration. We shall also be glad to hear occasionally from our brethren in Wales, and indeed from any member of the Order, wherever located, who may feel inclined to wield his pen in our behalf.

To the Clergy belonging to the Order our warmest gratitude is due for the eloquent and fervent manner with which they plead in behalf of the Institution, on all occasions where their services can be made available. We have received from them many printed copies of sermons, abounding with beautiful and spirit-stirring passages, which we would gladly copy did our space allow us.

It may not be thought out of place if we here rectify an error committed by the Archdeacon of Durham in his Visitation Charge. In this charge occur the following remarks on Odd Fellows' funerals;—

“And here I desire for a moment to draw your attention to the practice sought to be established by the society of Odd Fellows, that of offering public prayers and making orations at the graves of their comrades. This is to supersede the church service, even that beautiful funeral office which stands the first among human compositions; and to introduce in its place a novelty savouring in its character more of Deism than of Christian faith, for we find no mention of the Saviour; no, that holy name at which we bow, ‘at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,’ is wholly omitted. It is enough to name this pretension, in order to indicate your course; but it is my duty to give it you, as well as the churchwardens in charge, to prevent, as far as in you lies, by friendly reasoning, remonstrance, and even stronger measures, the contempt of our holy office, and the desecration of our holy places, which such an act involves; and when overborne by force or clamour, to appeal to the ecclesiastical courts for protection.”

The paragraph quoted appeared in the *Bath Journal*, and was ably answered in that journal by a brother of the Bath City Lodge, but we feel ourselves called upon to correct the Archdeacon's statement briefly, and with all respect, in these pages. Orations and prayers are occasionally delivered over the graves of Odd Fellows, though in large districts they are more frequently omitted. They do not supersede the church service, neither do they savour in character more of Deism than of Christian faith. They are an addition to the ritual of the church, and contain an exposition of the constitution of the order, reflections on the mortality of man, and on the duty of preparation for an eternal state. The belief in a future state of rewards and punishments belongs not to the creed of the Deist, but is one of the distinguishing peculiarities of the Christian faith; and reference is frequently made in our funeral orations to the "blessed Saviour," the "almighty and everlasting God," and the "Most High." None of the minor differences in religion are suffered to enter our Lodges, but Christ's commandment that "we love one another" is sought, as far as possible, to be carried into effect.

Numerous addresses, delivered by members of the Order, have reached us, containing powerful appeals in the cause, and much sound and wholesome counsel. We regret that we are unable to insert any of them.

We are continually in the receipt of hints and recommendations, and trust that we take them in the same spirit in which they are given. Some would have the contents of the Magazine entirely composed of matters relative to the Institution, and others would have them entirely made up of light matter. We shall do our utmost to please all parties, and think that we have no better chance of doing so than by blending useful and agreeable articles as well on the Order as on general subjects.

It will be perceived that, on account of the additional quantity of advertisements now sent, we have been obliged to reduce the type in which they are set to a small and uniform size—an arrangement which we hope will be satisfactory.

LYRICS FOR THE ORDER.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

No. III.

THE GUIDING STAR OF CHARITY.

Air.—"The floating flag of liberty."

THE guiding star of charity,
For ever burning bright,
Shall cheer us on life's troubled sea,
And bless us with its light;
When from the home of childhood's years
Our feet have wander'd far,
To glad our hearts and dry our tears
Still shines that guiding star.

LYRICS FOR THE ORDER.

Oh ! ever does its pure light beam,
 Mid hours of care and pain,
 To fill the heart with many a dream
 Of joy and health again ;
 The stern disease, that countless days
 Hath with our life wag'd war,
 Is banish'd by the cherish'd rays
 Shed by our guiding star.

When friends who shar'd our careless glee,
 Avoid our sorrowing hours,
 The beauteous star of charity
 Around its influence pours ;
 That beacon-light doth ever shine,
 And nought its rays can bar,
 But with its changeless smile divine
 Still beams our guiding star.

No. IV.

A SONG LET US RAISE.

Air.—"The brave old oak."

A song let us raise to the Order's praise,
 And our brethren where'er they be ;
 Let our hearts be light on this festive night,
 And our souls from all sorrow free ;
 For ours is a cause whose glorious laws
 Bind all in a friendly chain ;
 United we stand in heart and in hand,
 And discord may threaten in vain.
 Then a song we'll raise to the Order's praise,
 And pledge it with rapturous cheers :
 Let this be the toast, whilst proudly we boast—
 May it flourish a thousand years !

No pauper's bell shall e'er ring a knell
 When a brother hath past away,
 But many a friend to his grave shall wend,
 And tears shall bedew the clay :
 When at eve we meet, in communion sweet,
 In our own secluded room,
 We breathe forth the name and the virtuous fame
 Of our brothers who rest in the tomb.
 Then a song we'll raise, &c.

If the mind should be from pollution free
 We refuse not a brother's clasp,
 Nor his acts do we spy with a curious eye,
 But we greet him with cordial grasp ;
 Though strife abound in the world around,
 We aid not with word or deed—
 Our part is to bless, and banish distress,
 And care not for class or creed.
 Then a song we'll raise, &c.

CLAUDINE'S CROSS.

A SWISS STORY.

BY GEORGE FLETCHER.

(Author of "*Knowledge among the Many*," "*On Poetical Imagery*," &c. &c.)

(Concluded from the last Number.)

So well had the Italian arranged his plans that it was full noon of the next day before their flight was discovered. Their non-appearance at the breakfast table did not alarm Bertha, as she imagined the fineness of the morning had induced them to take a ramble—not an unusual occurrence; but when hours had passed without bringing their presence, then a foreboding of something wrong crossed her mind. She proceeded to Claudine's room, where the bed too plainly told that it had not received its lovely burthen the night previous. Articles lay scattered in confusion, as if the apartment had been deserted in a hurry. A costly shawl, a present for Claudine, that accompanied Ernest's letter to her father, lay folded on the table. On it was a note addressed to the pastor, in the hand-writing of his daughter, the superscription almost blotted out with tears. Illium's chamber gave similar tokens of being deserted by its tenant—books and musical instruments belonging to the Signor having disappeared. Nearly distracted, Bertha communicated her loss to a few friends; and from an intimation given, she rather flew than ran to an auberg in the neighbourhood, where, she had been told, the Italian had visited the day before. From the host Bertha learnt that the Signor had engaged a vehicle to take him to the next post town, where he should obtain a fresh conveyance to transport him across the frontier, and had paid for it very liberally beforehand. "It had set out," continued the landlord of the auberg, "at sunset, and was to wait the Signor's coming at an hostel about a league distant." Poor Bertha wrung her hands at this intelligence, as confirmatory of her worst fears. How would she be able to meet the face of her injured master, or that of Ernest, who was universally beloved? She wandered about all day, seeking information respecting her charge; messengers were despatched in all directions; but they all came back in the evening without having obtained a clue to the road the fugitives had taken. After passing a sleepless night, Bertha walked to the residence of the chief magistrate of the neighbourhood; and having told her story, the gentleman, who was both feeling and compassionate, bade her cease to reproach herself for a dereliction of duty, and narrating the circumstances in as delicate a manner as he was able, he forwarded the letter, enclosing the note left by Claudine, by a special messenger, to Valmont.

The pastor arrived safely at the little Swiss town in which Ernest had taken up his present quarters; and found his intended son-in-law at his late relative's house, busily closeted with a notary. The stay of a few days sufficed to adjust the law matters then pending; and having converted the property to which he was entitled into cash, Guthrie found himself master of a considerable sum. With light steps were he and the curé about to retrace their steps towards the beloved valley which they had left, when the missive containing so much misfortune to them both arrived—dashing at once and for ever the cup of happiness from their lips.

To describe the effects of the fatal letter on the pastor, is almost a vain effort. He did not, as most parents would have done, instantly prepare to seek out the lost one; for when the almost frenzied Ernest, to whom the intelligence was indeed heart-withering, and who had sunk down as if death-smitten when the appalling truth first smote his ear of the elopement of Claudine with one who was to him a stranger—when he, rousing himself from this state of torpor to one of an opposite character, vehemently counselled immediate pursuit,—“No!” said the father with a voice of forced calmness, at the same time deliberately laying Claudine's letter (which he did not open) on the fire,—“No! not one step will I go to reclaim her; not an inch. She has deserted her father, and broken her vow; and I banish her from my heart and home for ever. For you, Ernest,” and his voice softened as he spoke, “my heart bleeds. I thought to have lived to have called you my son; but now—”

“Father!” exclaimed Ernest, “I have no other friend but you. An orphan—deprived of the protection of parents—to you alone am I indebted for advice and instruction. I am still, I trust, your son.”

“Henceforth,” said Valmont, gloomily, “I own no other child.” Then feeling that some explanation was wanting to Ernest respecting the individual who had worked

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so much misery to them both, and of whose existence till then the pastor had, by a fatal oversight, kept Ernest in ignorance of, he proceeded to state that the Italian was the son of an old friend; and that he arrived at the parsonage shortly after Guthrie's departure. He spoke of Illium's fascinating manners; how he had stolen the good opinion of all around him; and that, apparently the soul of honour, he had felt no apprehension as to his influence over Claudine, whom to all appearance he regarded as the bride of another.

"Why, oh why?" exclaimed Ernest, somewhat bitterly, "did you not tell me you had so dangerous an inmate? I see it all now."

"Deeply do I reproach myself," said Valmont, "for the omission. But, I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you, when you returned, to find at the parsonage one with whom you would delight to associate; and I idly dreamed that he might become as faithfully your friend as his father had in earlier years proved himself mine. How basely have I been deceived."

Sick of asking questions, the answering of which only made him feel more keenly the wrong he had suffered, Guthrie buried his face in his hands; and for some moments there was a painful silence. At length, starting up,—"father!" he said, "the name of the seducer—what is it?"

Impressive and solemn was the reply of the pastor. "Leave the abandoned one to her shame, and the betrayer to his God. His detested name, once so honoured in my memory, shall never more pass my lips." And the pastor kept his word.

With mournful steps and slow Valmont and Guthrie returned to that home which a villain had rendered so desolate. There fresh trials awaited them in replying to the inquiries of those, and they were not a few, who felt an interest in the fate of Claudine. The manners of the curé, however, soon put an end to further queries on the subject; and she soon ceased to be spoken of, though not forgot, by the inhabitants of the valley. The books she had read, the flowers which she had painted,—things which called up a thousand sad yet sweet memories in the mind of Ernest, he had removed to the chamber formerly occupied by his betrothed mistress; for, knowing the pastor's stern nature, he felt that the sight of these mementos would rather keep alive the father's unnatural anger to his child than allay it.

In spite of the determination expressed by the pastor of never more holding communion with his daughter, Ernest did not relax an effort to endeavour to learn tidings of his false love. He ascertained, after diligent inquiry, that a few days after the flight of his mistress and the Italian, a party answering the description of the fugitives, travelling in a close carriage, had been seen to change horses when near the confines of Austria. Beyond this all traces of them were lost; and Ernest was compelled to abandon all further pursuit, as he felt that his company was indispensable to the pastor just at that period, who, although he disguised his feelings, could not conceal from Ernest that he was indeed heart-widowed by his recent bereavement.

Weeks passed away without a recording circumstance. The name of Claudine was never mentioned in the curé's little household. He attended to his ministerial duties more assiduously than ever. The severity of his manner seemed deepened in its tone; and it was observed that when exhorting the young from his pulpit, especially if he addressed the gentler portion, his address displayed more bitterness than formerly; and they who listened to it deemed, and rightly too, that a father's wounded hopes gave it that unkindliness of tone. At length one morning the village postman brought the pastor a letter, the address of which was in the well-known handwriting of his absent daughter. Ernest waited with feverish anxiety for Valmont to break open the seal. He was fated, however, to remain in ignorance of its contents; for the pastor, unlocking a secret drawer in an old-fashioned cabinet, deposited the letter unread therein. Ernest looked on in silent amazement. "Father!" at length, he cried, "surely you will read what your unhappy child hath sent you? She may be sick—in distress—perhaps dying, and anxious to see her father once again. Learn its contents, I implore you."

Valmont was visibly agitated while Ernest uttered these words; but stilling his feelings by a powerful effort, he replied, "When I returned to this home, which she whom I had so fondly loved had so cruelly deserted, I mentally resolved never to hold converse with her by speech or otherwise. And when she discovers, by her unanswered letters, that he who was once her father scorns her too much to hold communion with her, perhaps then she may experience a portion of the anguish of spirit which the guilty

ought to suffer." Saying these words, the pastor proceeded to lock the cabinet with an air of determination that showed he was inflexible. Accustomed to yield to Valmont in everything, Ernest, who would almost have made any sacrifice to learn tidings of his still-loved Claudine, was compelled to desist from opposing the pastor's will, trusting that time would soften his heart towards his child. But other epistles from Claudine followed at intervals; and all, to the grief of Ernest, were consigned unopened to the drawer of the old cabinet. Nearly a twelvemonth then elapsed without the curé's receiving a communication from his daughter; when one morning, as he sat at breakfast with Ernest, (this was more than two years since her flight,) a letter was put into his hand by Bertha. Recognizing his daughter's handwriting, he did not break the seal; but glancing at the post-mark, he muttered, half-unconsciously, "Vienna!" and placed it without further comment in the antique bureau.

A few days after this, Guthriel, who had some matters to arrange touching the property to which he had become entitled, found himself under the necessity of quitting the pastor's fireside for the little town in which his relative had died. The parting between Ernest and Valmont was a melancholy one, busy memory calling up those sad events to which their former separation had been the prelude.

Deprived of the society of Ernest, the curé became more morose than ever in his manner, displaying it in his exhortations from the pulpit, and when called in his ministerial capacity to the dwellings of his parishioners. One Sabbath afternoon—the fourth since Guthriel's departure—he threw more than accustomed bitterness into his address from the pulpit. The little church was crowded to excess; for the fame of the minister for eloquence had attracted attention even in that obscure valley. From a striking text in the book of Isaiah, denouncing God's vengeance on the children of shame, did he deliver a discourse of surpassing strength of language. He drew such forcible pictures of the lot of those who had strayed from the path of virtue, that the young girls amongst his listeners bent down their heads, blushing with shame. Not the least affected or unmoved of the congregation were two strangers, whom perhaps the talent or misfortunes of the preacher had drawn thither. They were attired in travelling cloaks; and sitting in rather a dark part of the church, their features were not recognised by any around them. The youngest, a female, appeared to regard the words of the pastor with intense interest. Her companion, however, seemed more intent in soothing her feelings under the effect which the pastor's words excited, than giving the sermon his attention. The curé, whose former military life gave him ample material to fill up the scenes he drew of the progress of crime, then proceeded, for the first time since the loss of his daughter, to speak of what he had suffered. "My friends," said he, "three years ago, I was the happy father of a maiden whom I fondly imagined was pure and innocent as the lily of our native valley. Oh! how I loved her! Every day I deemed she grew more beautiful, and more like her mother! I endeavoured hourly to instil into her mind the holiness of virtue, and the hideousness of vice. You all know of her betrothal to a brave and honest man—of her flight with another, and of the shame with which she covered her father's grey hairs. You know all this: thank God, you at least cannot *feel* it as I do." The pastor's voice faltered as he spoke the last words, while the weeping of those around him told how he had unlocked their hearts. Regaining composure, the minister proceeded:—"And what did I do when I found myself deceived—when I found that the idol I had set up on the altar of my earthly affections had become a tainted thing? Why," and his features grew stern and his voice harsh, "I cast her from my heart for ever; and for blessings, I heaped curses on her head." As Valmont uttered these awful words, he raised his hand as if in the attitude of calling down an anathema. But at that moment several of the congregation stood up; and a well-known voice ran along the sacred edifice in accents of despair,—*"Father! forbear! you have slain your child—your lost, unhappy daughter!"* It proceeded from Ernest, who stood revealed in the person of one of the strangers; and on his arm, no longer shrouded by the cloak that had concealed her, lay in a swoon the pastor's daughter—hapless, heart-broken, and blighted Claudine!

What a sum of misery was justly inflicted on the pastor, as, wildly glancing from his pulpit, he saw the pale and wasted form of his child before him!—her, whom his diseased fancy had pictured as revelling far away in some wild scene of gaiety such as he had spoken of in his discourse! In an instant, as he waved away the congregation in token of dismissal, and descended from the pulpit without bestowing the customary

benediction—how could he pronounce a blessing then!—all the virtues of her girlhood rose up to plead for her; his own harshness, too, what had not that occasioned? In the agony of such thoughts he approached the spot where Ernest, surrounded by several females, was endeavouring to restore animation to Claudine. At length he was successful; the poor sufferer opened her eyes, and seeing the pastor, sprang from the protection of Ernest, and sinking on her knees, grasping the curé's cassock as she spoke, incoherently exclaimed,—“Spare me—spare me!” and then fell again insensible on the cold church floor.

Regardless of the gaze of such of the congregation as yet lingered in the building, the distracted father bore his insensible child to the parsonage, and laid her on the bed in the chamber she had formerly occupied. When the poor sufferer recovered from her second trance, it was only to plunge into a state of delirium which lasted some days. During this fever of the intellect, the attentions of the pastor, whose unnatural anger had given place to a feeling of remorse that bent his spirit like a reed, were unremittingly given to his newly-restored child. He would not suffer Ernest, and scarcely Bertha, to keep watch in the sick chamber. He scarcely spoke, and then only in a whisper; but would sit and gaze for hours on the worn features of his daughter with an anguish of mind too deep for utterance. At length on the morning of the fifth day, the medical attendant gave the pleasing information of the departure of delirium; and in the cotchise of the afternoon she awoke as if from sleep, and looking up, beheld the pastor bending over her. She uttered a faint shriek of joy, and extended her arms, as if to embrace him; but the exertion was too much, and she fainted. When she recovered, her first inquiry was for her father, and in a moment her arms were round his neck. The pastor's heart was full; he could not speak; tears—the first he had shed since the death of Claudine's mother—rolled down his cheek as he pressed her attenuated form to his bosom. He lavished every tear of endearment on her; and repeatedly told her she would yet live to bless his old age. To this Claudine gave no reply; she knew she was called away; for, alas! the once-beautiful “flower of the valley” was fading.

In the evening the curé learnt from Ernest the circumstances that led to the recovery of the lost one. Guthrie stated that having transacted the business for which he left the pastor's fireside, he was determined to seek out, if possible, Claudine. He had no clue to discover her by but the word “Vienna!” the post-mark of her last letter, which the pastor had unwittingly betrayed to him. To that gay city he went. He made the most diligent inquiries, but all to no purpose. Sick at heart, he was returning to his hotel, one evening, and was passing along a street in the suburbs, when, from an open window the sound of a female voice singing the “Ranz des Vaches” of his native land, arrested his attention. The tones of the singer thrilled his heart, and he bent forward to catch a glimpse of her countenance. At that moment she looked up, and a piercing cry told him that Claudine (she was the vocalist) had recognized him. He went into the house; but was some time before he could be admitted to see her. The rest of Ernest's story is soon told. He found her living at the house of a worthy couple, earning a livelihood as an embroiderer. Their first interview over, she confessed to Ernest she feared to meet his reproaches, and had thus shrunk back at first from his society. She had long felt a desire to see her home once again; but thought he had not forgiven her, as he had not answered one of the many letters she had ventured to write to him. Perhaps they had miscarried?—if so, she had done him wrong. She had never ceased, she said with tears, to pray for her father every day; and wished that he might see how very penitent she was. She never once alluded to her seducer; but said she had maintained herself nearly two years by the labour of her hands. In conclusion, Ernest declared that Claudine had been induced by him to leave Vienna for Switzerland, and that he had undertaken to be her mediator with the pastor; and having arrived safely at the beloved valley on the preceding Sabbath, without being recognized by any one at the auberg where they had put up at, he was unwillingly persuaded by her, wrapped up so as to avoid recognition, to attend the afternoon service, so that she might gaze and listen, she said, to her dear father, before she attempted to enter his dwelling.

The pastor, after hearing this narration, to which his visible emotion offered the only comment, accompanied by Ernest, sought Claudine's chamber. They found her in a refreshing slumber, which they would not disturb. Having left the sick room, they soon after separated for the night. Before Valmont retired, however, he took

from the old cabinet the unread letters he had deposited there. With a trembling hand he broke the seal of the first he had received from Claudine; and when he had perused its contents, flung himself on the floor in all the agony of self-reproach. It was dated from an hotel on the route the Italian had taken; and she implored her father to follow her and rescue her from dishonour. Too late she had discovered the character of him whom she had trusted. He had as yet treated her with delicacy, but she dreaded every hour he would throw off the mask. She implored her father to save her while there was yet time—described the route they had travelled—said she would feign illness to retard their progress—her motions were watched, she said, in conclusion, and unaided she could not escape; and she begged her father—she begged Ernest—to come and save her.

Had the pastor but read the foregoing at the fitting time, what an amount of misery might have been averted! She perhaps would have been preserved—perhaps would have become the bride of Ernest! And he—even he—the consummation of which union had been his darling wish—he had prevented it. These thoughts were scorpion stings to Valmont as he lay, self-abased, in his chamber. Though the words of each seemed to sear his eye-balls as he traced them on the paper, he nerved himself to the task of reading the remaining letters. The next was from Naples; and gave the fatal confession, that under a solemn promise of marriage—a stranger in a strange land—abandoned by her father, without a friend to protect her, she had become what she dared not write. She had no hope of forgiveness, but trusted that the grave would soon cover her, as even he who had been her ruin had ceased to treat her with tenderness. She prayed for Ernest's happiness, not doubting he had found a bride worthy of sharing his affections; and hoped, if he had children, he would tell them her sad story, to warn them to avoid her fate. Other letters were in the same strain; and the last told of the betrayer's desertion of her in Vienna. In that letter she said that, feeling her health decaying, she humbly hoped her father would let her come home to be forgiven, and then she wished to die.

All the errors of Valmont's life rushed across his imagination as he reclined in meditation over the records of his unfortunate daughter. Had his career been so blameless that he should have treated her so rigorously? Memory answered, no. His general harshness towards her from infancy—she, whom, like a delicate plant, should have been nurtured by tenderness alone,—his pride and selfishness of heart that fed his unnatural anger, and had induced him to refuse, till it was too late, to open the letters his hapless daughter had written to him after her flight—his open denunciation of her from the pulpit: how could he venture to address his little congregation after a display which showed how unfit he was to be their minister—the retrospect was indeed humbling; and the pastor, kneeling by his bedside, solemnly vowed, so long as his life was spared, to preach and earnestly practice the doctrines of the meek and merciful. He rose from his devotions an altered man: his hardness of heart, like the expulsion of an evil spirit, had for ever passed away.

Day was slowly breaking over the distant Alps as Bertha, who had tended the sufferer's couch during the night, awoke the pastor. Dreading to ask the cause of this early summons, Valmont, who had not undressed, followed her hastily to his daughter's bedside. There the cause was too apparent in the altered features of Claudine, which plainly told that the spirit would soon be summoned to its immortal home. "Is it my father?" she gasped. The pastor seated himself beside her, and took her thin white hand in his own, and pressed it to his quivering lips. The next moment Ernest, who had been aroused, entered the room. Claudine smiled faintly as he approached, and motioned to be lifted up. Her wish was complied with; her father and Ernest tenderly supporting her. She looked fondly in the face of each, and then said feebly—"Let me see the sun rising over the hills once again." The weeping Bertha drew aside the curtains, and a flood of golden light fell on the pale face of the dying Claudine, gilding it like the halo round the features of a saint. "Oh!" she murmured, "this is happiness thus to die." She took a hand of each, kissed them, and pressed them to her heart. "Do you both forgive me?—do you both love me? But I know you do, and need not ask." Tears were the only answers. "Father!" she said, and her voice grew weaker every moment, "let me be buried amid the mountains—amid the scenes that I once used to love to wander with Ernest; he will find a spot. When sickness weighed me down in a far land, I thought I could die content if my burying-place could

be among those hills. "Do not deny me." The pastor could only bow his head in token of acquiescence to her last strange wish. At that instant, distinct and clear, borne on the wings of the morning breeze, the well-known strains of the "*Ranz des Vaches*" were heard. The eyes of the dying Claudine, which the midnight of death had overshadowed, opened anew as the mellifluous notes stole on the ear. "It is an angel that calls," she whispered; "I come—I come—" She sank down slowly in their arms—the story of her life was told.

In accordance with Claudine's request, she had a mountain grave. A long train of young girls, daughters of the villagers, followed her to her last resting-place, their kinsmen and friends bringing up the rear of the procession. The pastor, who had wonderfully borne up under his loss, performed the funeral rites; and truly it was an impressive sight to listen to the venerable minister, amid that numerous assemblage, repeating the solemn service appointed for the dead. The scene so wildly majestic was heightened by the sacred character of the ceremony that drew them thither. It was in no quiet church-yard, adjoining a pile that good men's prayers had consecrated, that the body of Claudine was laid; but beneath a rock near the eternal temple of the Alps, whose altar-hills are raised by God, and hallowed by freedom.

After the death of his child, the health of the pastor gradually gave way. He died deeply lamented by all in the village. He expired in Ernest's arms, blessing his daughter's memory. His manners, formerly so harsh, had been all that was kind and gentle since the night of penitence that had preceded the loss of Claudine. He was no longer feared, but loved. He was sepulchred in the burying-ground belonging to the sacred edifice in which he was wont to preach; and was ever after spoken of as "the good pastor." Ernest, no longer Ernest the hunter, but the owner of many fertile farms and vineyards, had wedded an amiable girl, whose only dower was innocence. He had the satisfaction of having the curé's approval of the union, which was celebrated in the little church, the pastor performing the nuptial ceremony. As if to destroy all chance of discovering the seducer of his daughter, the pastor before his decease committed the letters received from Claudine, which might have furnished a clue to discover the real name of the Italian, to the flames. He was believed to have been the son of a person of consequence; but no one in the village, save Valmont and his daughter, were ever aware of his real title.

A large wooden cross was erected by Ernest to the memory of Claudine on the rock beneath which her ashes reposed. Once a year did the maidens of the valley make a pilgrimage thither, to tell the story of her sorrows, and weep over her grave.

It was about fifteen years after the death of Claudine that a party of travellers, overtaken by one of those violent storms so peculiar to the Alpine regions, sought shelter, one autumn afternoon, in the principal hostellerie of the valley in which the pastor Valmont had dwelt. Their attire bespoke them of rank; and although evidently accustomed to all the luxuries of life, they accepted with great good will the poor apologies for comfort that are to be met with at most houses of a similar description in Switzerland. They had but few attendants; and from their conversation it appeared they were crossing over to the northern Alps, in order to enjoy the diversions of the chase, and were prevented by the storm from proceeding to the chateau of one of the party. A good fire, and some excellent wine of the host's providing, soon determined them to take up their quarters for the night at the auberg. One of them, who was addressed by his companion by the title of Count, was accompanied by a fine dog of the wolf-hound species. The Count, who spoke German with the fluency of a native, seemed the life and soul of the party, his sallies of wit being no less abundant than brilliant. After a night spent more like merry mountaineers than nobles, they retired to rest, the landlord having to put in requisition the dormitories of several neighbours, the inn not being able to lodge his numerous guests.

At the breakfast, next morning, which was voted excellent by all save the Count, who had not yet risen, it was agreed, the day being fine, if there was any object in the neighbourhood worth visiting, to remain at the auberg till the next day, when they would proceed on their journey. While looking out of the inn window, which commanded an extensive view of a portion of the distant Alps, some of the company descried the Cross of Claudine, which formed a distinguishing feature in the far-off landscape. Not doubting some romantic legend was connected with its erection, they summoned the landlord to tell them its history. In the meantime, the Count made his appearance, followed, as

usual, by his favourite hound. He looked very dejected; and when rallied on his haggard appearance, imputed it to fatigue from the previous day and last night's revelling. The Count having partaken of a slight breakfast,—“The story—the story,” was now the cry. The host of The Guillaume Tell, who probably never before had so numerous an auditory, then narrated such of the circumstances of Claudine's sad history as had come to his knowledge, making of course, a few embellishments, in addition—such as the appearance of her spectre, which had been seen at different times, on the anniversary of her death, sitting by the Cross which Ernest had erected. It was strongly suspected, too, he said, that it was no mortal musician that had played the “Ranz des Vaches” as she lay dying. Since then, that strain had been heard at day-break, and no one could discover who played it; but it was a sure forerunner of misfortune to those who heard it. To the discomfiture of the host, a burst of incredulous laughter rewarded the finale to his story. The Count, however, did not join in the mirth of the rest, but looked unusually grave. The party soon after broke up, intending to ramble to some ruins near a magnificent waterfall, a few miles off. Some of them wished to visit the scene of the legend they had just heard; but were dissuaded by the landlord, who stated that owing to the severity of the last few winters, the usual pilgrimage to Claudine's grave had not been made; as the snow, which each succeeding season approached nearer the valley from the hills, frequently fell in fearful masses about the Cross, and rendered it dangerous to visit it at any other period than during the depth of winter.

As the company intended to return to the auberg to dine, the Count excused himself on the plea of indisposition from joining the excursion, and was soon after left to find such society as he pleased, in the absence of the party. When alone, he interrogated the host on the subject of the romance he had just before listened to; who, finding a hearer who was not disposed to smile at his credulity, willingly told anew the story, pointing out, in conclusion, the substantial homestead of the wealthy Guthrie in the distance. “And did no one ever suspect who the seducer was?” asked the Count. “No, sir; no one,” was the reply; “but we always thought that, though the secret died with ‘the good pastor,’ God would bring the matter to light in some way or other. In this very house, yes, in this very room, has the treacherous villain been many a time; but I was a mere youth, then—it is nearly eighteen years ago—and am glad I cannot recollect his face. Poor Claudine! I wish you had never seen it.” The Count made no comment on this last remark, and the keeper of the auberg withdrew to make preparations for dinner.

When the company returned in the afternoon, they found the Count had taken a walk. A substantial meal was served up; yet no Count made his appearance. But the venison had not its flavour, nor the wine its relish. He was not there, the piquancy of whose wit, and whose graceful manners, heightened by a person hardly in the prime of life, on whom Nature had not niggardly bestowed her favours, conspired to render him a general favourite. It may be judged, then, that his return was anxiously looked for by the party, who, the dinner being over, sat sipping their wine in silence. At last the hour of vespers arrived; and one of the guests, who was watching from the window to give notice when the Count came in sight, exclaimed, gleefully, “Here comes the truant's dog; his master cannot be far off.” He had hardly spoken these words, when the wolf-hound sprang into the room, his body bleeding, and his mouth dabbled with foam. He approached an intimate acquaintance of the Count's, and let something which he had carried in his mouth fall at his feet. The Austrian took it up. “Good heavens!” said he, recognizing a glove, which bore the initials of his friend, “surely some accident must have befallen the Count!” Before any one could offer a remark, the dog rushed to the door, and then, not finding any one followed him, came back, and looked up in the face of his master's companion, setting up a melancholy howl. The extraordinary behaviour of the animal convinced those present that his master's life was in peril, and that he wished, with that powerful instinct peculiar to the canine race, to guide them to the scene of danger. To see if their conjectures were correct, they went outside the auberg, the dog leading the way, who made off as if for the mountains. To follow the course Hector had begun, required some consideration, especially as it was getting dark; and they adjourned for a brief period to the inn, into which the dog unwillingly followed them, giving tokens of impatience by his restless manner and melancholy whine. It was finally resolved to procure immediately the assistance of as many villagers as could be got together; and, provided with torches and

proper implements, endeavour to rescue the Count from the danger with which they felt convinced he was environed.

The news of this intention was speedily known throughout the village; and in the space of half an hour a band of stalwart fellows, well acquainted with the mountain dangers, were ready, without fee, or reward, to join the adventure. Upon asking them as to the best mode of commencing operations,—“Send for Guthriel, he knows best,” was the reply of nearly all. A deputation was then despatched to the dwelling of Ernest; who, on learning a fellow-creatures' life was perhaps in imminent danger, cheerfully offered his services, and with several of his farm-labourers proceeded to the auberg. The friends of the Count, on his arrival, wished at once to advance to the scene of peril; but on Ernest representing the madness of venturing among the mountain passes in the darkness of night, where a false step might dash them down a precipice, they were unwillingly induced to prolong setting out for a few hours. He further said, that the greatest caution was necessary to wander in the vicinity of the glaciers, even in the daytime, in consequence of the masses of snow which were continually falling from the effects of the summer's heat, and might more readily overwhelm them, if they ventured among them at night. He gave it as his opinion that an hour before daybreak would be the most fitting time for their enterprise, as they would not be exposed to any dangers on their road till the expiration of that period, when the rising of the sun would enable them to discover the precipices and ravines around them, especially as it was intended to visit Claudine's grave first—the Austrian having a presentiment that that spot was the scene of the Count's dangers, which was situated in a portion of the lower Alps no less romantic than intricate. The arguments of Ernest had due weight; and it was agreed for all to remain at the inn till the hour appointed, where such as chose might snatch a little rest, but no one to undress, so that, when the signal for starting was given, there might be no delay. But where was the faithful dog all this time? He was called, but did not answer. The auberg was searched, without discovering him. It was concluded, therefore, that he had returned in the darkness of night to his unfortunate master; and the Austrian, who looked upon the animal's conduct as a reproach to his own, never closed his eyes all night, but waited with feverish impatience for the hour of starting.

A few faint lines of light were just visible in the eastern sky, as the cavalcade, headed by Guthriel, began their eventful journey. The ascent of the party, owing to the rugged nature of the path, was toilsome, the glare cast by the torches they carried not sufficiently showing them the inequalities of the road. They arrived without accident, however, at the mountain gorge that led them to Claudine's grave. Ernest, to whom the vicinity was most familiar, stepped cautiously up the only outlet that led to the burying-place. Large masses of mingled ice and debris hung above them, threatening to topple down every instant. As the torch-lights fell upon them, they assumed all manner of shapes—magnificent, grotesque, and fearful. The fragments of ice, too, on the scarcely-defined track shone, in the uncertain glow, like a pavement of crystal. On proceeding about twenty yards, Guthriel found their progress was retarded by an enormous mass of snow, which had fallen from overhead, and closed up the passage. From the evidence afforded of loose portions of rock being scattered about, this appeared to have been of recent occurrence. Here then, perhaps, was a solution of the Count's danger. He had, most likely, been led by curiosity to visit the grave, and while there the icy portullis had descended, and cut off his retreat for ever. There was no escape, for the height of the glaciers surrounding the grave were inaccessible to all save the chamois; so that if succour did not arrive, he must remain to die in a sepulchre, whose vastness did not lessen its horror! Ernest had scarcely mentioned his conjectures to the main body, when the well-known bark of Hector changed doubt into certainty by announcing the Count's vicinity. With infinite labour, assisted by his hunting-spear, Guthriel then climbed from crag to crag, till he reached the highest elevation of the rock, that like an immense wall hemmed in the tomb where slept the pastor's daughter. He was followed by the more adventurous of the party. They had hardly attained the summit, when the sound of music was heard, as if proceeding from the Cross of Claudine; and the hearts of the noblest sank within them as they distinctly listened to the fatal strain of the “Ranz des Vaches”—fatal when played at such an hour! The sun just rose above the horizon as the last notes died away; and recovering a little from the awe with which the melody had inspired them, Ernest and his companions looked into the glen which the Cross slightly overshadowed. There, standing on the

grave of Claudine, they beheld the Count, in the attitude of applying a hunting-horn to his lips: his faithful dog was at his feet. Another moment, and had he observed them, he might have been saved; but he was doomed! He blew with desperate energy the Blast of Death, and the Destroyer answered the summons! Guthriel and his companions threw themselves on their faces as of a thousand peals of thunder smote their ears. On—on—came the avalanche; the peaks seemed endowed with vitality as the tremendous mass rushed by them: then came a calm—a dead—an awful silence!

Ernest looked up; he was safe; all that had ventured on that wild enterprise were unharmed. Where was the Cross of Claudine? where was the stranger for whom they risked so much? Ask the resistless snow-demon, that had torn away the gigantic memorial as if it had been a straw; had hurled it into the glen beneath; and then, as if its errand had been sped, passed harmlessly onward to a hollow in the valley at the mountain's base, leaving few, but fearful tokens of its visit to the resting-place of the betrayed one!

It was after a few hours' labour that the remains of the Count were discovered. He was found underneath the Cross of Claudine; his dog still at his feet. His body was cold and rigid; and his features bore the impress of the last deep agony he must have endured when, thinking a friend was near when he heard the fatal "*Ranz des Vaches*" played, he blew that signal which, instead of bringing aid, he found had called down the avenging avalanche! Yes! the *avenging* avalanche!

When they were preparing to carry the body away on a rude litter, it was observed that the fingers of the left hand held with convulsive grasp a locket, which was attached by a ribbon to the neck of the deceased. The Austrian detached it from the body of his late friend; and the mournful procession proceeded through the breach which the avalanche had made into the path that led them to the village. Lingered behind the mountaineers that bore the remains of his friend, the Austrian paused a moment to examine the relic which the Count had clutched with such force in the last death-grip. The locket held a miniature, which he gazed on with a sigh, muttering, "Remorse to the last—remorse to the last." Seeing Ernest near him, he gave him the trinket, saying mournfully, "That, sir, is the resemblance of a young girl whom my friend loved; but, alas! like her over whose grave he met his untimely end, he only loved to seduce and abandon." Guthriel, whose mind this allusion carried back to the memory of his first, his betrothed, love, gazed on the picture presented to him. Great God! it was the face of CLAUDINE he saw—such as she appeared in her days of innocence, when loveliness was her least attribute. His gestures of astonishment drew the notice of the Austrian. "Do you recognize the features?" said he: "Surely,"—and a crowd of circumstances connected with the late Count came across his recollection; the wild life the deceased had led in his youth; his marriage and separation from his wife a few years after without any seeming cause; the fits of melancholy with which at times he had been assailed; the mystery connected with the original of the miniature, whom the Count confessed he had used most cruelly; his proposing the excursion which had led them to visit Switzerland; and his emotion when the story of the pastor's daughter was told by the innkeeper—all these incidents as they flashed before his memory's eye in an instant gave birth to a suspicion that a long-kept secret would at last be disclosed, as he said, inquiringly, to Ernest, "Surely it is not so?"

Brief was the reply of Guthriel, who still kept gazing on the portrait, "The betrayer of Claudine and the Count are one. If you feel any doubt on the subject," said he, addressing the Austrian, "look there." As he spoke he gave him the locket, which bore on the back of the miniature the name of "Claudine Valmont."

The last remaining doubts of the Austrian, if he retained any, gave way as he beheld this additional proof. "I am satisfied," said he.

If there wanted any further confirmation of the truth of this discovery it would have been furnished by several letters, which were found in the Count's travelling trunk. They were in Claudine's handwriting, and had doubtless cost her seducer many an hour's remorse. Ernest, to whom these letters, together with the locket, were presented, received them with an emotion that told that all his love for Claudine was not buried in her grave.

It was not generally known till the departure of the body of the Count for the magnificent burying-vault of his titled family at Venice, what connection he had in the

fate of the pastor's daughter ; and the wonder was not lessened when it was discovered that he had perished over her grave on the morning of the fifteenth anniversary of her death. The "Ranz des Vaches" has not since then been heard at so early an hour at daybreak in that valley ; but the villagers are never weary of telling the story of the punishment of Count Illium di Maslyn at the Cross of Claudine.

The sun has long set : our legend is told.

Apollo Lodge, Birmingham.

THE HUMAN HEART.

BY J. A. SMITH.

THERE are caves in old Ocean deep down where the ray
Of the morning has ne'er since Creation yet been,—
There the hurricane lashing the waves into spray,
Is mid storm-flash and thunder unheard and unseen.

There the rocks that oppose their rude fronts to the sky,
Have thrust in the darkness their deep-rooted feet ;
Undisturbed and unknown is that dim world where lie
The wonders of Time in their silent retreat.

There are wilds in the desert, and lone spots on earth,
There are woods that are pathless, and wastes where the smoke
Of the cottager's hut ne'er yet curl'd since the birth
Of the song-birds that Eden with melody woke :

But not where in forest-cave studded with shells,
The tangled sea-monster clings deeply and dwells ;
Not far, far away 'neath the gay coral strand,
Where the green waters roll o'er the bright golden sand ;

Not on earth, were old Atlas upturn'd from its base,
Not in wilds where the savage ne'er sprung on the chase,—
Not in woods, nor in deserts, so hidden a spot
As that which the eye of the vulture knows not.

'Tis sacred and lonely, yet crowded at will
With its own cherish'd inmates, all wordless and still ;
And the music that oft rings so plaintively there,
Is the harmony Hope wrests from playing with Care.

Its recesses are lighted with Life's brilliant lamp,
Love's fire undecaying defies cold and damp ;
Sensibility finds there a refuge, and flings
Pearly dewdrops on treasures that Memory brings.

'Tis a spot unprofan'd, home of holiest thought,
With its sorrows the cold heartless world meddleth not,
Angel troops oft descending have marked the spot well,
Where Joy weaves her garland and Peace deigns to dwell.

'Tis a world half-unknown to reflection,— the eye
Of the soul when turned inward can scarcely descry
Half the fears and the hopes that alternately part
In sunshine and sorrow the wild throbbing HEART !

Manchester, September 17th, 1842.

COUNTRY MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES.

BY ZETA.

MARRIAGE is an ancient and honourable institution, founded on true principles of morality and religion—an institution respected by the good and the virtuous in all civilized nations; and although somewhat shorn of its sacred character of late, is not likely to become extinct in any part of the British Isles. For however mock moralists and sophistical mob addressers may, by shameless oratorical displays in favour of the principles of “free intercourse,” endeavour to spread abroad the insidious poison of infidelity, yet it is to be hoped that the English cottager will still cleave close to his Bible, his confiding wife, his prattling children, and his snug fireside.

However, in such rural nooks of the world as the romantic and fruitful vales in the North Riding of Yorkshire, no such anti-marriage opinions exist; the honest lads and lasses have too great a taste for domestic comforts, and value connubial felicity too highly, to believe that marriage is an evil. When a young couple have formed a mutual attachment,—one which has probably grown gradually up between them from childhood,—they look forward to marriage as the only truly social link which can indissolubly unite them hand and heart for life; therefore, the wedding-day is hailed with joy, and the nuptial festivities are kept up with much cheerfulness and mirth.

The marriage party usually consists of from four to eight couples, smartly dressed for the occasion; and if the parish church be situated within any reasonable distance, they generally walk, the bride elect not unfrequently, before she gets through the village, being greeted with an old shoe from some merry old grandame, who throws the same after the bridal party for luck. But in some sequestered dales, where the church happens to be at a considerable distance, it is usual to have large wedding parties, and there are frequently from ten to twenty couples, all mounted on separate horses. On arriving at the village where the parish church is situate, they dismount; the horses are left at an inn; the party attend church, and after the marriage ceremony is over, they return to the inn, and partake of a liberal refreshment, quaffing sundry bumpers to the health and happiness of the newly-married pair; after which they remount their horses in high glee for a general race. Tally ho! Away they go—whipping and spurring—passing and repassing—huzzaing and galloping away along a road not exactly calculated for mail-coaches, till they arrive at the wedding-house, a distance probably of from four to six miles or more. Here the winner, not unfrequently a smart lassie, is received with suitable honours, and considered to have a fair chance of being married before the losers.

In many places, when the wedding party arrive from church, it is customary for some of the household to meet the bridegroom in the doorway, and to present unto him a plate filled with bridecake cut into small pieces, and garnished with halfpence; the whole of which, along with the plate, he throws over the head of himself and the bride, when the village children have a merry scramble for the contents; after which the young men of the village have a race for a ribbon, and then have the pleasure of drinking the health of the newly-wedded pair in a bumper of the best the house can afford.

Presently comes in dinner, and among other dainties a good-sized plum-pudding usually graces the board. There is an odd practice in some places of popping the wedding-ring into the pudding, and there is considerable fun during dinner in searching each plate for the costly article; he or she who finds the same is looked upon as lucky, and rallied on the probability of being first married. A friend of mine once told me a droll tale of his being at a wedding in a homely dale, when by way of adding to the joke, some light-hearted lassie had introduced into the pudding ingredients a quantity of other rings, as companions to the wedding-ring, and when the pudding was cut, ring after ring was produced in such rapid succession, that the whole party were convulsed with laughter, the only fear being that among so many various sized rings, the lucky wedding-ring would escape detection; however, it was found at last, and although this artifice to many tastes might have spoiled the pudding, it no doubt added greatly to the mirth and hilarity of the wedding-day.

After dinner it is usual to cut several pieces of bridecake, to be put exactly nine times through the wedding-ring by the bridegroom, the bride meantime holding the

ring; these pieces are for the youngsters to put under their pillows three successive nights, for the purpose of dreaming of their sweethearts. This is like unto a similar custom at accouchments, where the surgeon cuts small pieces of cheese for the youngsters to apply as a charm for the same purpose; the unmarried, full of frolic, will on no account have these two customs dispensed with.

Thus fun, frolic, or jollity reign throughout the day; the evening probably closes with a dance, and although some of the party may occasionally get "chirping merry," yet amid all their rude pleasantries, seldom are there any scenes of gross drunkenness or immorality. The company generally depart at a reasonable hour; sometimes a merry girl will linger behind "to throw the stocking," as the bride and bridegroom retire into the bridal chamber, and thus end the festivities of a rural marriage.

Loyal Bolton Lodge, Leyburn.

THE SUN OF LIFE.

BY P. G. JOHN BOOTH.

Like thee to die, thou Sun!

MRS. HERMAN.

SONNET I.

LIFE'S SUNRISE.

As rises in the cloud-empurpled East,
Majestical, the lustrous orb of day;
Like a young giant fresh from sleep releast—
Rejoicing in his strength to run his way:
What time the lark from grassy couch upspringing,
Heralds, with bursts of song, the blushing morn,—
And loud the air with music sweet is ringing.
And all creation seems but newly born;—
So enters man on Life's alluring scene,
In all the glad expectancy of youth,
With hopes as brilliant! visions fair, serene—
And feelings redolent of love and truth:
So sweet—Existence! is thy smiling face,
When first we start on Life's uncertain race!

SONNET II.

LIFE'S MERIDIAN.

Lo! the Meridian Hour! the sun has clomb
His highest place in heaven's o'er-arched expanse,
And shining central from his azure dome,
Gilds the glad earth with glowing radiance!
But soon dark, envious clouds, by rude winds driven,
In ranks with banners spread converging rise,
Veiling in gloom the splendid light of heaven—
Extinguishing the glory of the skies!
So shines the Sun of Life in manhood's prime,
Midway between extremest youth and age;
Making the *present* a most blessed time,
Shedding a halo o'er the *future's* page—
Till roll athwart the scene the storms of fate,
Making of life—a desert desolate!

SONNET III.

LIFE'S SUNSET.

Many and many a time—who hath not stood,
 With silent awe entranced, and thoughts benign,
 To watch the western glow—the roseate flood
 Of light that decks the sun's superb decline?
 The hush of eve—the calmness of repose—
 The warbling blackbird's last expiring strain—
 All sanctify the day-god's lingering close,
 And tell the heart that *Æ* shall rise again!
 And thus the sunset of our life should be—
 Tranquil and happy—gilded with the light
 Of virtuous deeds, with Hope's glad minstrelsy
 To cheer and soothe us in the trying fight;
 And faith to triumph, that we too may rise,
 Bright as the sun—immortal in the skies!

Terrace, Norton, near Malton.

THE PRESSGANG.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

CHAP. III.

THE PIRATE.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
 Peril and death they spurned:
 Like full-sledged eagles forth they flew,
 Jove's birds, that proudly burned,
 In battle-hurricanes to wield
 His lightnings on the billowy field.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Two years have now elapsed, and in that interval the *Revenge* has been reaping a golden harvest; her general cruising ground has been the track between Jamaica and the Spanish Main. Specie in large amounts was almost in the daily course of transportation, and the smaller class of armed vessels were generally selected for the purpose; and with these the *Revenge* had found no difficulty in coping. So daring and incessant had been her attacks, that she had almost seemed to have the power of multiplying herself; and it was a doubt amongst those who had been plundered, whether it could possibly have been the same vessel, which, in such different latitudes, had overhauled them within such short periods of time. Neither time nor space could be calculated upon in conjunction with the motions of the *Revenge*. Whilst the lately arrived coaster was detailing to the terrified listeners on the wharf, the account of his having seen the dreaded pirate, but a short time since cruising off the west end of the island, a scarcely later arrival told a tale of violence and plunder committed off the mouths of the Orinoco. She seemed to rival the tornado, as well in its swiftness as in its power of destruction. But yet no tales were told of cold-blooded violence, or unmanly and heartless cruelty; no blood was shed by that daring crew, except in the hour of opposition, or the strife of battle; confident in their resources, and relying on their own skill and bravery, they waged an open and a manly warfare. And often would the crew of some shattered wreck, which had at length reached its destined port, tell of welcome assistance in the hour of greatest need, cheerfully rendered to them by the well-known black schooner. Thus it was that a degree of respect came to be strangely attached to that dreaded name.

But measures of precaution had become necessary, convoys were appointed, and specie was transported in heavier vessels; and the commander of the pirate had received information from his spies and agents, (of whom he took care to have one, at least, in every port of consequence,) that particular orders were issued respecting him, and that

he might probably before long fall in with a heavy frigate or two on his cruising ground. Lambton, wary and cautious as his hazardous trade required, had foreseen and provided for this emergency. We will take a run into the harbour of the pirates, and view the preparations. The situation is beautiful, and most admirably adapted for their purpose; an island lies off the entrance, leaving only a narrow passage between it and the land, and clothed, as both island and main are, with trees to the very edge of the beach, the harbour is entirely hidden, except to those well acquainted with the marks and bearings of the place. There is also another advantage, and which is of no slight consequence in their position, that from the angle formed by the island, there are channels by which they can get out during either the sea or land breeze. Within the channel is gradually narrowed, until there is only left a passage sufficiently wide for a single vessel; and here the rocks rise nearly perpendicularly on each side, and dwarf trees and the beautiful climbing shrubs of the country have clothed them with verdure to the very summit. About a quarter of a mile further on it opens at once into a magnificent lagoon; and here is constructed a small battery, which completely rakes the narrow channel, and amidst the gorgeous mass of foliage which has been passed, are rocks loosened and ready by slight exertion to be thundered down upon any vessel which may attempt to force a passage, and capable by their weight and size of either shattering them to atoms, or completely blocking up the channel.

The shores of this splendid sheet of water, instead of being low and swampy as they are generally found, rise regularly from the lake, and are clothed to the very top of the hills, with the magnificent vegetation of the tropics: it would appear as if this noble amphitheatre around us had once been filled with water, which at length forcing a passage to the sea, had formed a channel into this glorious harbour. Around the margin of the lagoon are a number of huts,—for it has been the policy of the pirate commander to gather around him some of the few remaining stragglers of the native tribes and half-castes. These, carefully protected, serve him in good stead; they are ready to do the drudgery in harbour which his warlike crew deem beneath them; to hunt and to fish for them, and thus to allow them to spend their time at ease when in this their retreat.

And how bright and glorious does all around us appear! Who that gazes on this tranquil and beautiful scene, would dream of the wild storm of passion that slumbers around him, and which requires but the spark to call the volcano into existence! What can exceed the exquisite calm of this beauteous hour? The rays of the declining sun still tinge the verdure of the hills around us, varying as light and shadow fall from gold to the dark verdure of the tropics, and blending into every imaginable variation of tint. Below, the woods, which extend to, and even seem to encroach on, the water, are hid in a darker gloom; and yet the myriads of fire-flies which have already begun to sport in their appointed hour, serve to illuminate the shores around with their brilliant yet fitful sparks. The lights from the huts, so beautifully reflected in the dark but clear water, seem to brighten up the scene with fairy and subaqueous fires. And the light breeze, which scarcely seems to breathe around, brings with it the fragrance of innumerable flowers, which at this hour emit their strongest perfume. But to close the enchantment of the scene, at once to break the charm, and call you back to the stern realities around you, is heard from yonder huts the wild yell and reckless shout which mark the licensed orgies of the pirate crew. And now there is one object which must rivet your attention: the former *Revenge* is not to be seen, but another rides in her usual berth,—yon long, low, dark schooner, whose hull, in the shade of the overhanging woods, seems only like a dark line on the water, and appears as if she could scarcely support those taunt masts and square yards. On board of her all is silent as the grave, nothing is seen to move, except the watch as he paces in his short walk on the deck, the symbol of a vigilance which never tires, of a watchful care which no appearance of security can lull. Let us get on board of her, and we find that the shadow which in the approaching twilight we could scarcely discern, is the outline of a craft considerably above three hundred tons. When on board, her enormous breadth takes from the appearance of her length, and the first glance convinces you that you see the very perfection of naval architecture. She is low in the water, but her great length and broad beam show what a press of canvass she can bear; her masts and yards no longer seem disproportionate, and the exquisite model of her form gives full assurance that she will ride the waves like a sea-gull. She has been built at the Havanna, by an

American, who has united in her all the improvements of two nations renowned for their skill in the art. The fitting of her rigging is faultless, not a rope-yarn is out of its place, and yet there is none of that fiddle-faddle nonsense which makes some ships appear like a toy shop, and which is the detestation of seamen, but everything is strong, neat, and seaman-like. Her battery (as the French term it) is powerful, ten twenty-four-pound caronades, ranged on each side, with two long nines peeping beneath her taffrail; but her chief dependence is that long brass thirty-two, working on a circle a midships. Her crew consists of two hundred and fifty men. Amongst her original company of English, you may discern the tall grave form and dress of the Spaniard; you slight but elegant figure, with the lank black hair, is the half caste of the country; there is the muscular negro, and the slighter-built mulatto. Various in nation and in costume, they form a motley group, but they are under strong controul, the absence of the knife, or any offensive weapon, shows the strictness of their discipline. And he, whose energetic will has subdued and brought into order these conflicting elements, what has been his portion since we first introduced him, buoyant with hope and exulting in his prospects. He stands yonder beside the taffrail, in consultation with his second in command. His bronzed and deeper-marked features show that care has been busy with him, and has stamped upon his countenance the marks of its ravages; but in bodily vigour he is unchanged, and his calm, proud eye, and bold and free bearing, show him one fitted to oppose and overcome danger. Although in his heart despising such trappings, he is aware of the influence of finery upon the greater part of the rough beings by whom he is surrounded, and therefore he is dressed with a certain degree of splendour. He still wears the jacket and trousers of the seaman, but his jacket is of velvet, and beneath his white trousers appear his shoes with golden buckles; his cap of light blue silk is garnished with lace and tassel, a pair of silver-mounted pistols are stuck in a crimson sash which is around him, and a heavy gold chain, to which is attached a medal, is thrown around his neck, and is held the badge of his authority; his short and heavy sword is alone without ornament, the well-tried temper of the blade stamping its value. We may guess the nature of their conference by the orders he gave,—“Fire a gun, and hoist the black flag, Mr. Haultaut, to call on board such of our people as are loitering ashore, and let us get to sea before the land breeze fails in the morning; we must keep them in action, they have been idle too long.” The echo of the report was soon reverberating amongst the woods around, and the heavy folds of the pirate’s emblem were opened to the evening breeze; the scull and cross bones, worked in silver embroidery, formed purposely a more glaring contrast with the black ground beneath. The well known signal, bidding them prepare for action and enterprise, called forth three cheers from those on board, echoed from different points by the stragglers on shore, who were soon seen coming off exulting in the thoughts of adventure and plunder. A flush of pride lighted up the countenance of Lambton, as he found his hardy companions so readily respond to the signal; and yet, as he cast his eyes upon the emblem of death and destruction, which was floating above him, that expression changed, as if he felt regret and sorrow at the course to which circumstances had compelled him. But it was too late for such reflection—the die was cast, and there was no retreat. The *Revenge* more than fulfilled the expectations formed of her; in light winds her enormous spread of canvass enabled her to overhaul the lighter craft, whilst her ability for bearing sail empowered her to outsail larger vessels, and in heavier weather her remarkable properties as a sea boat, gave her a still more decided advantage. It has often been remarked, and with truth, that the good or bad qualities of the vessel have a corresponding effect upon the energies of the crew; and never was it more strongly exemplified than in the case of the *Revenge*. Glorifying in their gallant craft, and with almost superstitious confidence in her extraordinary powers, her daring crew thought no risk too great, no enterprise too hazardous; and it was a favourite amusement with them, (and one encouraged by their commander as tending to increase their confidence) on falling in with a heavy cruiser, to take up a position out of the range of her guns, and pelt into her with Long Tom, whose chosen crew had gained such dexterity that they could almost fire with the precision of a rifle. This little harmless amusement they were wont to carry on until they had caused considerable damage amongst the masts and rigging of their opponents, and driven the commanders half mad at thus being foiled and made a target of by a pirate. These exploits, together with the enormous damage they did to the trade, rendered them an especial object of attention; and it was the dearest

hope of the frigates upon the station, to fall fairly in with the black schooner, but it was in vain. Commanded by one whose vigilance never slumbered, and who was a thorough bred seaman, the attempts to capture them only formed matter of amusement and excitement to the crew of the *Revenge*; though many were the narrow escapes they made during the desperate enterprises which they undertook.

They had been cruising in the windward passage for some days without any success, and had stretched over to the east end of Jamaica, in hopes of falling in with some of the homeward-bound vessels. The wind was from the eastward, and the schooner was on the larboard tack under easy sail; the night had been very dark, and the day was long in dawning, when as soon as the increasing light made things visible, a large ship was observed about two points on the weather-bow, distant four or five miles, and standing upon the same tack as themselves. Lambton, upon being informed, was soon on deck, where the crew were exulting in the prospect of a valuable prize. His look at her through the glass was not long, but apparently decisive. "Turn the hands up, Mr. Haultaut; get her on the other tack, and make all the sail you can pack on her." The crew, though wondering at the command, got sail upon her with their usual promptitude; and the *Revenge* was soon dancing through the waters like a dolphin. "Well, Mr. Haultaut, what do you make her out to be?" "I take her for a large outward-bounder that has made the run, and one that would share well, as an outward cargo is more to our taste, than hogsheads of sugar and puncheons of rum." "No, sir, she is the frigate of which I have been warned. I have no doubt she is despatched after us: my reports state her as one of the fastest frigates in the navy, and ably commanded; and, what is worse, we cannot play with her as we have done with others, as she carries two guns which will reach as far as our own. But never mind, she must be a faster hooker than ever yet belonged to the navy of Great Britain, if she weathers on the *Revenge*!" If any doubt remained, it was soon settled by the frigate tacking after them. In the dim light of the morning, the schooner, being under little canvass, was not so soon discovered: but as soon as she set her enormous spread of cloth, she was quickly seen from the frigate, which immediately gave chase. The change in the position of the vessels, although it made no alteration in their respective distances, yet had brought the frigate well on the weather quarter of the schooner; but Lambton, confiding in the weathery properties of his vessel, held on his course. Whilst the breeze continued moderate, the *Revenge* outreached and weathered upon her pursuer, until at noon the frigate was six or eight miles on her lee-quarter. The morning had broken dark and lowering, and as the day advanced, the tokens of bad weather increased. The sun was hid, and the heavy masses of clouds had assumed a dull brassy tint; the sea around appeared of an unusual darkness, and the white foam on the crest of the waves only rendered the contrast more striking; the atmosphere was oppressively close and sultry; and every token around warned the mariner to prepare for a gale. Still no sail was taken in aboard of either vessel, each seeming determined to carry on to the last. Carefully did those on board the *Revenge* watch the motions of their pursuer, and a gallant sight it was to see that noble vessel plunging through the opposing waves, now seeming to be buried in them, and again, like the dolphin pursuing the flying-fish, bounding from amongst them, until you might almost see her fore-foot; her bright copper glancing amidst the surrounding gloom like burnished gold. The gale had now commenced in earnest, and had come on to blow in heavy squalls; sail after sail was reduced on board of each of them, until the schooner had got down the third reef in her mainsail; the frigate, carrying on an enormous press of canvass, now began to draw upon her, and had got within two miles of the chase.

The pirate had carefully noted the circumstances around him, and having observed a sudden fall in the glass, he at once made his determination. "Send hands up aloft to stand by and let the reefs out of the topsail as soon as she wears, and then out with all the reefs in our fore and aft sails—we must try her free." She was round in an instant, and a very few minutes saw her staggering along under her whole sails. Her opponent observed the manœuvre, and immediately altered her course. The two gallant crafts were now running upon a parallel about two miles distant from each other; the frigate steering a point or two more to the northward, to jam the schooner in with the land, which was now plainly to be seen. The gale still continued to increase in violence, until the *Revenge* was again brought under her close reefs; her more powerful opponent again drew upon her, the advantage in that point of sailing being evidently in her favour.

Under these discouraging circumstances the cool and daring commander of the pirate lost none of his presence of mind. "Get up the new square-sail, Mr. Haultaut, and muster all hands to it; we must try and get something more on her—and be smart men, or yon chap will have us under his guns directly." It is upon such occasions that the skill of the true seaman shows itself—that innate tact which leads him to use the expedient most adapted to the emergency. Although attempting to set a sail fitted for only moderate weather, his usual forethought was strongly exemplified: had he let out any of his reefs, he ran the hazard of losing a mast, or a spar of importance; whereas if she was found unable to bear the additional press, it was a sail which could be taken in, or at least cut away, without much trouble. Well and seaman-like was the duty performed, and the united strength and skill of the crew got the sail set in a partial manner; the noble bark sprang forward under the unwonted press of canvass, like the eagle stooping to its quarry, and never did she show her good properties to better advantage. Whilst staggering under a press of sail, which would have swamped many a vessel, she skimmed the surface of the waves like some gallant sea-bird confident of its powers and glorying in the strife of waters; and as she burst through the element, the phosphoric appearance of the sea made her track of foam gleam like a meteor over the troubled waves. This could not last; the sail not fitted for such weather, at length burst like a thunder-clap, and for the few moments, until the struggling canvass split into ribbons, the foremast quivered like a twig, and the gallant bark shook through the whole of her frame. The last remnant was, however, soon flying before the gale, and all stood firm;—they had increased their distance two or three miles, and their chance of escape seemed better. As night fell the gale blew heavier, and chopped round to various quarters, raising a sea in which it seemed impossible for any vessel to live; the rain was descending in a deluge, and the lightning gleaming forth with terrible magnificence. It was awful amidst this sublime and dreadful conflict of the mighty elements to see man attempting to exert his puny powers. Although it required the utmost exertion of skill and attention on the part of those who commanded to keep their vessels from foundering amidst that dread turmoil, yet man could not be satisfied without attempting to hasten the destruction of his fellow-man. The sudden shifts of wind had brought them nearer to each other, and as she could get a gun to bear, the frigate commenced a fire upon the schooner, which was returned from her long gun whenever an opportunity offered.

Of course but little damage was done on either side, but at last a shot carried away the schooner's main gaff, and the sail immediately split to shreds; and although the storm try-sail was bent and set, with the promptitude which seamen exert in the hour of danger, yet the frigate had now neared her very closely; and to add to the horror of the time, one of the *Revenge's* crew rushed aft, and told Lambton that land was to be plainly seen on the lee-bow—it was necessary that he should come thus near to impart those tidings of destruction, for no human voice could be heard far amidst this wild tempest. Lambton and Haultaut sprang forward at this the most alarming notice which can arise to appal a seaman in a gale. The moon at that instant struggled through the mass of red and lurid clouds which surrounded her, and they had an opportunity of seeing the land clearly. In the moment of pressing danger there is short time for deliberation; the rapid glance which Lambton took of the scene explained to him at once the peril which awaited him, and his determination was made on the instant. "Come aft, Mr. Haultaut, and bring some of the hands with you; there is yet one chance for escape, although it is a desperate one." He knew the place well: a reef of rocks ran out from the point, but there was a narrow channel between them and the land, and there remained only the slight chance which this hope afforded.

Cuthbert took the helm himself. "Now ease off the try-sail sheet, and hold on every man." The helm was put up, and she instantly answered it, and flew onwards, as it seemed to every one on board, to her final destruction. Not a word was spoken, scarcely a limb was moved, as her crew stood in fixed and intense gaze upon the land to which they were now rapidly approaching. All seemed to understand the magnitude of the danger, and how slight was their chance of escape. The passing of a cloud over the moon, the slightest variation from the exact channel, or even their taking it between the hollows of the seas, each was certain and instant destruction. She was within twice her length of the dreaded passage, when a sea struck her on the weather-quarter—she partly broached too, and the wave burst like an avalanche on her decks, and none on

board ever expected her to rise from that sea. Her pilot, however, was cool and collected, and met her with a corresponding motion of the helm; the noble craft wore round upon her heel, and the entrance to the channel was clear before them. Forward she was borne by the mighty wave, which lifted her on its crest until she almost seemed to touch the black and rugged cliffs which were frowning above her. One instant she seemed to pause, as her keel grazed on the rock below her, and every one felt at that moment as though his hour was come. But onward still she was hurried by the huge mass of water which bore her on its bosom as if she were a feather or a bubble of foam, and in a few seconds she was floating in smooth water. It was while she was hauling to the wind, preparatory to letting go her anchor, that even above the roar of the elements, a crash was heard, and one cry of human agony arose to heaven—the dread certainty fell at once on the heart of every one of the *Revenge's* crew—their gallant pursuer had struck, and all on board of her must be lost, for what human power could serve them in the fury of that mad tempest. And so it was, the brave ship and the gallant hearts she contained had perished, and the wild tornado swept on in unresisted fury!

CHRONONONOTONTHOLOGOS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WHITE WORLD.

BY MISS ISABELLA VARLEY.

To sleep—perchance to dream.

SHAKSPEARE.

HUSH, hush—move softly o'er the chamber floor,
 Let not a sigh escape, lest it disturb
 The solemn stillness of the sleeper's trance,—
 Moisten his thin white lips with gentle care,
 Lest e'en the feather's pressure should recall
 Life unto death! A breathing corse he lies
 Soulless and still,—living, yet void of life's
 Divinest attribute—intelligence;
 His wasted limbs, inanimate and chill,
 So frail and slight are worn, that the soft couch
 Scarce bears an impress of the child-like frame
 Of the once sturdy man. At intervals
 His rigid features are convulsed and drawn
 As by a sudden spasm, and the thin lids
 Rising, reveal the fixed and glassy eyes
 That glare and gaze, yet see not outwardly.
 With many struggling aspirations fall
 His laboured breathings thick and heavily,
 Till the spent bosom pants beneath each throe,
 As though it were the spirit's parting sigh;
 Yet still he slumbers, and these bursting gasps
 Serve but to mark with more solemnity
 The awful silence that prevails around,—
 Quiet oppressive, insupportable,
 To the poor mourners, who have watched his couch
 Alternate day and night for many weeks,
 And, with affection-prompted diligence,
 Anticipated each desire or wish
 His sickly fancy framed, ere half expressed,
 Striving with tender earnestness to soothe

His irritated spirits, deprecate
 His outbursts of impatient petulance,
 Allay the perturbation of his mind,
 And seeking with all gentleness to quell
 The pain-engendered wrathful mutterings
 Of chafing passion, rage that but increased
 With every paroxysm, as each pang
 Added another link to the cold chain
 Disease was winding round him, 'till the blood
 Shrank from its icy touch, and gushed, and gushed,
 In torrents from his mouth ;—so passed his strength.

His wife and daughter mourned in silent grief,
 Not daring to give open utterance
 To their consuming sorrow,—fearful hope,
 Anxiety's twin-sister, paled their cheeks,
 And stole the lustre from their dewy eyes
 In silent crystal tear-drops, that would start,
 Welling spontaneously from love's full spring.

Six weary days have passed, and one by one
 Trod in the footprints of its ancestor
 Along the dull and beaten track of time,
 Since Mercy summoned Drowsiness, and bade
 Her ready handmaid press the seal of sleep
 Upon the sufferer's eyelids, and infold
 His body in the shroud of lethargy.
 But hilt! the sleeper starts—he wakes—he speaks—
 "Emily! Emily!—I've been"—he gasps—
 He pauses,—draws his hand across his brow,
 As if recalling scatter'd memories home
 To the deserted temple of his brain.
 "I've been"—a pause ;—"I've been to the *White World!*"
 With fearful energy the dying man
 In a vehement whisper uttered these
 His last intelligible words, then sank
 Spent and exhausted on his pillow. Sleep,
 Or rather Death, in masquerade costume,
 Again hath closed his eyes, and folded him
 In an embrace so fond that time must cease
 Before that clasp relaxes. He hath gone
 To the *White World* his spirit visited
 While in that dreamy trance his body lay.
 Oh, wondrous vision! who can image half
 The glories that burst on his 'raptured sight,—
 Foretaste of happiness unparalleled?
 "Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, nor hath
 It entered in the heart of man" to guess;
 Imagination, though expansive, fails
 To grasp the bliss of that illumined sphere
 Lit by the presence of the Deity,
 Whose dwelling is all space, whose being dates
 From, and endureth to, eternity;
 Before whose mighty throne the Seraphim
 Sing to their golden harps with one accord,
 "Hosanna to the Highest! Glory be
 For ever to the Lamb!" the Lamb whose blood
 At the beginning shed, shall cleanse the stains
 Of sin, though red as scarlet, 'till as white
 As wool the spirit shines; the Saints

Arrayed in garments whiter far than flakes
 Of falling snow, while yet its purity
 Remains unsoiled by earthly taint or touch,
 Each brow encircled by a diadem
 Of lustrous gold that never tarnish dims,
 Join the celestial hymn that ceases not,—
 Ringing from myriad angel-harpists,
 And sweetly swelling from the countless throats
 Of spiritual choristers, doth blend
 In one delicious harmony, and fills
 With breathings all divine the star-paved courts
 And sapphire halls of Heaven, floats along
 In a seraphic undersong—now wakes
 Responding echoes to the bursting chords
 That swell the song of triumph and of praise ;
 The angel-wings that flash and glance in light
 Ineffably effulgent, wave in tune,
 And chime with the low song of life's bright fount,
 Whose plashes fall like stars into a flood
 Of liquid light, o'er which resplendent stream
 The tree immortal spreads its branching arms,
 Clothed with undying fruit and emerald leaves,
 That, kissed by zephyrs, load the balmy air
 With a delicious fragrance, scent so sweet,
 Perfume so delicate, refined and pure,
 It charms the sense, and yet oppresses not.
 Odour ambrosial ! earth hath never known
 Incense so exquisitely sweet as thine.

White World ! hiding thy mysteries beneath
 That flimsy textured veil—mortality,—
 Wast thou, in truth, revealed to the mind's eye
 Of this sleep-fettered man, in dreamy semblance,
 In visions that appeared reality ?
 Or had the soul, ere yet it laid aside
 Its garb of clay for ever, been disrobed,
 And led by guides angelic to the gates
 Sin cannot enter, nor corruption pass,
 And there been shewn the brightness of that realm,
 The sweetness of the joys prepared for those
 Who love and humbly serve the Eternal King ?

CONTINGENT FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF AGED MEMBERS.

I AM happy to see in the last Number, that the case of our aged brethren is at length taken up; the more so, that it is done with an earnestness and sincerity of purpose that is sure to win its way if persisted in. I consider that the Order stands greatly indebted to P. G. Lancaster, as the pioneer in this great work; his is the warning voice which reminds us of duty neglected, and let us cherish the hope that the warning will not be given in vain. It is seldom that an appeal is made to the sympathy of Odd Fellows, but it is cheerfully responded to; and surely there can never be a case that can call for it more strongly than

“When age and want (oh, ill-match'd pair,)”

have brought our brethren to destitution and distress, when unable longer to continue their payments to the Lodge, they may, after having contributed to the funds for a number of years, perhaps at last be obliged to forego their claims, at that time when

they most stand in need of assistance. Surely it behoves us to prepare for this contingency. It is a case which comes home to every one in our society. Who can assure himself that the smiles of fortune will continue? Who, alas! in these mutable times can calculate beyond the passing hour?

I am aware that many Lodges, much to their credit, pension off their old members; but the question arises, can they continue to do so, without forming a *distinct and separate* fund for the occasion? Our Order is only yet an experiment: we have only now been in existence for the space of a generation—too short a time to test our stability. Unfortunately we have fallen into one fatal error, that of paying, in general, too small an amount of contribution, to *ensure* the benefits we profess to give. Your correspondent speaks of the Widow and Orphans' Fund as the acknowledged gem of the Order. It is a bright gem in the glorious diadem of Odd Fellowship—but there is one drawback even to that meritorious institution; the payments to it are in most instances made from the funds of Lodges already insufficient to meet the claims upon them. And thus it may happen that even that bright ornament of our Society, conceived as it was in the purest spirit of charity, may, notwithstanding the powerful aid of the Magazine, (amounting to nearly £1000 per annum) only tend to accelerate our decay, unless we apply a remedy in time.

Unanswerable as are the arguments of P. G. Lancaster, and strongly as he has put his case, yet, (will he allow me to suggest) there is one point which he has neglected, or rather on which he has not gone far enough. He truly observes, "that if a plan be adopted, all difficulties will speedily vanish." I perfectly agree with him, and as he has stated that they have already commenced the good work in the Lodge to which he belongs, I conceive he would be doing a service to the Order, to give, if not the details, at least the general outline, of the plan, with such observations as to its working as he might find it necessary to add. There is nothing like having data from which to commence,—the cause is more than half gained, when it is proved that it can be easily carried into effect. It is only necessary to point out to Odd Fellows the path of benevolence and charity, and their instant and zealous co-operation is certain. The difficulties which attended the formation of the Widow and Orphans' Fund at once vanished as soon as a clear and feasible plan was adopted; and with the experience we have had in the formation of that fund, and its subsequent workings, the establishment of the one contemplated would be comparatively easy. But we must be men of business, as well as of charity, not wasting our energies in vain and fruitless efforts; but first calculate our means, and the end we have in view, and then having carefully done so, let there be no remission in our exertions until we have fully accomplished our object.

To P. G. Lancaster belongs the merit of having led the way in this praiseworthy undertaking—the article he has written proves his ability—its earnestness shows his sincerity—let him then persevere; there are difficulties to be overcome—there may be prejudices to be surmounted—but let him take encouragement from his own expression,—that "nothing is impossible to a body like ours." And it is an object worthy our most strenuous exertions, and one that, when accomplished, (and who will doubt its success?) will add another bright ornament to the glorious wreath that encircles Odd Fellowship. It is our own separate and individual interest that we may be serving by carrying this into effect; or, if our good fortune should place us above the necessity of appealing in our old age to the charity of our brethren, yet who would hesitate, when a trifling sacrifice might advance our institution, and enlarge the sphere of our benevolence. But time is passing—each day, each hour, is adding to the number of our aged, and, alas! for the times, also to our necessitous brethren. Let us then be doing, whilst yet the opportunity is in our power—before the increased pressure shall render our exertions hopeless; there requires but unanimity—there requires but perseverance, and the object is accomplished.

I hold opinion with Shakspeare, that there is nothing in a name; mine, I am sure, would not assist my arguments, or advance the cause, but I trust I shall be allowed to subscribe myself, what I hope I am,

FRATER.

ODE TO NATURE.

BEAUTIFUL Nature! how sublime
 In every varied scene art thou!
 And how enchanting through all time
 Thy lofty and majestic brow;
 How calmly smil'st thou on the tears
 And follies of six thousand years!

Science and art,—the splendid things
 Of human genius,—what are they?
 Time fans them with his rapid wings,
 And crumbles them to sure decay;
 But ocean, river, rock, and hill,
 Thy features—are majestic still.

The passions of the human breast
 Tumultuous rage their little hour,
 Then calmly sink to endless rest,
 Tam'd down by Death's almighty power!
 But *thou* through years of grief and shame,
 In might and beauty art the same!

The tombs of royalty—the grey
 And tottering walls of ancient might,—
 These are sad tokens, and display
 Man's littleness; while pure and bright
 Thou smilest on, as year by year,
 Time's bubbles rise and disappear!

IRONEUS.

THE NETTLE GATHERER.

One half the world knows not how the other half lives.

FAMILIAR PROVERB.

"WIN you buy any nettles on me, sir; I have na many left, an' they're bonny nice uns?"

I was seated at table, when a weak plaintive voice carried this appeal to my ear. My pleasing young wife sat opposite, and we were enjoying our evening repast; not one of your imaginary meals that have to be cooked in the brain, and appear well only in print, as is too often the case with our struggling authors—but genuine young Hyson, "neat as imported," buttered toast, and a relish. Poor unfortunate scribblers! if I were the owner of a soup-kitchen, ye should assuredly never lack a ticket.

I was seated thus comfortably, and almost prepared to believe creation held no sorrow—for it was early spring, and the sky was light as my own heart—when the same pitiful accents again assailed me.

"I gethered 'em mysel, sir, look at my hands; I've carried 'em many a mile, an' I've these left yet. Win ye buy 'em on me, they're bonny nice uns; look at 'em?"

I turned on my chair, and beheld an elderly-looking diminutive creature at the door; she was feeble, as her voice had indicated, yet her eye was intelligent and pleasing, though her features were somewhat wrinkled—care having, to all appearance, wrought furrow for furrow with age. She had unloosed a ragged shawl that contained her nettles, and they were spread out on the floor before her. I gazed alternately at the herbs and the gatherer; there was an air of artlessness, of industrious poverty, about her that interested me in her favour; and, though I had resolved the nettles should go no farther, I was unwilling to part company thus soon, and made various trifling inquiries, merely for the satisfaction of listening to her replies. At length we concluded our little bargain, and as the copper jingled in her hand, a grateful smile brightened her withered

face. She departed well pleased, and I knew not which was the happier. Alas! thought I, if *twopence* can thus give pleasure to human hearts, what a pity that so many *pounds* should be squandered away.

During the whole of the succeeding summer her visits were regular and welcome—as the redbreast to his winter crumb. I was very anxious to learn her private history, but knowing that I had no right to gratify idle curiosity at the expence of her poverty, the attempt was never made. When autumn appeared the calls of my interesting visitor became less frequent, and as the cold weather advanced, I missed her altogether; yet I considered she had merely, like a judicious trader, “retired from business during the winter season,” and that she would reappear with the accustomed nettles of the next spring.

The next spring came in due course, and many others followed; generations of nettles sprang and withered by the brooklet and hill-side, by the quiet lane and shady nook—but the poor old gatherer came no more.

* * * * *

As strange events occur occasionally in the world of reality as of dreams. Many years had gone by—more than a dozen—when one afternoon, while at the house of a friend, accident threw me into the company of a young man whom I had not previously seen. He was a youth of few words; and not being endowed with the enviable “gift of the gab” myself, we sat respectfully mute, until formally introduced by our mutual acquaintance. We then entered into conversation, and finding his remarks, though concise, to display good sense, and occasionally deep meaning, I began almost unconsciously to take his portrait. He was rather under the medium height, and slightly made; his features, though not particularly striking, would scarcely have pleased a brickmaker’s fancy—they were not *all clay*. There was something of *mind* mirrored therein; and he looked to my thinking as if

“Deep thought had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.”

There was a pensive languor about him that was only made more apparent when he attempted to be merry; there was a sadness even in his smile,—as if he had not been put soon enough to the trade, and had failed in the art for want of practice. Such was my quondam acquaintance; and he soon developed a further claim on my attention that I least expected, for he proved to be the nettle gatherer’s son.

No sooner had I made this discovery than, anxious to learn the fate of my old friend, I put several pointed inquiries for that purpose; but he hesitated to answer, and appeared quite embarrassed—all the information I could glean being, that his mother had suffered long and severely, but would suffer no more. “There were many unpleasant circumstances,” he said, “connected with the subject, that he did not like to dwell upon, and would much rather reveal with his pen than his lips. You appear,” he continued, as we were about to separate, “to take an interest in her miserable destiny that no one else did. I will endeavour to gratify it in some measure at no distant period. Till then, sir, good bye.”

The young man kept his promise. At the end of a few days he placed in my hand a paper containing, in fair legible characters, the relation which is here subjoined:—

“I need not tell you, sir, that my mother had been more comfortably situated than when she first made your acquaintance; but it is requisite for me to inform you that her lot became still more wretched, otherwise you would scarcely think it possible.

“When I was about eight years old my mother’s health was much impaired; she had been in a declining state some time. She knew that she could not be long with us, and resolved before the crisis of her death arrived, to provide, if possible, for at least one of her helpless children, (there were three of us then, sir, without a father.) Her hopes were rivetted upon the College,* and for the purpose of qualifying me to become an inmate of that excellent institution, she endured many privations. She roused all her expiring energies to procure influential patronage, and then awaited, with anxious fears and expectations, the arrival of the election—of that election which was to decide my fate—whether my barque should be safely moored, or be driven with shattered sails at the mercy of the storm. At length the eventful day dawned, it was Easter Monday, and

* An Institution in Manchester founded for the purpose of educating poor children, and known by the name of “Chetham’s College.”

the sun shed forth his beams with propitious brightness, as we proceeded at an early hour towards the scene of action. The spacious yard was thronged with people from various parts of the county; to many of whom, like ourselves, the day was "big with fate;" but by far the greater number had congregated together to gaze with a minor interest on the proceedings, and to return with the gratification of merely an idle curiosity. The election at last commenced; the candidates, with their guardians, were ranged against the walls of the college, and loudly summoned by name for examination in the interior. When we had been standing about two hours, the intensity of my mother's feelings, joined to the weakness of her frame and the oppressive heat of the day, completely overpowered her, and she swooned. She was, however, speedily assisted into the kitchen, where restoratives were administered, and after a short time she gradually recovered. Alas! she awoke at once to sensibility and to sorrow. My ticket had turned up a blank, and the last hope of the widow's heart was broken. The candidates were so numerous, and the recommendations so strong, that my own individual claim had been overruled. Thus were the ceaseless exertions of my parent foiled, and her fondly-cherished anticipations utterly blighted.

"Lowly old edifice! though not to me were dispensed thy favours, I give thee my blessing. The weight of ages is upon thee; yet Charity is still young within thy walls, and still is her pure bosom bountiful to her children,—long may ye flourish together, an honour to my native town. I love thee for thy fine associations, old College! thou art the spirit of song—the touchstone of revery; and many a wild romance owes to thee its origin.

"It was shortly after the above failure, that I formed my first and only acquaintance with the Lancasterian, or Free School. I recollect my mother leading me by the hand, some quarter of a mile, or so, until we came to a large brick edifice, at which point our journey terminated. It was Saturday, and we were ushered in the presence of a party consisting of five or six gentlemen, before whom a variety of parents and children were undergoing examination, previous to admission into the school. One by one they disappeared from the presence-chamber, until we in our turn passed successfully through the customary ordeal. The sixth testament class was ordained to be my destination, and thither I repaired without the least reluctance. Pencil was purchased—slate and book were prepared—and I took my seat at the desk, beside many urchins of my own age and dimensions, a comparatively happy fellow. But peace of mind is fleeting as the serenity of ocean, and soon a cloud passed over my buoyant spirits. I had not been more than half-an-hour in the place, when the command was given to commence writing. Then was there universal commotion and rattling of slates; and when these preliminaries were adjusted, the tumult gradually subsided, until silence became the standing order of the day. The good old fashion of setting copies was here dispensed with—and a good old fashion it really was, for if you lacked the necessary skill, you might imitate and learn. Far different the discipline of the Lancasterian School. Each monitor stood up at the head of his class, and gave forth one solitary word, in tones that the far-famed Stentor might have envied. I remember well the monitor of the sixth class,—his name was Greenwood; and I remember, too, the burthen of his brief oration—it began and ended with the ancient and Christian name of Benjamin.—B-e-n-j-a-m-i-n, Benjamin, loudly but leisurely fell from his lips. This proclamation "to all whom it might concern," was succeeded by a simultaneous attack upon the unoffending slates. The onset was general, it is true, but still far from being carried on with equal spirit and vigour. Some dashing away, like locomotives at full speed, while others, poor mortals, crept along in the best manner they were able. In the latter class, or rather, a stage below them, ranked my honourable self. I could read tolerably well, but knew no more of writing than that very necessary accomplishment knew of me; it must have been a great oversight of the examiners to place me in a writing class without an instructor. I watched most assiduously the operations of my next-door neighbour; but he, too, was a sad parody on a writer; and after sundry unsuccessful attempts to follow him through his manifold markings, and piecings, and applications of jacket-sleeve, I gave up the hopeless task, and awaited my fate in silence. I waited not long; the master came round to inspect slates, discovering mine perfectly clean and unsullied. In vain did I attempt to excuse myself on the ground of incapability; he turned a deaf ear to my explanation, and interrupted me by expressing an earnest desire that I would "hold out." I looked steadfastly at his cane, then at my hand,

and being unable to discover the least sympathy existing between them, I naturally, like Dr. Busby's scholar, withheld my consent to their union. This objection, however, though just in itself, was quickly overruled, and the master

Dispensed with liberal hand,
The blessings placed at his command.

I resumed my seat at the desk in sullen silence, smarting from the effects of my castigation, and the stings of wounded pride. At noon I left the school, vowing never to return; and despite the threats and prayers of my mother, I religiously kept my word.

"It was about this time that my mother became a nettle gatherer. If the produce of her labour brought her little recompense, the pure air, she thought, would benefit her health. One year sufficed to prove the fallacy of her hopes. Nature is a great physician, I confess; her breath alone is sufficient to brace the slackening nerve, to give colour to the faded cheek,—but when did it scare the canker-worm from the breaking heart? Ay, ay, nature is a great physician, but there are cases beyond her skill. My mother's was one of these. Her spirit and her body had been gradually drooping together, and the time at length arrived when she could struggle against her adverse fortune no longer.

"'Three removes,' says the familiar philosopher, Poor Richard, 'are as bad as a fire.'" I have every reason to believe the axiom correct, particularly when, as in the present instance, each remove happens for the worse. From the College we retrograded to the Free School, and from there (which was the *third* removal) we descended to the—well may my pen refuse its office at the hateful word—to the honourable and sensitive mind there is more than death in the sound; we went, I repeat, to the—I know not how it is, sir; I am aware there is no disgrace in honest poverty, yet my soul revolts at the galling truth that we attained the climax of human wretchedness, and were driven in the parish van to the poorhouse.

"Such, sir, was the fate of a family who had been blessed with more than an ordinary share of social felicity, with every prospect of its long continuance. Little recked my parents then that the tide of domestic calamity would so soon sweep over their hearth, and bear away every pleasure. But we cannot pierce the dark veil of futurity, and what a day, or even an hour, may bring forth

"We know not, neither can we know,
For He who governs all below
Reveals to none their destiny."

Yes, we were driven to the workhouse—the last loathsome refuge of the destitute—the retreat of the homeless wretch whom the world has alienated, and all, save God, disowned. My mother became an invalid in the sick ward, while myself and brothers were allowed to mingle with other juvenile unfortunates in the yard. They gathered around the new-comers, but we shunned their gaze; they teased us with manifold questions, yet we deigned them no reply. We formed a striking contrast to the anxious group before us, many of whom had never thrilled beneath a mother's smile, or rejoiced by a peaceful fireside; and even the few who once had experienced these blessings, had at length grown familiar with the scenes around them, till they ceased to repine at their hard fortune. Their hearts were light, and their laugh almost as loud and musical as the joyous burst of the free-air child. And though the boy's own favourite, the golden-winged butterfly, never gladdened their little souls, or led them a fairy chase through the green meadow, yet could they frolic even in restraint, and race each other through the long passage, or spacious yard, until the prison walls impeded their progress, and the stern injunction, "Thus far shall ye go, and no farther," sounded in their ears. Though at the moment they might wish the walls at Jericho, and sigh to discontinue their sport so abruptly, still, happily for them, reflection was a stranger to their young minds; therefore, they stayed not to lament, but retraced the circumscribed limits with buoyant steps. We, on the contrary, were sad, and silently disposed. I will remember, even at the present hour, how mournfully we crept behind a car that lay with its shafts to the ground, and wept a bitter tear unnoticed. Yet, for myself I cared comparatively little; but my heart was wrung to its core, to see my fond mother grieving away her last hours in that accursed place, an animated picture of poverty—longing for a crust!

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"The scene, however, has been long past, and time has borne away all its troubles. Why should I seek to recall them, or dwell upon their remembrance? As a faithful biographer I must sketch them in my progress; but fancy hurries me onward, and reflection shall not retard her flight. Two or three weeks sufficed to remove my mother from her sick bed to the grave. I went to see her, as usual, on the morning of her decease, but alas! all was over. The nurse applied the mirror to her lips, and it returned fatally bright. "Well, well," exclaimed a bye-stander, "that must be an unlucky bed, for she is the third that has died on it within a month." My mother was speedily removed to the "dead room" adjoining, and hurled with unfeeling recklessness on a vacant pallet. Though my mind was strong enough, sir, my arm was then too feeble for resentment, or the heartless insulters of her cold clay had not passed unrewarded.

"Thanks to thee, Death! I do not love thee, far otherwise; yet common enemy as thou art, I will give thee thy due. Thou art kind and merciful betimes—thou released a gentle spirit from the hands of the callous-hearted, from wretches who had grown familiar with misery, until they laughed at its sufferings; thou restored her to that repose and peace from which she had long been alienated. For this do I thank thee, sincerely thank thee, King Death!

"Here would I sketch with graphic and lamentable accuracy, the interior of the poor man's refuge, which charity prepares for his reception; and point my pen with just indignation against the cool calculating heartlessness with which human hopes and lives are there disposed of. But an abler hand has gone before me; let the "poet of the poor" describe it:—

"Their's is yon house that holds the parish poor;
There children dwell who know no parents' care,
Parents who know no children's love dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed,
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve;
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below.
There sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man;
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
There, on a matted flock with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines her languid head;
For her no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in her eyes;
No friends with soft discourse her pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile."

"Such, sir, is a faithful picture of the place in which my mother yielded her last breath; and such was the treatment she there received. But the "dame of many sorrows sighs no more," the grave has closed its portals over her remains; and in its cold yet friendly embrace she finds untroubled rest."

Poor woman! said my heart, as I thus concluded the narrative of my nettle gatherer's sufferings, the old saying is a truism,— "One half the world knows not how the other half lives."

SYLVAN.

Star of Hope.

ON MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

Written during a temporary absence with, and addressed to, its Mother.

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON.

O, where is it now, our last dear pledge,—
 As an infant bond of affection given,
 The spell that unites our hearts and souls,
 And gives us a glimpse of the pure in heaven,
 Whence it was sent, like a seraph bland,
 As a blissful boon from a mighty hand?

I hear no sound of an infant voice,
 Nor the dawning word, nor the cheerful lay;
 And I feel not the touch of its gentle hand,
 Nor the fond caresses at early day;
 And I see not the brow, like a snowdrop fair,
 Nor the silken locks of its sunny hair.

O, where is it now, earth's dearest tie,
 My bud of hope, which in loveliness grows,
 And beauty enrobing its face, that would vie
 With the sweetness and hue of the lily and rose;
 Or a fragrant plant,—fair, tender and bright,—
 Enchanting my senses, and blessing my sight?

I miss it at noon, for I hear not the trill
 From its artless lips my coming to greet,
 When fondness looks out from its bright blue eyes,
 And gladness is heard in the sound of its feet;
 As a playful fawn, or a frolicsome lamb
 Would speed with sportive glee to its dam.

O, where is it now—is it on *thy* knee,
 Shedding joy around like a gentle dove?
 Doth it linger with fondness o'er thy face,
 And hang on thy lips with the kiss of love?
 Is it sooth'd at *thy breast*, my beautiful child,
 Like an angel of God with innocence mild?

There let it repose, whilst the bright glow of health
 Contrasts with a bosom, pure as the snow,
 Which pants with devoted emotion and love,
 That would keep it from guile and sorrow below,
 And watch it with holy maternal care,
 And commend it to Mercy's throne in prayer.

There let it repose, and dream of the rills
 Which flow from the first warm fountain of life,
 When press'd with ineffable love and delight,
 And raptures play over thy features, my wife!
 A thousand glad thoughts thy pleasure bespeak,
 Whilst a secret joy is suffusing thy cheek.

I was glad to see, when with cheerful heart,
 Contented it sat to the humble meal,
 And my thoughts to the Giver of all went forth,
 In thankfulness greater than tongue may reveal;
 For I deem a sire has a blessing profound,
 In the comfort and health of children around.

I lov'd to watch when it calmly slept,
 And its brow unshaded with grief or care,
 And felt as I bent o'er its tranquil face,
 The pride which only a father can share,—
 And have hop'd its earthly path may be trod
 Through virtue and faith up to heaven and God.

May His blessing attend thee, gentle child,
 Guard and direct thee through life's wayward time,
 That wisdom and grace may bloom on thy path,
 Through the spring of thy days to womanhood's prime;
 Then pure and free as an angel of love,
 Thy soul to return to its essence above.

Yes, even as now, my fair child, may'st thou be,
 As spotless from sin, as untainted with strife,
 And a halo shed over thy parents' name,
 With faith and love through the journey of life;
 Triumphant at last may'st thou fly to that shore,
 Where the souls of the just are at rest evermore!

TURTON TOWER;

A TALE OF HUMPHREY CHETHAM'S DAYS.

BY GEORGE RICHMOND, G. M.

CHAPTER II.

November hirlples o'er the lea,
 Chill on thy lonely form,
 And gone, alas! the sheltering tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

* * * * *
 But late she flourished, rooted fast,
 Fair on thy summer morn;
 Now feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unsheltered and forlorn.

BURNS.

THE two bodies being safely deposited in the kitchen of Turton Tower, the domestics displayed an activity in their endeavours to restore animation to the unfortunates which could not be accounted for on other grounds than by supposing that their master's benevolent spirit had infused some of its benign nature into the minds of his attendants; or that the dreaded anathema of the old dame still hung suspended over their heads, like the sword at the feast of Damocles. From whatever motive their actions might proceed, they certainly neglected no means of bringing about the object they had in view, by applying the various remedies which their confined experience suggested might be of service. As the old woman had foretold, the child soon began to betray signs of returning animation, but the woman's frame was chilled by the icy finger of death; and the filmy eye and stiffened limbs betokened that her spirit had passed to "another and a better world." Concluding that more time or labour in attempting her revival would be entirely unavailing, the body was removed and deposited in an adjoining outhouse, and their united endeavours were bestowed in completing the entire resuscitation of the child. After a short time it opened its eyes, but for a while it appeared quite unconscious of either its situation or surrounding objects; when, however, the mind once more resumed its functions by degrees, and recurred to the dismal scene which had been attended with such fatal consequences, she burst into tears, and plaintively inquired for her parent. "Where is my mother? She was very cold—when I asked for something to eat, she would not speak to me. Oh, where is she?"

Mr. Chetham was standing by, and had been neither an unemployed, nor an unconcerned spectator of what was passing. "God help thee," said the old gentleman,

on hearing this innocent appeal of the child, "thou art not yet able to comprehend the dreadful extent of thy loss—thy mother sleeps soundly; but, with Heaven's permission, thou shalt never want a parent whilst I can aid thee. Do none of you know anything of these people?" said he, addressing his domestics. All of them denied the least knowledge, and agreed that they must be entire strangers to the neighbourhood, not one of them being able to recollect ever having seen them before; but from the appearance of both mother and child, they concluded that they must have been of respectable station in life. All endeavours to gain information from the child were fruitless, she not being more than four or five years of age, consequently too young, and at the time too much confused with the sudden changes which a few hours had produced, to answer further than that her name was Edith—that they had come a long way over the hills—that she had been very cold and very hungry—and when she asked her mother for something to eat, she cried and kissed her, but did not speak—and that at last her mother fell down in the snow, and then she cried too until she fell asleep.

Mr. Chetham, affected by the artless answers to the questions that were addressed to her, after leaving proper directions with his servants for her treatment, withdrew to the sitting room, where he resumed his seat with that pure and ineffable feeling which a benevolent mind feels after performing a humane and charitable action.

There were, however, some features in the evening's adventure which recurred to Mr. Chetham as singular, and which it required some difficulty to solve to his own satisfaction. The circumstance of the wanderers might be accounted for on the supposition that, owing to the inclemency of the weather, they had strayed from the public road which lies at a little distance, but was at that day a mere track, without fence or inclosure, and had become entangled amongst the desolate hills and moors over which it swept its course, until, worn out with anxiety and weariness, the mother had sunk overpowered into the snow-drift, which had been productive of such fatal consequences to herself, and so nearly to her child.

The appearance of the old witch, as she was denominated, was to him a perfect mystery. He had never even heard of such a personage—yet his servants, apparently, knew more about her than was consistent with either their good faith, or their courage; but if she was really guilty of the "devilish practices" they were inclined to represent, was it according with such a conclusion to suppose that she would have appeared in the humane character she had shewn herself that evening, and that, too, without receiving, or even seeking, the least remuneration? But supposing her character was misrepresented by the fears and apprehensions of his ignorant and superstitious servants, still what business could possibly call her abroad at such an untimely hour and in such a "pitiless storm?" Her singular appearance, shrewd countenance, and effrontery of manners, which had even braved him who was in the habit of receiving from all around both deference and respect, recurred to his mind, until, bewildered by a variety of conjectures, he summoned his major-domo for the purpose of extracting some information respecting her.

Old Gilbert Sharples, the seneschal of Turton Tower, made his appearance before his master with a countenance which betrayed a degree of consciousness of his superiority in some particular business, which his master—who understood every muscle of his steward's physiognomy—knew would ultimately find a vent; but, aware of the old man's foible, he forebore questioning him as to the nature of the affair upon which he so inwardly plumed himself, knowing from experience that when he was inclined to disburthen the secret the whole would be known, but not a moment sooner for any power upon earth.

"Well, Gilbert," said his master, "I required your attendance for the purpose of ascertaining what you know about this old woman—this Nelly Bierly, as you call her."

"What I know of old Nelly," muttered the steward, at the same time depressing his eyebrows and compressing his lips with a degree of firmness, as if screwing up sufficient nerve to undertake the task,—"I know—that is, I mean to say that I have heard a great deal about her, more than I could tell betwixt now and midnight, and some parts of it so strange and unnatural that your worship would hardly believe it."

"That is very probable, Gilbert," said Mr. Chetham, rather significantly; "but as I do not wish to be amused until midnight with such tales, pray tell me who she is—when she came into this neighbourhood—and what means she has of obtaining a livelihood—as briefly, Gilbert, as your conscience will allow you."

"It was two years last Michaelmas," commenced old Gilbert, stroking his thin grey locks smoothly down on his forehead, and fixing his eyes upon the fire, as, with

bent and furrowed brow, he endeavoured to collect the scattered incidents—"It was two years last Michaelmas, I remember it well, for it was a terrible storm the night before;—it lightened so that you might have counted all the trees in Bradshaw Vale—the thunder rolled and rattled so that it shook every stone in the Tower, and set the larum bell a tolling, and the rain fell in such a quantity that the river was swelled and washed down Bradshaw Bridge."

"I remember something of it," replied Mr. Chetham,—"I was at Clayton at the time; there were three or four sheep struck on the Heights by the lightning,—were there not, Gilbert?"

"Aye, aye, your worship would have it that they were struck by the lightning when you came to Turton a day or two after, but I had my own thoughts about it then," said the steward, with a look of conscious sagacity at his master; "but your worship does not think that it was the lightning which soured the strong beer at the same time, and which had stood in the same place for the last twenty years before."

"Perhaps not the lightning, but the thunder might have that effect," said Mr. Chetham.

"It will not do, your worship" said the privileged domestic, with an unconvinced shake of the head,—"I told the chaplain about it, but he was not of your opinion."

"What was his opinion?" inquired Mr. Chetham, half smiling at the serious manner in which his steward took in hand these matters.

"Why," said old Gilbert, "when I told him he lifted up his hands, fetched a sigh from the bottom of his heart, and turned up the whites of his eyes, as much as to say, it was a wicked act, and your worship may believe me or not."

"So that was his opinion, was it, Gilbert?" said Mr. Chetham, much inclined to doubt the conclusion his seneschal had drawn from the chaplain's emotion, and at the same time cutting him short, as, with the garrulity incident to old age he was digressing still further from the original subject, or, to use a sporting expression, was 'losing the scent.' "Suppose you give me some information relative to the old woman, as I find, Gilbert, you and I are not likely to agree in our opinion on this matter."

"Well, the next morning after the night of that storm, was old Nelly Bierly first seen in this neighbourhood, and folks have been pleased to say, that let her come from where she would, she had travelled at a quicker rate than a crow flies. There was a family of the name of Bierley* lived in Pendle Forest, of which both mother and

* Jennet Bierley, Ellen Bierley, and Jane Southworth, of Samlesbury, were indicted at the Lancaster Assizes, in August, 1612, "for that they and every one of them had practiced, exercised, and used divers devilish and wicked arts, called witchcrafts, enchantments, charms, and sorceries, in and upon one Grace Sowerbutts, the granddaughter of Jennet Bierley." Grace Sowerbutts herself was the principal witness against them, who deposed, "that the said witches did draw her by the hair of her head, and did take her senses and memory from her; that they did appear to her sometimes in their own likenesses, and sometimes like a black dog with two feet; that they carried her where they met black things like men, that they danced with them; and that they brought her to one Thomas Walsham's house, in the night, and there they killed his child, by putting a nail into the navel, and after took it forth to the grave, and did boil it and eat some of it, and made oil of its bones." The Judge, Sir Edward Bromley, Knight, suspecting some fraud, appointed two Justices of the Peace for the county to investigate the matter; and the principal witness, Sowerbutts, on being closely investigated, confessed that the whole story was a fabrication, and that she had been persuaded to make the charge against her grandmother and the others by one Mr. Thompson.

A scene of a similar kind was again acted in this county, in 1633, when a boy of the name of Robinson, eleven years of age, deposed before a magistrate, that a great meeting of witches was held upon All Saints' Day, in an uninhabited house, at Hoarstones, in Pendle Forest: that there he saw assembled three score of witches, or thereabouts; that the cauldron was set a bubbling, not to concoct charms, but to cook a feast for the guests, some of whom gave him a supply of their cheer, but that on tasting it, he said it was "*nought*," and would have no more of it. He then made his escape, but as he was proceeding homewards, he was pursued and overtaken at Boggard, Hole, by three witches, one of whom he afterwards saw mount his father's chimney and disappear, &c. On this deposition being made before Richard Shuttleworth and John Starkey, Esqrs., seventeen persons, men, women, and children, were apprehended and committed to Lancaster Castle. At the Assizes they were tried, and on this evidence were found guilty and sentenced to be executed. The judge very properly respited the execution, and reported the case to the king in council. By the Council it was submitted to the Bishop of Chester, (Dr. Bridgeman, of Lever Hall,) on whose report four of the witches were sent to London, and examined, first by the king's physicians and surgeons, and afterwards by Charles I. in person. In the end the accused were all set at liberty, not from the sagacity of the king or his council, but from the boy Robinson having confessed that he had been suborned to give false evidence against them.

The most extraordinary part of this story remains yet to be told. It appears from a paper in the Bodleian Library, that Margaret Johnson, one of the reputed witches, actually made a

daughter had some hand in those enchantments, and devil's doings, for which they were tried at Lancaster Assizes; and had they not bewitched both the judge and justices, would have been hindered from doing any more mischief, by the remedy of a tight rope and a high gallows, (saving your presence) and I think it likely that this Nelly Bierley is the daughter, whose conscience would not let her rest in the neighbourhood where she had done so much mischief, so she came here; and it will be very well if she does not play some of her devilments in this part of the country. At the foot of Affet-side is a cabin, roofed with sods, besides which stands the trunk of an old oak, (your worship may see it from the Tower) and in that cabin old Nelly lives, and has done ever since she came into this district."

"But what employment has she? what means of gaining a livelihood?" inquired Mr. Chetham.

"Means!" re-echoed the steward; "that's more than a mortal man, like myself, can tell. No man ever saw old Nelly in the honest light of day so far, but she may be often enough met with in the dark, especially when the nights are as stormy as this has been; what she does, or what she has in her cabin, nobody knows—no human being ever crossed her door-stead that I have heard of. But I'll tell your worship a circumstance, with your leave."

"Well, let me hear the circumstance, Gilbert," said Mr. Chetham, who understood the old man's manner of prefacing any narrative which he considered extraordinary, or worthy of attention.

Gilbert continued—"The last Bradshaw rush-bearing, after taking the rushes to th' church, the lads who had been busy about drawing the cart, and such like, went to the Bradshaw's Arms to have a dance, as is usual after such a stir. Amongst 'em was a lad called Tom o' th' Styles, who lives about half a mile further from Bradshaw than old Nelly, so that when he went home he had to pass as near to her cabin as it is from here to th' new barn. Well, they had been talking about witches, ghosts, and such like, 'till some of them scarcely dared to look round 'em, and Tom was in a cold sweat at the thought of the place he had to pass at such an untimely hour. But go he must, as Tom knew his old mother (who is a poor widow) would not go to rest 'till he came home, and whatever faults the lad might have, I will do him justice to say, that he was a good son, and could not, for the life of him, think of putting the old dame about. His comrades now perceiving him somewhat daunted, began to banter him on his fears. Tom was a spirited lad, and besides had quaffed rather freely of John Barleycorn, so jumping up with a shew of courage, he vowed he would go home, and pass old Nelly's hut too, even though old Nelly, and all her imps, stood in the way. It was wrong, very wrong, to say such a thing; but no good came of it, as you'll hear. He walked as fast as he could, until he came in sight of old Nelly's cabin, he then set to a running, but his heart was in his mouth at every step he took; at length he thought he saw something black running close beside him. It was a fine moonlight night, so he kept his head turned looking at the moon, and every now and then stealing a glimpse at the other side; still this thing, whatever it was, kept close at his elbow,—let him run as fast as he would, still it was there. Suddenly a great black cat appeared out of the earth, and stood right in the path before him, (this was when he had got within a few paces of old Nelly's hut) but if he must have been made master of all Bradshaw's lands, he could not have passed it. The moon was shining bright and clear, and all around was still and quiet as death—it was an *unearthly* silence, and Tom would have given anything to have heard it broken by the bark of a dog, or any other natural means. He neither knew which way to turn, nor which way to look, but stood aghast, trembling in every limb,—the sweat trickled in large drops down his face, and his knees knocked together; the cat glaring at him all the time with eyes which flamed like fire. Once more he endeavoured to avoid the horrible sight by looking at the moon; but this only led him

voluntary deposition, in which she confessed that she was guilty of the crime with which she stood charged, though such a confession involved consequences to herself and fellow prisoners no less than the hazard of their lives. The substance of this deposition is, that one day being in her own house, there appeared to her a spirit, or devil, with whom she contracted and covenanted for her soul, on condition that he should supply her with whatever she might need. She further deposed, that she was not at the meeting at Hoarstones, on All Saints' Day, but that she was at a second meeting on the Sunday next after, when there were between thirty and forty witches present, and that their meeting was to consult for the killing and hurting of both men and beasts.—"*Baines' Lencashire*," and "*Whittaker's Whalley*."

into a worse hobble than before, for the first object which met his view was old Nelly herself, flying along the brow of the hill, her hood thrown back, and her hair and cloak streaming behind her with the speed at which she went. As if rooted to the ground on which he stood, he beheld her approaching without having the least power to avoid her. In a moment she was before him, his knees smote each other, a dizziness swam through his brain, a mist came over his eyes, and he fell senseless on the earth. The next morning the poor lad was found wandering amongst the hills, but his brain was turned, as a judgment for his rash vow, and he has never recovered his senses to this day. His mother——”

“What is the matter?” inquired Mr. Chetham, with an air of surprise, suddenly interrupting old Gilbert in his narrative. The cause of this inquiry and interruption proceeded from a number of voices, uttering confused exclamations of surprise and terror, which at first were heard in indistinct murmurs from the kitchen, but approaching nearer they became louder and more intelligible. “Whatever can be the reason of this uproar, Gilbert?” said he, with a look at his steward, as if soliciting an explanation, which, from the same expression being depicted upon the seneschal’s physiognomy as when he at first entered the room, induced Mr. Chetham to suppose that it was in his power to render him, believing him to be concerned in the present disturbance.

“I thought how it would turn out,” said Gilbert, elevating his hands and his eyes—“It’s a trick to get us all in her power—it’s no human child as I thought—it’s her imp—her familiar spirit—and the Lord knows how we must get it out now that it has once gained an entrance.”

“What has gained an entrance? What are you talking about, you old dotard?” said Mr. Chetham, half inclined from this random address to think that the old man was tinctured with a little of Tom o’ th’ Styles’ malady. By this time the whole of the household had obtruded themselves into the presence of their master; and although they had been so exceedingly clamorous before they entered the room, they were no sooner in his presence, and perceived displeasure lurking in his eye, than they were hushed at once—their doubts as to whether they were acting right or wrong plainly depicted on their countenances.

“Well, good people, what is the meaning of this unusual intrusion and disturbance? What silly affair have you on foot now? Are you all crazed, or have you chosen to dedicate this evening to your foolish pranks and disrespect to your master?”

To old Gilbert they all looked up as their polar star to guide them through the wrath of their lord and master, and he quailing inwardly and wishful to deprecate his master’s anger, stammered out an explanation, which however went no further than to exonerate himself from any share in the transaction.

“We beg your worship’s pardon, but what has been done was under the notion that it was for the best, and to do away with any mischief that might be brewing. When your worship left the kitchen, *we*” (laying particular emphasis on the pronoun, which, but for the frown on his master’s brow, would have been of the singular number,) “*we* thought it would be best to try if the finding of this child was not a scheme of old Nelly’s, to get her imp amongst us for some bad end, so we thought we would try if it could say the Lord’s Prayer, being a sure sign whether it was any way belonging to the prince of darkness, or his agents.”

“And from what has taken place, I suppose it could not,” said Mr. Chetham. “How is it, Gabriel?” he continued, addressing himself to one who stood beside him, evidently glad to bestow the burthen of explanation upon any other person, as the Lord of Turton’s anger appeared rather to increase than diminish.

This Gabriel he appealed to was an uncouth hind, with his red hair cropped as closely to the head as the scissors could possibly execute it, except a *row* on his forehead, which was smoothly stroked down to the top of his nose; his ears had a strong inclination to project to some distance at each side of his head; a snub nose, little twinkling grey eyes, bandy legs, and hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pocket, completed the picture of the cow-herd, who had taken shelter behind the steward’s elbow, and was now, rather unexpectedly, called upon to explain what occurred after his departure from their councils.

Gabriel did it with fear and trembling, for although he was a prominent character amongst his associates at the Chetham’s Arms, in the little hamlet of Chapel Town, on the present occasion his self-conceit entirely forsook him, and with a face glowing with

bashfulness, and shrinking behind the portly figure of the steward, he would have willingly withdrawn himself from observation.

"How now, sirrah," said Mr. Chetham, "are you ashamed of yourself and your folly, that you sneak off? Come this way, and inform me what cause you had for raising such an uproar."

Gabriel returned to his former station. "It's just as old Gilbert says," said he.

"What's just as he says? I want to know what occurred after Gilbert left you, that you had occasion to make such a noise about it."

"Why," said the boor in his native dialect, "nought occurred as I knows on; but th' chilt could not say its prayers, so we agree it must belong to the owd witch."

"Go about your business, every one of you, and do not let me hear any more of this nonsense, and take care that the child is not neglected through your foolish notions; if it is, the consequences will not be very pleasant to those whom I find guilty."

Mr. Chetham, once more left alone, determined to use every endeavour to ascertain where the child came from, for the purpose of restoring her into the hands of her friends and relatives; but although he used the utmost diligence, his inquiries were utterly unavailing, not being able to discover the least trace of any being to whom she was in the most remote degree either known or connected.

Day after day passed without bringing the looked-for intelligence, and eventually the inquiry was allowed to sink into repose. Meantime the little Edith became a great favourite with the Lord of Turton, and had by degrees become so necessary to the old gentleman's comfort, that his first inquiry on returning to the Tower was for the little foundling. The singular and tragical circumstance of her discovery in the snow storm which had deprived her of the nearest, and, apparently, the only being from whom she could claim protection—her helpless age, added to her mild and prepossessing manners, were sufficient to inure the interest and kindness of all who knew her. Even old Gilbert and his fraternity, although they had viewed her entrance amongst them with such superstitious distrust, were soon won by her gentle and artless ways, and became the first to gratify and humour her childish caprices.

As Mr. Chetham had promised in the first moments of her recovery after the fatal storm, so it came to pass; and had she in reality been "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," he could scarcely have regarded the little creature, thus thrown upon his benevolence and protection, with greater affection and tenderness. Determined to provide for his adopted daughter as became her, the chaplain was engaged to instruct her in the different branches of learning, and to these in due time were added the more ornamental ones of the day, namely, working embroidery, and thrumming on the virginal.

(To be continued.)

LINES WRITTEN AT LODORE, AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF CUMBERLAND.

BY J. P. DOUGLAS.

(Author of "*A Dream of Youth*," &c.)

"ALL rural objects give to me a bliss,
 All Nature's sights and sounds to me are dear,
 And to my spirit bring a child's delight:
 The azure bells that deck the verdant hedge;
 The primrose with its pale and sunny hue;
 The rich-hued violet with its eyes of gold,
 Gleaming like jewels in a velvet fold;
 The modest daisy meek and "crimson tipp'd;"
 The shining yellow cups amid the grass,
 All give to me a joy I cannot speak."
 ROBERTSON'S "*Voice from the Town*,"

'Tis sunset on the mountains! the thin clouds
 That hang upon the soft and glowing sky,
 In fading, look more beautiful! the winds,
 All calm and silent as the vesper beams,

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So faintly breathe that scarce the soothing balm
 Of summer flowers floats on the zephyr's wing
 To touch the soul with langour ; far away
 Across the bosom of the crystal lake
 (Within whose depths the sky and mountains shine
 In mockery of the soul's exclusive heaven,)
 Small skiffs are gliding, like the lone sea-birds,
 Or spirits of the ocean ! The tall trees—
 The rivers—and the many-voiced fountains,
 • That flash and sparkle in the misty air,
 Ere their bright rainbows strike upon the rock,
 More pure than aught that nature else can give,
 And sweeter far—in soft and passionate strains
 Speak to the heart with an undying tone,
 The soul and sense of music ! Darkly now
 Thick clouds are gathering round Helvellyn's steep ;
 And mighty Skiddaw from his throne of storms,
 Wrapt in the shadows of retiring day,
 Frowns upon darkness !

Yet a little while,
 Ere the young stars come peeping o'er the hills,
 With their pale queen, the melancholy moon,
 To chase the dimness of the twilight haze,
 Here let me sit,—here, in the sweetest hour
 Time rings upon its changes. Memory !
 Thou soothing power, oft sweetly woo'd and sung
 In songs whose music "cannot pass away,"
 Shed o'er my heart thy dear delicious dreams,
 That I, a lonely wanderer, may feel
 Amid the thorns that rankle on my path,
 Some vestige of the flowers erewhile that sprang
 Around my sunny youth !

The dream is come !
 Again I live within that fairy scene,
 The fair unclouded vision of the past ;
 And thoughts and feelings quick as phantoms rush
 Across the waste of my bewilder'd brain—
 While dove-like memory, with a winged speed,
 Resumes her empire o'er the willing mind :
 And tells of joys which beacon-like have lit'
 The darkness of my path, as lone and sad
 I journeyed in my early pilgrimage,—
 One lovely girl, a blue-eyed cottage girl,
 Of passing beauty, I can well remember.
 Oh, she was fair ! the purple clouds which tinge
 The azure glow of an autumnal sky
 Are not so fair as the sweet placid cheek
 Which blushed beneath her streams of golden hair ;
 Her dark blue eyes were wildly beautiful,—
 Flashing and melting like the passionate beams
 Of clustering stars within the Milky Way.
 Yet she was mine—her very soul was mine,—
 The spirit of her loveliness ! and long
 That dream of pleasure lasted ! In the morn,
 When the light clouds rose higher in the sky,
 And the young sun, proud of his kindling beams,
 Rose o'er the hills in beauty—we have climb'd
 The lonely mountains and all desolate steeps
 Which frown above the hoarsely dashing sea
 In solitary grandeur : and at eve,

When the wan moon, with her attendant stars,
 Flashed o'er the shining waters, we have watch'd
 That scene of speaking beauty, till it seem'd
 The mirror of our hearts, and that was—peace.
 Alas! alas! this is but vanity.
 Long years have pass'd since her fair eyes met mine;
 Yet if this heart might ever make appeal,
 These lips to breathe—to speak—my prayer would be—
 Oh! that like hers my spirit were at rest!
 But this is vain,—and vainer still to tear
 From half-reluctant memory, the page
 Blotted with years of suffering; though, perchance,
 Some recollections of “the power of joy,”
 Like pictur'd forms of ideal loveliness,
 Make green again the wither'd heart;—yet they,
 Seen dimly through the veil of present grief,
 Bring but one thought—the conscious bitterness,
 That having been, they e'er should cease to be!
 But now, oh Night! with an enraptur'd eye
 My soul is turn'd on thee; for I have been
 From the first dawns of my infant thought—
 From the first beamings of my ardent gaze—
 And the first beatings of my anxious heart,
 A rapt enthusiast at thy sable shrine!
 The mountain winds are silent! but a stir,
 A breath, a voice, as of a muffled drum,
 Steals o'er the lake's bright bosom; while a dread,
 Scarcely suppress'd, creeps on the tranced heart,
 As if to choke its feelings. Can it be?
 Yon cloud, yon speck that scarcely hides one star,
 Or dims one ray of the pellucid moon,
 Should be the herald of a coming storm?
 'Twill pass away as it had never been.
 “Ah! whence yon glare?” the lightning's rapid flash
 Flies o'er the distant mountains—while a sound,
 More deep and awful than the ocean's roar,
 Peals through the startled echoes, like the voice
 Of the Eternal from His judgment seat!
 The clouds are gathering round the misty hills
 That frown like giants in the horrid blaze,
 And seem to mock its thunder! while the winds,
 Loud and more loud through the tempestuous air,
 Rush like the ministers of hell and death
 To scatter desolation upon man!
 Awake! arise! ye demons of the storm!
 And from the tops of the eternal hills,
 All dark and terrible in their majesty—
 From the gaunt caverns of the rocking earth,—
 From the deep ocean and unfathom'd hell,
 Speak to the startled universe! 'Tis past!
 The morning comes, like a fair bride deck'd forth
 To meet her lover on the nuptial day;
 And the bright sun, pouring his golden beams
 On the sweet waters of the quiet lake,
 Seems like a God upon his heavenly throne,
 The fresh green earth his footstool!
 Shall this scene,
 These lonely mountains, and all beauteous lakes,
 These mighty forests, rivers, and sweet groves,
 Which blush beneath the morning's fervid kiss,

From my mind pass away? and shall the thoughts
 To which their speaking beauty has given birth,
 Be worn away from the young memory,
 As other things have faded? 'Twill not be!
 But oft amid the gay and busy crowd,
 Surrounded by the city's smoke and din,
 Weary with pain and the soul's heaviness,
 The thoughts of this shall teach my heart content,
 And heavenward point the mansion of my God!

Maryport.

THE MORALITY OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY ALFRED SMITH, P. G.

Surgeon to the Ripon Dispensary, the Earl of Ripon and St. Wilfred Lodges.

In my last essay in this Magazine, I considered and commented upon "The Benevolence of Odd Fellowship," and the circumstances under which it is constantly and extensively exercised. A brief review too was attempted of the different conditions of human life, and the sorrows peculiar to each; from which seemed to follow the cheering deduction that happiness is distributed by the *Great Giver* with no such unequal and partial hand as hasty or fretful observers might be prone to imagine. And the writer's aim was ill effected, and his efforts vain and unsuccessful, if he failed to demonstrate that the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, beneficial to all who enter within its pale, is an Institution peculiarly adapted and inestimably useful to the working classes of this great kingdom.

By the "working classes" should be understood, not merely those who perform daily labour for hire, whether in the field, the shop, or the mill; but with them all that vast and important portion of the community, whose maintenance depends upon the continuance of their health, and the demand for their personal exertions. To them all it affords the two great advantages which above all others they want, (and I know not of any other Institutions than Secret Orders that can efficiently do so)—I mean a sure resource in the season of sickness and adversity, and a protection against that most degrading and humbling of all afflictions—pauperism. This is the grand bulwark and pride of the Order; this the cause of its almost incredible progress and success. When once the conviction of this fact is brought home to the mind of any man, whether he be learned or unlearned, poor or rich, humble or powerful, if he be a philanthropist at all, the mists of prejudice vanish, and admiration and respect arise in their stead.

This, its peculiar appropriateness and usefulness to the largest class of society, is the great corner stone of the system; and the ground upon which we would willingly rest its claim to success, if that success were any longer doubtful. But it is not. An Order which in less than ten years has increased from twenty thousand to three hundred thousand members—which is extending its borders, not only in every town, village, and hamlet in this and the neighbouring countries; but also crossing oceans, and planting its peaceful banner of love upon distant shores, presents to the world a noble Institution, which requires defence rather than conquest. Its *prosperity* is now not a thing to be anxiously desired and hoped for, but a state possessed and enjoyed; and if undeniable evidence of the assertion is demanded, we point with triumph to the fact recorded in the last reports, that during the last quarter,—a season of unprecedented disaster and distress—of unheard-of commercial depression, and physical privation—in those three months of horror and suffering, no less than one hundred and twenty-three new Lodges have been established. It seems as though the dreadful tempest of misery and evil drove men into the peaceful and protecting harbour of Odd Fellowship.

If we admit the very moderate calculation that each of these new Lodges contains twenty members, we find that above two thousand four hundred individuals have, in the last quarter, joined its ranks, giving in round numbers an increase of ten thousand in the year. In connection with this fact, it is quite worthy to be remembered, that none

of the means have been employed by the Order which are usually resorted to by public institutions, to force its claims and impress its advantages upon the attention of the world. Not a single public lecturer has been commissioned to travel through the country and plead its cause, and "to agitate," as the phrase is, in its behalf. No newspaper has been got up and pushed into notoriety and circulation by its friends, for the purpose of disseminating its principles, or recommending it to notice; and of the newspaper press of the country, nothing has been sought or obtained further than the insertion of a passing paragraph, such as a mention of the opening of a new Lodge, a procession, or a funeral. Of the leading metropolitan daily and even weekly press the extraordinary fact may be recorded, that of the existence of a body in this kingdom so numerous, so powerful, and so excellent, they seem to be utterly ignorant; and while they dwell with great gusto and at great length upon the writhings of an opera dancer, or the details of a ginshop squabble, yet a man may read for years the *Times* or the *Chronicle*, the *Standard* or the *Globe*, and never find out that the Order of Odd Fellows, comprising 300,000 members, pervading the whole kingdom, and associated for the best of purposes, exists in Great Britain. Of the reviews and magazines which teem monthly and quarterly from the prolific press in town and country (with the single exception of this) not one has noticed the Order either in praise or censure. And what is still more remarkable, of all the book-making tourists who parade the length and breadth of the land, noting and describing with appalling minuteness every person, thing and scene that has the misfortune to be subjected to their notice, from York Minster to a dovecote; from the splendour of a royal levée, to the humours of a village feast, none has stumbled upon the Order of Odd Fellows, nor, so far as I have ever heard, observed or recorded its existence.

We may say, further, that as on the one hand neither the platform nor the press has been employed in the advocacy of Odd Fellowship, so on the other the Order has offered no unusual facilities or inducements to individuals to join it. The terms of admittance, in a pecuniary point of view, are higher than those of any similar society; and the testimonials respecting the moral character, age, and health of candidates for admission are rigidly attended to. No Lodge can be opened without the consent of a district meeting, composed of delegates from Lodges in the neighbourhood, is first obtained; and some expense and trouble are required ere the requisite authority and preliminaries can be executed and arranged. Its officers have no inducement of fee or reward; and indeed no effort is made, other than those which arise from the simple attachment of individuals to their Institution, to advocate its interests, or extend its boundaries. So that to none of the common modes which other associations use for the purpose of making converts, or increasing their numbers, is the amazing prosperity of Odd Fellowship to be ascribed.

To what other cause, then, can it be rationally attributed, but to the *moral* influence which the Order exercises upon its own members in the first instance, and through them upon society at large—to the intrinsic excellence of its own organization, and its perfect adaptation to the wants and condition of the people? And so long as its constitution remains unaltered, and its officers faithful, it is fair to believe that no external power or influence of man can impair its prosperity, or diminish its usefulness. Admirable and beneficent as Odd Fellowship is, it presents, however, no exception to the general rule that nothing is so good but that it is misunderstood, misrepresented, or calumniated. Ignorance, and prejudice, and, still worse, envy and malevolence, are always busy in undervaluing or defaming the great, the wise, the generous and the good. It is true of institutions as persons, that

"Wherever merit shines,
There haggard malice hatches base designs;
Spouts forth her venom, to o'erwhelm with shame
The rising brightness of a noble name;
Sullies with envious mud the robe of white,
And darts her slanders at the child of light."

And thus I have heard it even charged upon Odd Fellowship, that it is an *immoral* Institution. This is a grave accusation, and requires a grave refutation.

Morality is the object and ornament of human existence. Without it man would become a worthless and degraded being—would live, for a while, under the maddening excitement of unrestrained licentiousness, and cruelty, and crime; and soon be extir-

pated by the very malignity of his own nature, and the turbulence of his own undisciplined passions. Morality is the foundation of all law, order, and society; the very constitution of home and country; the creator, so to speak, of all the ties by which man is bound to man; of the relation of father, son, brother, and friend. In its boundaries are included all imaginable good in the love and worship of God, and love and beneficence to man; without its boundaries exists all imaginable evil in crime, destruction, and despair. Whatsoever, then, tends to weaken or demolish those boundaries, whatsoever aims to undermine or to diminish morality, is an evil of enormous magnitude; a direct attack upon the best interests of man, and should be by no means tolerated or defended by any one of sound judgment and principle. If, then, Odd Fellowship can be proved to be an immoral Institution, its cause must at once be abandoned. If this be indeed the case, then not all that can be said of its prudence, benevolence, and charity, can weigh aught in its favour, or justify its advocacy; and all that could be said on the subject would be that it has presented us for many years with the somewhat singular spectacle of a "corrupt tree bringing forth good fruit."

But of all its adversaries, the ignorant, the prejudiced, the envious, and the malicious, not one will come forward to prove the assertion. These last indeed seem to be much of Corporal Nym's humour, when he says,—“I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron.” They will assume an attitude of hostility, and wilfully shut their eyes to the truth; they will calumniate and oppose, but they will neither argue nor be convinced, nor endeavour to prove the reality of the evils they denounce. With such enemies who can contend? And were it not that they often have influence with others, and have power to injure those whom they have no wish to serve, they would be best treated with contempt, at least with silence.

That numerous class of persons, however, who are ignorant of the constitution of the Order, or merely prejudiced against it, require more consideration at our hands. Ignorance may be enlightened, and prejudice may be removed; and it is right to furnish such information as may do both; and to such purpose particularly is this publication devoted. Upon the objects and principles of the Order we court discussion, and have nothing to apprehend from the strictest scrutiny into both. Those who stand in the possession and defence of truth cannot be injured, though they may be annoyed, by the assaults of ignorance and prejudice; for

“Truth crush'd to earth will rise again,
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers.”

We proceed, therefore, to assert, and to offer undeniable proof, not only that Odd Fellowship is *not an immoral*, but that it is an eminently moral Institution. Moral in its obligations, in its tendency, and in its results; that it discountenances all those vices and crimes with which men are apt to disgrace themselves; and that it inculcates, encourages, and enforces the practice of those virtues which elevate the character, and promote the happiness of mankind.

It should be premised in the first place that it is not a *religious* Institution; nor was it established for strictly religious purposes. With the solemn affairs between every man's conscience and his God it does not presume to interfere. Recognizing His existence, His wisdom, and His boundless mercy, it inculcates the duty of worshipping and serving Him upon all, without dictating the form or communion in which it is to be done; although at certain times the various Lodges attend divine service in the national church, to offer the sacrifice of prayer and praise, and to hear the “words of eternal life.” Beyond this Odd Fellowship does not go. Religious topics are forbidden at all meetings, and properly so; for they would too frequently result in irreverence or disputes. Strange that in all ages, and in all climes, the perverseness and imperfection of frail human nature should have converted that which should be the “bond of peace” into the subject of discord and strife.

Towards the reigning monarch and the government of the country are enjoined loyalty, obedience, and respect. The first of the general laws runs thus :—“That this fraternity be called ‘The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the Manchester Unity,’ whose object shall be to assist every brother who may apply through sickness, distress, or otherwise, *if he be well attached to the Queen and Government*, and faithful to the Order.” As it is not strictly a religious, so is Odd Fellowship in no sense a political

Institution ; but requiring loyalty to the queen and obedience to the laws, she excludes from her Lodges all political questions, and suffers not the bitterness of party spirit to enter her peaceful habitations ; by no means imitating those pure and zealous patriots who, under various names and different leaders, take little account of the welfare of the country, so that their party can be served, and its interests promoted. And is it not pleasant that in these days of almost incessant agitation, and clash of opinions, there should exist some neutral ground where men may sit at rest undisturbed by either ?

On the relative duties of men the precepts of Odd Fellowship are founded, indeed identical with those of "the unerring standard of divine truth." Peace, temperance, humility ; deference and respect to superiors ; to inferiors condescension and kindness ; charity and good-will to all men ; these are the requirements of the Order,—and surely the microscopic eye of malevolence itself can hardly detect *immorality* in any of the obligations referred to. It may indeed be inquired if this be *not* a moral Institution,—nay, if it be not morality itself, where is morality to be found ? Are we to seek for it, if we cannot find it here, among those who traduce the best institutions, either because they do not understand, or are determined to oppose them ? If their candour and fair dealing are to be taken as specimens of their moral virtues, the character of the rest may be easily conjectured.

Look next to the *tendency* of Odd Fellowship, and judge candidly whether it is *moral* or not. There are many who object lustily to the holding of meetings at public houses ; but where else, generally speaking, could they be held ? There are those who at their snug whist club, or in their carpeted room, with their friends around them, and their bottle of wine or spirits before them, gravely shake their heads at the enormity of the poor man's pipe and mug of beer in his Lodge-room, after a hard week's work. But this singular feeling does not meet with general approbation and sympathy. And there are those who cast it in our teeth that some Odd Fellows, after the Lodge is closed, spend their time and their money in intemperance and excess. But these we hope and believe are few, and their conduct is wrong. But is this a part of the system, or is it to be charged upon it as a crime ? Such reasoning reminds one of the profound philosophy of the good woman, who inveighed against the practice of vaccination, because "her son," she said, "had been vaccinated, and the week after he fell down and broke his arm." Amazing, indeed, are the peculiarities of taste and discrimination evinced by critics of this description. If they wanted to make a fair estimate of the morality of Great Britain, they would examine with attentive curiosity the precincts of Newgate, and "the records of the good old Bailey !" If they wanted to give a good description of a city, they would search for materials among its sinks, its sewers, and its dunghills.

After all it is contended not that Odd Fellowship is a *perfect*, but that it is a *moral* and useful Institution. Perfection is not a plant of British growth. Some think they see it in France, and some in America ; but in this country it does not certainly exist. No body of men, however high, noble, wise, or good, professes that all its members are perfect. The court, the camp, the church, the lords, the commons, the bench and the bar, abounding as they all do with the greatest and best of men, yet contain within their pale individuals who disgrace themselves, and discredit their order. And yet men do not therefore pretend to say that the *tendency* of these institutions is immoral and bad. And is it, then, to be said of an Order infinitely more numerous than any of these, comprising hundreds of thousands of men, of all ranks, of all grades of intelligence, education, and habit, that because some few are to be found among its vast numbers, who act irregularly and wickedly, that *therefore* it is a bad Institution, and of an evil tendency ? As well may it be argued, that because there are spots in the sun, it is on that account a bad sun, and should at once be extinguished. Is not that a *moral* society which teaches its members to avoid the incalculable evils of pauperism—which cherishes in their breasts the principles of self-respect and self-dependance—which impresses and compels the admirable lesson of prudent forethought and prospective provision against seasons of sickness, distress, and adversity, which befall most men at some time or other ? Have not legislators and writers on moral and political philosophy, while they have extolled such sentiments as the greatest blessing which the working classes could entertain, perplexed and puzzled themselves in vain with plans and methods to disseminate them, and bring them into practical operation among the great mass of the people ? And yet here is an association which, by the aid of the most simple machinery, without

any intermeddling with religious ethics, or party politics, steadily, quietly, and effectually carries them out to an extent which can hardly be believed—which spends thousands and thousands of pounds, *of their own money*, in relieving the wants and distresses of their brethren. And yet it is a question whether Odd Fellowship is a *moral* Institution!

But it does more than this. Of all the occupations in which man can be engaged, what can be more calculated to soften the heart, humanize the character, and elevate the mind, than the frequent contemplation, *with a view to their relief*, of the sufferings and sorrows of our fellow-creatures? How have those benefactors of mankind, who have employed their efforts and expended their time and substance in the same benevolent task, been held up to and received the heartfelt admiration of mankind. What greater eulogium can be passed upon the character of any man than that, like one of old, “he went about doing good?” How directly to the heart of every man does that verse go—

“Teach me to feel another’s woe,
To hide the faults I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me!”

And yet this is the constant and habitual employment of those who are united in this Order; this is the bond that holds them together, that engages them at their meetings, and forms the subject of their regular deliberations. Those who will weep, and sigh, and sicken over the well-represented sorrows of the buskined hero on the stage, or the miseries of the wandering and persecuted heroine of a well-written tale, are influenced by the artificial excitement of the same noble impulses, and the same fine sympathies, as those who extend the hand of ready compassion to a brother in distress, albeit many of them are guiltless of Shakspeare, and know nothing of Sir Walter Scott. It is admitted by all that the beneficence of private charity, and the resources of public relief, creditable as both are to the character of human nature, are constantly liable to misapplication and abuse; and if they were not, how small is the impression *they* can make upon the immense mass of human suffering, privation, and distress, which exists in this country! And how evident it is that both contain in their very nature the unavoidable, but important defect, that they tend to lower and humiliate the receiver! But here is a system of vast extent and resources, carefully protected from imposition and fraud, daily bestowing upon thousands benefits which neither humble nor degrade the receiver; and with the benefits kindness and sympathy which “bless both him that gives and him that takes.” A system, self-supporting, which asks no public tax, requires no public patronage, compromises no principle, imposes no painful restrictions, and which demands from the rest of mankind only the charitable exercise of that good-will and respect, which it willingly extends to them.

The *extent* to which the beneficence of the Order amounts is a sum far greater than many can possibly imagine. There are now in existence more than three thousand three hundred and twenty Lodges in connection with it. Supposing, what we believe to be very much below the reality, that each Lodge spends upon the average only thirty pounds annually in the relief of its distressed members, this would give a total of the amazing sum of *one hundred and nine thousand six hundred pounds* expended every year by the Order in the work of benevolence and love! And good evidence is this of the active and practical *morality* of the Institution.

Such are the *obligations*, and such the *tendency* of Odd Fellowship. It remains that we should consider the *results* of both; and then we come to a decision whether the members of the Order are moral, or they are not. Look first at their numbers. When this paper is published, I feel confident that it will extend to 300,000 individuals. But on this important subject I will offer neither conjectures nor theories, but facts, plain, ascertained facts, those “sturdy chieftains that *cannot* be disputed;” and as the document to which I am about to refer was dated three quarters of a year ago, I will under-rate the number then concerned at two hundred thousand. Then you have this vast number of men, not selected from the educated and polite classes of society, but chiefly consisting of working people; not situated in some quiet and retired district, remote from the bustle and temptations of busy life, but spread in town and country over the whole kingdom, though the greater proportion, perhaps, in the largest manufacturing places. How, it may be said, can the scale of morality among this large body of men be at all accurately ascertained? The answer is, that its organization is so

moral, and so efficient, at the same time that it detects and punishes all those who are guilty, not only of offences against the laws of the country, but of other smaller delinquencies. The punishment is expulsion, and as the names and offences of those expelled are published quarterly in the reports, it is quite plain that this is a sure test of the morality of the members. We find from the number of 200,000 men the following expulsions from the 1st of April, 1841, to the 1st of April, 1842:—

OFFENCES AGAINST THE LAWS OF THE ORDER.

Arrears of contributions.....	98
Violation of laws, and divulging secrets	9
Entering the Order fraudulently.....	6
Destroying Lodge property.....	13
Attempting to embezzle Lodge property	1
Receiving sick relief while following employment. . .	12
Travelling under false name	1
General bad conduct	42
Fraud	53
No cause assigned.	5
	<hr/>
	240

OFFENCES AGAINST THE LAWS OF THE COUNTRY.

Felony.....	27
Theft.....	5
Misdemeanours.....	3
Stabbing	1
Uttering base coin.....	1
Bigamy.....	1
Robbing employers	2
	<hr/>
	40

Total..... 280.

So that of this vast number of individuals only 280 have been expelled for offences of all kinds, under the strictest regulations during the year, and only 40 of these have broken the laws of their country! Will any body of men pretend to bring forward statistics of crime more honourable to them than these? Or will any man of common sense and candour, after reading this account, entertain or express the opinion that Odd Fellowship is an *immoral* Institution?

The statements which have been made of the constitution, the rapid increase, the morality, the benevolence, and the extended spread of Odd Fellowship afford matter of deep and pleasing contemplation to the mind of the philosopher and the philanthropist. In them all we may see abundant and delightful evidence of the improved intelligence and condition of society.

There is a kind of dull and listless apathy connected with ignorance, far different from, and infinitely inferior to, the virtue of contentment. This benumbing lethargy of the mind closely assimilates men to the inferior creation. They live on from day to day, caring for nothing but the present moment; and for that only or chiefly as regards themselves. But as the mind becomes enlightened and informed, as the faculties are aroused and stimulated, new thoughts, and new desires, and new objects present themselves; the powers of reason are awakened, and men form a better estimate of their own position and prospects. They begin to gaze with inquiring eyes into the shadowy mists of the future; not bounding their content to the enjoyment of present advantages, they begin to anticipate and provide against the time when those advantages can no longer be possessed. Not satisfied with their personal welfare, they become anxious about the welfare of those who are near and dear to them; and these feelings lead to the formation and support of societies like Odd Fellowship, where provision can be made against the days of sickness and distress. With these sentiments there grows up in the mind an honourable self-respect and self-dependance. A man cannot bear the idea that when his health fails, or his employment ceases, he shall be thrown upon the tender mercies of the parish beadle, and the parish poor-box; nor can he brook the attitude of a beggar crouching at the rich man's gate. And long may such feelings flourish, and stronger may they grow in the breast of every son of old England! Such are the improvements in the tone and desires of the people which have mainly contributed

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to the establishment and success of this noble society—one every way worthy of this enlightened age and this free country. Odd Fellowship has been the first to throw away the senseless mummery and tinsel pageantry of the old secret orders, and to adapt herself to the spirit and requirements of the times, and in her prosperity may be read the complete success of the experiment.

And now before I close this paper, I must crave permission to say a very few words to the Order on my own account. I feel that a heavy debt of gratitude is due from me to its members, for the kindness and the flattering distinction which I have received at their hands, in every possible mode in which it could be shown to me. Living in a remote country town, my sphere of usefulness has been very limited, and its amount necessarily trifling; and the only opportunity I have had of serving or advocating the Order, has been through the pages of this Magazine. Of this I have availed myself as often as my engagements would permit; and if my abilities were equal to my zeal and attachment to the Order, I would defend from all attacks, and recommend to all, that Institution which my own experience has convinced me to be one of the noblest ever devised and established by the ingenuity and benevolence of mankind. The insertion of my portrait in the Magazine of January last, demands my most hearty thanks; (my friends here all agree that the likeness is admirable, which I have the vanity to suppose may be pleasing to some who never saw me.) To the Lodges I have from time to time visited, I offer my sincere acknowledgments for their very kind reception of me; and especially to those in Leeds, London, and Southampton. To my correspondents I am much indebted for their high opinion, although I can by no means pretend to satisfy all their expectations. One would think from the contents of the innumerable letters I receive from all parts of the country, that I were the Corresponding Secretary, Board of Directors, and Grand Master, aye, and the whole Annual Moveable Committee into the bargain; but I can assure them that I have no power or authority such as many seem to imagine, nor any qualification to advise parties, other than my own weak judgment, and a hearty desire to serve every one who bears the name of an "Odd Fellow."

In conclusion, let us all adhere strictly to the discipline of the Order, and endeavour to extend its boundaries, and promote its interests; so that it may continue to merit the blessing of heaven, and the approbation and support of every good man.

North Street, Ripon, November 15th, 1842.

CYRIL ASHBURNE; OR, THE EXILE OF THE CANADAS.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

(Authoress of "*A Legend of Mona*," &c.)

We seek the fields and fountains, where the quiver'd Indian roves,
And leave our native mountains, for lone Canadian groves.

Our good ship, the Hope, had advanced midway on her passage to the Canadas, and though so many degrees and classes of society were to be met with amongst its passengers, (chiefly emigrants) yet the prevailing tone of quiet demeanour, and unobtrusive good nature of the majority, seemed a tacit law in our little world; and all spirits appeared harmonized, or quelled by its influence. We had shared so many vicissitudes of weather, and other inconveniences incidental to a long and not very prosperous voyage, that the bond of brotherhood seemed to unite beings, whose destinies not even the wildest flight of imagination would have dreamt of mingling. Some there were who had left England willingly, and with the brightest hopes of a new Eldorado in the wilderness, which was reserved for their discovery; but in the faces of many who appeared the calmest, you saw a sudden pang quiver the lip and harrow the brow, or read far down in the depths of a tranquil eye, the settled sorrow of an exile's heart. Amongst the many females on board there was one whose husband had a sanguine heart and hope of all the wonders he should perform, when once arrived in the land of

promise; and this girl (for she had not yet seen twenty summers, and had all the fresh and luxuriant bloom of a village beauty,) was ever seen with a smile dimpling her ripe lips, and dancing in her large black eyes. One night I was enjoying the splendour of the moon, and the freshness of the rising breeze, almost alone upon the deck, when I heard a woman's voice singing in the stillness, a low and mournful song; the words were evidently the production of some peasant bard, who lived and died unknown; but the air to which they were adapted was so simple and touching, that the song lives in my memory yet.

THE EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

Oh! green and gladsome vallies, where I never more shall be,
I sit and think upon ye far on the moonlight sea;
The home I have forsaken for a wild and foreign shore,
Now seems to rise before me with all I loved of yore:
The fresh green fields, with all their lambs reposing in the sun—
The cool and sparkling fountains that in music ever run;
The low but happy cottage, with the swallows in the eaves—
The old trees waving round it in their summer pride of leaves;
The sweet glad voice of children—a faint and fairy sound,
Half heard amid the distant hills or the hazel copses round;
The song of bees and wild birds—all sights and sounds arise,
'Till my heart swells with its sorrow, and the tears are in mine eyes.
Alas! alas! for England, that its children thus must roam
From the fair land of their fathers to seek a foreign home!
My long departed kindred! how calm the yew tree waves
In the sighing wind of twilight above your quiet graves.
Oh! happy is your slumber, and the haven ye have won,
But I must not sleep beside ye, when my weary race is run!
Ye lived, ye ancient patriarchs, within your native glen,
From the laughing hours of childhood to threescore years and ten;
And saw your children's children for your dying blessing kneel,
But your hearts were never sadden'd by the sorrow they must feel.
The ploughshare will be driven o'er your cottage hearth, my sires,
The green corn freshly waving where arose your household fires!
And we go forth as branded by the restless curse of Cain,
And our banished eyes shall never behold your graves again!
There's one, my first-born darling! already shares your rest,
With the green turf laid above him, like a bird within its nest.
Oh! I reared thee on my heart, love, with a mother's blissful pride,
'Till thy sunny beauty darken'd—thy voice of gladness died;
Thy young blue eyes were heavy with the shadows of the grave,
And thy sinless life was yielded to the Mighty One who gave!
This heart was not quite broken, my lost and lovely one,
While I had thy grave to gaze on—thy name to weep upon;
But now thy very ashes—oh, sorrow deep and wild,—
Even death will not unite us, my first and fairest child!
In some wild and pathless desert, or beneath the ocean brine,
Thy mother's dust may perish, but can never mix with thine!
Oh! for that home beyond the grave, where the pilgrim's toll is o'er,
And my boy, a smiling angel, may be mine for evermore!

As the last words died away, the songstress arose, and passing me to descend to the cabin, the moon shone on her face, and large heavy tear-drops dimmed the black eyes of our village Euphrosyne, the fair Lucy Springfield.

* * * * *

We had weathered a tempestuous day, and evening was falling around us with fitful gusts that kept the captain and sailors fully employed, and we were gathered together in the principal cabin, beguiling the time and the apprehensions of the females by the recital of legends and anecdotes, and whatever the imagination or the memory of those present could supply, when one of the passengers (who was remarked for his steady and grave demeanour, and unshaken placidity of manner) was called upon to contribute his share of the evening's amusement. He was a landholder in the Canadas, and was returning from England, whither he had been summoned by business; at least so much the undying spirit of curiosity had elicited respecting him. His attire bespoke his substantial, but unpretending station in life; and his sunburnt hands and weather-darkened features shewed him inured to toil. At the first glance he seemed a man far beyond the middle period of life, for his dark hair was more than partially grey, and his high forehead deeply furrowed; but if any sudden exultation lighted up his deep grey eye, and animated his finely-formed countenance, he looked as if thirty years was the utmost limit of his age, and you felt that sorrow or sickness had prematurely silvered the locks and clouded the brow. He at first denied our solicitation on the plea that

his memory was exhausted, and his imagination not brilliant enough to aid him, until at last finding the storm increase, and a gloomy silence and anxious fear settling on every heart, the Canadian related, with frequent pauses, and at times a hurried rapidity, the following story :—

The infancy and youth of Cyril Ashburne, were passed in a substantial farm house in one of the western counties of England, where his forefathers had dwelt for many succeeding generations. The property had been leasehold, but that was expired, and it was now held at a very high rent; which, however, the luxuriant crops and good management of the tenants enabled them to pay with the utmost punctuality. Cyril became possessed of the farm by the death of his parents, just as he reached the dawn of manhood, and his nerves seemed strung with hardier vigour as he reaped the first crop on the lands which had been tilled by his fathers for a hundred years. All went well with him.

Frances Herbert, the orphan daughter of the late curate, (who dwelt a fair and gentle creature in the village, and had the greatest number of scholars of any schoolmistress within ten miles round, for the children loved her pleasant looks and low musical voice,) had been his earliest choice; and it was with a proud heart that Cyril Ashburne led her home to the Orchard Farm, its fair and smiling mistress. Two children early blest their union, and some happy years passed away without a shadow to dim their felicity, though an advance of rent (for the young heir of the manor was wild and dissipated) called for increasing care and activity. A wet and unsuccessful season threw the first blight on their hopes; but Cyril was not to be cast down by the first change of fortune, and his brow was still unclouded. But succeeding and rapid misfortunes followed—a blight was on his corn—his cattle died—summer floods mildewed the crops—and the last of the Ashburnes looked upon the home of his childhood, and felt that it must pass from him and his for ever. The rent day arrived, and bitter was the pang, and burning the blush, with which the first of the tenants of the Orchard Farm asked for a respite; it was granted, but when again applied for, a stern denial struck the iron deeper into the sufferer's soul. The lord of the manor, then on his estate, sanctioned the decree of his steward, and a threat, which withered up the heart of the suppliant, drove him in haste from the presence of the relentless utterer. He had still one hope. His maternal uncle, a stern old miser in the county town, was, after many struggles, applied to, but in vain; and the broken-hearted Ashburnes were thrust forth wanderers, and without a home. A small cottage received them, far away from the scenes of their former happiness; but still among friends who remembered the past, and sought to alleviate the present.

But Cyril Ashburne was an altered man—the pride of his independent heart was broken! If he looked on his children, what was before them but the beggar's destiny?—upon his wife, a life of incessant toil, without hope, must wither her still delicate beauty prematurely before his eyes; and he almost spurned the bounty which supported them, and prolonged his life. Frances had changed also, for she shrunk from her destiny, and her murmured laments added to the anguish of the ruined man. All he tried proved fruitless to restore their fortunes, until at last a gleam of hope darted through the darkness of their fate. His stern old uncle, moved more by the contempt and scorn which was manifested against him by his neighbours for his hard-hearted conduct, than by the tears of the innocent children and the destitute father who implored his help, offered to advance sum, to be repaid with heavy interest, if they would expatriate themselves, and seek in the Canadian colonies the good fortune which had forsaken them in their native land. Cyril, who had long vainly tried to win even this cruel boon, felt the first throb of transport which had warmed his heart for many months, and set forth from the town through storm and darkness to his desolate home, hoping to bring back the smile to the sad face of Frances. As he lifted the latch, he felt how dear she was, and that life could have no charm unless it was shared with her. He threw back the door, and beheld—was it indeed reality!—a young and handsome man clasped the waist, and held the hand of Frances; her head lay on his shoulder, and his lips pressed the lily of her delicate cheek. The husband looked, and felt the fire of hell within his heart. He had no weapon, but he rushed forward;—there was a fierce struggle—a wild shriek—and Frances lay senseless at his feet. The stranger rushed forth, but not unhurt; blood marked his flight, for the blow he received was fierce and heavy, and if repeated would have left murder on the soul of Cyril. But as he paused to wrench from his neck the white arms of Frances, and looked upon her as she fell

before him, the wounded man escaped, and left the fallen one at the feet of the broken-hearted husband. She arose with wild shrieks, and words which were but fuel to the madness of the moment. He snatched his children from their sleep, and bidding them curse the mother who had disgraced them, he thrust her forth into the darkness of the midnight storm, and fastened his door against her, even when he saw her fall at the threshold!

How Cyril Ashburne passed that night, and yet lived to see the light of morning without becoming a frenzied idiot, he himself knows not; but morning came, he went forth with his children, and was never again seen in the village where he was born, and where his whole race lay buried. He exiled himself to the Canadas, and the fortune for which he cared not was showered upon him; his children bloomed and grew up bold and beautiful, but he scarcely dared to look upon them, for the blue eyes of the little Alice, and the sunny brow of the joyous Frank, were too like her's who had lain so long in his bosom, and broken the heart on which she had reposed. His maternal uncle died, and left his hoarded wealth to the man who, a few years before, had knelt in vain for the smallest portion of it to save him from disgrace and ruin; *then* it could have saved him, now it was worthless; it would have purchased the orchards, now on sale, but could he bear to return with the blight of dishonour on his name? could he bear to look upon the home she made a paradise, and feel that—no, no. He vested the wealth in the names of his children, bade a last farewell to England, and returned again a willing exile to the Canadas.

"But Frances," said a young girl of the party, "do you not know of her fate?" The exile turned to the speaker, his brow was wet with the dew of anguish, and his cheek pale as marble. "Yes, yes, she lived in splendour; her seducer, the very man whose dissipation and cruelty had driven forth his unhappy tenants from their homes, bore her away in triumph! What was the despair of her husband to her? What the forsaken cries of her desolate children? She revelled in a princely mansion, they had but poverty and sorrow. Oh, Frances! Frances! may the curse long smothered and unspoken in this broken heart, now reach thee in the splendid halls of infamy." "It has, it has,—oh, Cyril, curse me not again!" and from the darkness of the cabin, a woman rushed forward and fell kneeling and weeping at the feet of the exile. We all rose to assist, and lifting her up, for she had fainted, the long dishevelled curls of fair hair fell back, and we recognized one of the passengers, whose mourning dress had led us to believe her a widow, and whom sickness and a wish for seclusion had confined to her cabin almost all the voyage.

After a moment's struggle Cyril arose to leave the cabin, but his wife (for it was indeed Frances) seemed to feel his intention even through the trance of her anguish, and breaking from our hold, she cast herself before the door.

"But one word, Cyril, one word," she implored. "Oh! it was thus you cast me from you when I was still innocent—still faithful; he—me now, guilty and penitent as I am. Long had Lord Helington sought my smiles, for he had accidentally seen me when want drove me forth to tasks to which I had never before been exposed; he tempted me amidst my poverty, he offered me the Orchards as a gift—but I shrunk from him with abhorrence. I turned to you; but oh, your heart was changed. I dared not breathe the story in your ears, for there was darkness in your looks ever. I felt the words to which I had listened like fire in my heart; I thought they had even blighted me by their sound—I thought of them in your arms, and turned away, for I deemed myself unworthy of your confiding faith. My persecutor tracked my steps, and dared to seek me in the only shelter I had left, in your frequent absences from home, and amid the desolation of my hearth; his offers appeared so plausible, to restore us to wealth—to *home*—and await the yielding of my own heart in his favour. Cyril, you at last stayed away four days. When you left us—we had but one meal for all; you promised to return with comfort; you came not. My children cried for bread—it was bountifully supplied; I could not tear it from their lips to cast it to the giver. He came again and again; and on the night of your return, for the first time, his arms encircled me, and your eyes beheld the first kiss imprinted on my lips! Cyril, when I felt his arms around me, I shuddered as in the folds of a serpent! and oh, never—never did my heart feel its devotedness to you so deeply. One word would have saved me, but you cast me forth with curses, and amid the darkness and the storm his emissaries bore me away to splendour and despair. You fled—none knew whither, and I, the victim, remained in the power of the destroyer! Luxury and wealth were showered

upon me, diamonds sparkled on brow and bosom ; but oh, *the broken heart beneath !* In the swell of the voluptuous music I heard the shriek of my children as I was cast forth for ever—in the soft pressure of hands in the dance I felt the maddened grasp which tore away my clasping arms,—and the curse—the curse, was ever in my ears ! Tired of his drooping rose, as the heartless despoiler called me, he would have transferred me to one of his profligate companions ; but I cast his gifts at his feet, and left the mansion where I had lost my peace ! I toiled hard for my subsistence, till chance revealed to me your abode, and I came forth to America, hoping to find you and win your pardon, though I died as you pronounced it ! Judge of my feelings when I heard your story, and felt as every accent sunk into my heart, that I had heard that voice before in other days. Oh, Cyril, Cyril Ashburne, pardon, as you hope for it at that hour of judgment which must soon await us all !”

As she spoke, the storm, which the strange events passing before us had led us to notice but little, now howled around us with a demon's triumph, and the waves breaking over the bulwarks of the vessel, dashed in the cabin windows. Cyril Ashburne caught her in his arms, and bore her upon the deck ; and kneeling there amid the lightning and the flooding rain, called for heaven's pardon on himself and the suffering penitent, who bowed her head upon his bosom, and lay there like a child sobbing itself to rest. The storm increased, and all were too deeply engaged to remember others unconnected with themselves. I cast one look towards the exile, and saw that he still held his wife in his arms, and seemed earnestly engaged in fervent prayer, ere I became so deeply occupied with rendering the duties of my sacred mission to those whose hearts smote them on the mighty waters, that I had forgotten all earthly objects, until a tremendous wave swept over us, bearing away all in its course. A wild and thrilling shriek was heard, and the exile and his wife were swept out far into the raging ocean ! Quick and successive flashes of lightning shewed that he struggled long to support her above the waves ; but they rose white and foaming and mighty in their fury, and casting a look upon the horror-struck gazers who could not attempt assistance, he clasped her closely to his heart, and pressing his lips to her forehead, he bowed his head to the sweep of a mighty wave ; and when the next flash of lightning shewed us the foaming surges, there was no trace of Cyril Ashburne, or of his frail (but we trust) forgiven Frances !

PRESENTATIONS.

August 30, 1842, a handsome Patent Lever Silver Watch, to P. G. Joseph Wilson, by the St. David's Lodge, Manchester District.—August 29, a splendid Gold Guard Chain, value £7. 7s. to P. P. G. M. Nathaniel Bosworth Twigge, surgeon to the Laurel and Crown Lodge, by the Ashborne District.—A Silver Medal, to P. G. Philip Brown, by the Prince of Wales Lodge, Ashborne District.—August 15, 1842, a valuable Silver Medal, to William Baylis, P. S. of the Benevolent Lodge, by the Rose of the Valley Lodge ; both in the Birmingham District.—March 3, 1842, a splendid Coffee Pot, to P. G. William Marshall, by the Victoria Lodge : August 15, 1842, a splendid Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. Richard Jefferson, Surgeon, by the Maxwell and Rising Oak Lodges ; all in the Market Weighton District.—Feb. 8, 1842, a splendid Silver Medal, to P. Prov. G. M. and Prov. C. S. James Massey, by the Belper District.—July 11, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. Thomas Endor, by the St. George Lodge, Birmingham District.—March 5, 1842, a Silver Medal to Prov. C. S. William James ; also, a Silver Medal, to P. G. James Boscow Watson, by the Queen Adelaide Lodge, Chipping, Slaidburn District.—July 4, 1842, a Silver Watch, to P. P. G. M. John Francis, by the Friend in Need Lodge, Shrewsbury.—July 4, 1842, a Silver Medal to P. G. Henry Peplow, by the Salopian's Friend Lodge, Shrewsbury.—August 11, 1842, a splendid Silk Flag, with an appropriate inscription, to the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Wistanstow, Shrewsbury District, by Mrs. Lumb, the lady of the Rev. W. E. Lumb, M. A., P. G., on behalf of the ladies of Wistanstow ; it was accepted by Francis Marsten, Esq., P. G.—A splendid Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. Blower, by the Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford, Bedford District.—December 25, 1841, a Gold Watch and Gold Guard Chain, to Prov. C. S. Francis Wood, of the Bollington District, (late of the Macclesfield District,) by the Macclesfield District.—Oct. 22, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, to P. P. G. M. Webb, by the Craven Lodge, North London District.—August 9, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. John Hoole, by the Dudley Lodge, Edmondscote District.

Marriages.

Oct. 31, 1842, brother J. O. Gleave, of the Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District, to Miss Jane Connelley, sister to brother John Connelley, of the same Lodge: Sept. 6, 1842, brother William Gaskell, of the same Lodge, to Miss Ruth Chadwick, of Manchester.—March 3, 1842, brother Samuel Crosby, of the Tollemache Lodge, Faddeley, to Miss Ann Manning.—Aug. 21, brother Geo. Porter, of the Rose of the Valley Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Eliza Dickenson.—June 21, John Raine Dent, of the United Brothers Lodge, to Miss Dixon, of York.—August 23, 1842, brother Charles Rudge, butcher, of the Temple of Friendship Lodge, Newent, to Miss Ann Bisco, second daughter of Mr. William Bisco, of Sandy-way, near Newent.—Lately, at Stewarton, brother James Hutchinson, Esq., surgeon to the Alexander Wilson Lodge, Paisley, to Mary, eldest daughter of David Lachland, Esq.—June 1, 1842, at Kettering, V. G. Joseph Davies, of the Polar Star Lodge, Rothwell, Northampton District, to Miss Mary Shortland, of the same place.—Nov. 12, 1842, P. Prov. D. G. M. William Tyson, of the Heart of Oak Lodge, Wigton, to Miss Ruth Burney.—Nov. 17, 1842, brother Martin Heath, of the Travelers' Rest Lodge, Holmes Chapel, to Miss Mary Ann Hughes, daughter of Host Thomas Hughes, of the Farmers' Arms, of Congleton.—August, 1842, brother Samuel Jones, to Miss Jesse Gough: Sep. 25, 1842, brother Thomas Heydon, to Miss Jane East: Oct. 2, 1842, at Westminster, brother Joseph Fry, to Miss Elizabeth Chamberlaine; all of the Craven Lodge, North London District.—Sep. 12, 1842, brother John Carrie, of the Dundee Star Lodge, to Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Wishart, merchant.—Oct. 26, 1842, G. M. Thomas Livsey, of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Rochdale, to Sarah, youngest daughter of Richard Lord, cotton manufacturer, Rochdale, and honorary member of the Star of Providence Lodge, Rochdale.—May 16, 1842, at the parish church, Bristol, by the Rev. W. A. Heald, vicar, brother George Lye Knowles, of the Friendship's Protection Lodge, Brighouse District, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Townend, leather dealer; both of Hightown.—June 5, at Berwick-upon-Tweed, brother Thomas Hammond, of the Rose and Thistle Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Brierley: also, at the same place, Aug. 5, brother Matthew Smithard,

of the same Lodge, to Miss Barbara Leitch.—July 6, 1842, at St. George's church, N. G. Wylds, of the Avon Lodge, Bathford, to Miss Tabitha Gale, fourth daughter of Mr. George Gale, of Marshfield.—Sep. 29, 1842, at Bathford church, brother Joseph Shellard, of the Avon Lodge, to Miss Hannah Bull, second daughter of brother Robert Bull, of the same Lodge.—Oct. 20, 1842, at St. Pancras' church, London, brother Isaac Sendall, of the Avon Lodge, to Miss Dinah Ettle, third daughter of Mr. Ettle, of Batheaston.—Nov. 8, 1842, at Bathford church, brother James Bull, of the Avon Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Shellard, third daughter of Mr. Thomas Shellard, of Wellow.—Oct. 10, 1842, at the office of Humphrey Lloyd Williams, Esq., Llanfyllin, Prov. G. M. John Edwards, (*Meiriadog*) of the Powis Lodge, Llanfair District, to Miss Elizabeth Watkins.—Sep. 29, 1842, P. G. Benjamin Antel, to Miss Elizabeth Smith; both of Stonehouse.—July 31, at Tadcaster, 1842, brother Speight, of the Lord Bingley Lodge, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Wright, of Bowcliffe Cottage, of the same place: Sep. 5, at Wetherby, by the Rev. Mr. Roby, P. G. R. Farra, of the Mineral Spring Lodge, Boston, to Miss Beaumont, of Wetherby; both of the Tadcaster District.—June 27, 1842, brother William Tetstall, of the Hope of Worcester Lodge, Worcester, to Eliza Baker; both of Worcester.—Oct. 2, 1842, at North Shields, brother William Smith, of the Prospect Lodge, North Shields District, to the eldest daughter of Mr. Farwicke, farmer, of Rake House.—August 17, brothers William and George Ellis, of the Laurel and Crown Lodge, to Misses Martha and Elizabeth Yates, daughters of host Yates, of the Crewe and Harpur Lodge; both in the Ashborne District.—June 7, 1842, at the United Secession church, Kendal, by the Rev. J. Guthrie, brother Robert Retton, of the Nelson Lodge, Kendal, to Miss Sarah Garnett, of Kent Terrace, Kendal.—Feb. 9, 1842, brother Thomas Hughes, of the Refuge of Hope Lodge, Wem, to Miss Ann Knoden, of the same place: March 14, 1842, brother Samuel Yound, to Miss Mary Walton, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Walton: July 4, brother Thomas Davies, to Miss Mary Oakley, youngest daughter of Mr. John Oakley, joiner; all of the Refuge of Hope Lodge, in the Ellesmere District.—March 20, 1842, P. V. Caleb Kilnes, of Castleford, to Miss Eliza-

beth, eldest daughter of Joseph Ashton, farmer, of Allerton-Bywater; May 8, 1842, brother William Ashton, of Allerton-Bywater, to Miss Ann Ripley, third daughter of Mr. William Ripley, potter, near Castleford: May 15, 1842, P. G. John Simpson, of Castleford, to Miss Ann Alsop, daughter of Mr. Thomas Alsop, farmer, of Snydale, near Pontefract; all of the Starkie Lodge, Castleford, Pontefract District.—July 9, 1842, P. S. Michael Parker, of the Wharfedale Lodge, Grassington, to Mary, eldest daughter of P. G. William Brown.—Nov. 10, 1842, brother Thomas Hassall, to Miss Hannah Hilton, youngest daughter of Mr. Hilton, of Shenstone.—August 6, at the parish church, Fenton, brother Richard Wilkinson, of the Bud of Hope Lodge, Tadcaster District, to Miss Margaret Prince; both of the above place.—April 14, 1841, at the Holy Trinity church, Hull, by the Rev. T. H. Brumby, D. G. M. Matthew Brig-

ham Harland, bricklayer, to Miss Ann, second daughter of Mr. William Hornsey, bricklayer, of Newbold: April 18, 1841, at the Minster, Beverley, by the Rev. James Eyre, P. G. Crispin Wilkinson, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. James Lyon, of Watton: June 22, 1841, at the parish church, Lonsbro', brother Charles Tindale, to Miss Elizabeth Simpson, of Lonsborough; all of the Victoria Lodge, Market Weighton District.—Nov. 14, 1842, at St. Michael's church, Ilkinston, V. G. Peter Stanley, of the Rutland Lodge, to Miss Sisson, of Cotmanhay.—Nov. 14, at Lancaster, brother William Gifford, to Miss Jane Carr, sister to P. G. Richard Carr; both of the Mountaineer Lodge, Lancaster District.—Nov. 26, 1842, at the parish church of Bedale, by the Rev. Ottiwell Saddler, brother Peter Hammond, of the Bolton Lodge, Leyburn, Masham District, to Miss Margaret Walton, of Bedale.

Deaths.

June 23, 1842, brother William Davies, of the Refuge of Hope Lodge.—August 27, 1842, P. G. Thomas Morgan, of the Good Intent Lodge, Newbridge District.—Sep. 6, 1842, brother James Robinson, aged 31, of the United Brothers Lodge, Barnard Castle District: Sep. 22, 1842, brother Michael Gates, aged 38, of the same Lodge.—Sep. 9, at Sheldon, aged 22, brother Thomas Harvey, of the Widows' Protection Lodge, Fazeley District.—April 25, 1842, brother James Nobles, of the Well of Salvation Lodge, Kirkbarton District.—Sep. 1, P. G. Robert Cole, of the Earl of Chesterfield Lodge, Midway District.—Sep. 13, 1842, brother Samuel Allsop, of the Colville Lodge, Duffield, Belper District, aged 38.—Oct. 11, brother Andrew Frazer, of the Widows' Refuge Lodge, Potton, aged 40.—May 25, 1842, Susannah, the wife of brother Geo. Davison, of the Shakespears Lodge, Durham: June 27, Ellen, the wife of brother John Southern, of the Byron Lodge, Thornley, aged 26: July 14, Jane, the wife of brother Robert Stainsby, of the Shakespears Lodge, aged 45: August 27, brother William Paxton, of the Haswell Lodge, Haswell, aged 29: August 28, brother George Tiplady, of the Lyons Lodge, Easington Lane, aged 23: Oct. 12, Ralph Hutchinson, Esq., banker, an

honorary member of the Shakespears Lodge, aged 68; all in the Durham District.—April 17, 1841, the wife of brother William Hudson, of the Lord Dudley Lodge: April 11, 1842, brother David Eardley, of the same Lodge; Pottery and Newcastle District.—July 18, 1842, brother Joseph Wriggleworth, of the Archangel Lodge, Tadcaster.—Sep. 27, 1842, P. Prov. G. M. Abraham Collinge, aged 46, of the King George the Fourth Lodge, Newton Heath District.—March 10, 1842, host James Sparrow, aged 52, of the Stonehouse District.—Oct. 24, Harriet Morley, wife of brother William Morley, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Goole, aged 25.—Nov. 10, brother Samuel Wright, master of the sloop John, aged 30; he was accidentally knocked overboard, and was drowned.—Oct. 14, 1842, brother Joseph Foster, aged 23, son of brother Joseph Foster, of the Pilgrim's Rest Lodge, Stapleford.—August 31, brother John Johnson, of the Shakespears Lodge, Durham, aged 33.—May 20, brother James Thacker, of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Hognaston: July 10, brother William Emmenson, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Ashborne: Sep. 30, brother William Hambleton, of the Miners' Hope Lodge, Butterton; all in the Ashborne District.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number will be inserted in the next.]



Geo. Richmond Esq.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
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APRIL.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1843.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE RICHMOND, G. M.

MANKIND are ever anxious to become acquainted with the history of those who have attained to eminence, in order that it may be ascertained by what means their objects have been achieved, and what were the exertions which led to successful results. It is, however, frequently the case that those who have laboured in the cause of virtue or philanthropy meet with few incidents in their career calculated to be of general interest. Whilst the lives of men devoted to ambitious daring, and encountering perils by flood and field, are read with excitement and gratification, the biographies of those whose days have been spent in administering to the wants of their fellow-creatures are for the most part unproductive of striking events. The lives of a Nelson or a Napoleon are eagerly sought after, though only a limited number take delight in an account of the praiseworthy deeds of a Howard or a Man of Ross. The smooth stream may flow on unnoticed, but the torrent always attracts attention.

We have, on another occasion, been led to indulge in remarks of a similar character to the above; and we should feel our task, as a biographer, at times an irksome one, were it not that the majority of our readers are themselves labourers in the cause of Odd Fellowship, and consequently aware of the materials at our command in notices of this description. Those who have dedicated their time and energies to the cause will, we are convinced, make every allowance for the meagreness of our details, and will be enabled to supply from their own experience many services rendered by the subject of our memoir, but which various reasons may prevent us from dwelling upon.

George Richmond was born in Manchester, on the 24th of August, 1801, of respectable parents. He was, in due time, apprenticed to Mr. Harrop, proprietor and printer of the British Volunteer and Mercury. With him he remained eleven years. At the expiration of that time the papers on which Mr. Richmond had been employed were incorporated with the Manchester Guardian, and Mr. Harrop's business was broken up. Mr. Richmond then entered into an engagement with Mr. Sowler, the proprietor of the Manchester Courier, and continued with him for the space of ten years. In 1835 he commenced business himself.

Mr. Richmond became a member of the Order on the 25th of February, 1832, and was on the night of his initiation proposed as Secretary. He was elected on the following lodge-night, and successively served the various offices of his Lodge. At the end of his services he was presented with a splendid silver medal, with gold centre, the amount for purchasing which was principally raised by the voluntary subscriptions of the members of the Lodge. In June, 1834, he was elected G. M. of the Manchester District, which he represented at the A. M. C. of Derby, and on his return was presented with a silver skeleton lever watch, of the value of £7 10s., being £2 10s. more in amount than had been given to any previous officer of the District on a similar occasion. In

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1836 he was elected D. G. M. of the Manchester District, and afterwards served the offices of Vice President and President of the Funeral Fund. Whilst D. G. M. of the District he sat as N. G. of the Temple's Pride Lodge, which was then in a low state, thinking he might be able to be of use to the Lodge. When Mr. Richmond had finished his services, though the members of the Lodge were desirous of presenting him with a token of their esteem, he refused to accept of the same, on account of the impoverished condition of their funds. In 1840 he drew his clearance from the Lodge in which he had been initiated, and joined the Countess of Wilton Lodge, of which he is still a member. He was chosen to represent the Countess of Wilton Lodge at the York A. M. C., being the next which occurred after he had joined the Lodge. A past officer of the Lodge was intended to be nominated, but from considerations of respect towards Mr. Richmond, and the efficiency with which he had served the Order, no opposition was made to his appointment. This is only mentioned as one of numerous instances to shew how much he has gained the good opinion of those who know him best. Besides Derby, he has also represented the Manchester District at the A. M. Cs. of Rochdale, Birmingham, and the Isle of Man, at which latter place he was elected D. G. M. of the Order. At the Wigan A. M. C. he was elected G. M., and was also appointed one of the Committee of four chosen to confer with the American Deputation. He has likewise filled the offices of Vice President and President of the Manchester I. O. Fs'. Sick Club, and is at present its Treasurer. He was also at one period appointed arbitrator by the Liverpool District, in the settlement of various disputes between that District and P. Prov. G. M. Bradgate; and we have reason to know that Mr. Richmond's conduct on that occasion gave every satisfaction to those parties on whose behalf he was appointed. Though previous to his being elected D. G. M. or G. M. of the Order he had unsuccessfully stood his poll for these offices, we believe him to have been on each occasion actuated only by the most praiseworthy motives, and an earnest desire to render Odd Fellowship all the aid of which he was capable.

Mr. Richmond's career in the Institution has been uniformly an active one, and has been characterized by a persevering industry which we should be glad to see more largely emulated. He has always been at his post when his services were required, and ever found assiduously attentive to the details of the business before him. Few members of the Order have spent more time in its service than he has, and we believe that his attendance as a visitor to the Lodges will not be exceeded by any one in the District to which he belongs. Should he have failed to satisfy all, we are confident that the fault is not to be attributed to his heart. His temperament is warm, but kind, generous, and forgiving; and if he seem at any time too ardent, it must be ascribed to his enthusiasm and perhaps over anxiety for the welfare of the Order. We know him to be devotedly attached to the principles of the Institution, and we are certain that he will not, from any personal motive, shrink from vindicating and supporting them against all opponents.

It is a too common reproach against old and tried officers of the Order that they do not take the same interest in its proceedings as at their outset. There is great injustice in a charge like this. Those who at a sacrifice of much time, labour, and money have won honourable distinction amongst us, cannot reasonably be expected to subject themselves to the same amount of minor services which they did when novices. They are often actuated, too, by a wish to leave an opening for young and aspiring members, who might consider them as obstructing the path to eminence. When, however, the toil endured by Mr. Richmond, during the long period he has been in office, is taken into account, we do not believe any party will hazard making a complaint against him on the score of want of diligence. Out of eleven years that he has been a member of the Order ten have been spent in the cares of office. We are far from advising that he should retire from amongst us when his present term of office has expired, but we should accuse that man of ingratitude who would attempt to deny his privilege to enjoy some degree of repose after his active and valuable exertions.

We know that Mr. Richmond has a long roll of friends, whilst with his foes we are unacquainted, and we take our leave of him with all kind wishes for his continued prosperity both in and out of the Order.

THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWSHIP, AND OTHER PHILANTHROPIC INSTITUTIONS.

ONE great proof of the humanizing effects of education and knowledge is the existence, in England, at the present day, of so many institutions which have for their object the alleviating the distresses incident to mankind. In the early ages when men were in a barbarous and savage state, and their principal employments were agriculture and the chase, little care was taken to provide for the morrow, but the success which procured a bountiful supply for the day was celebrated by rude feasting and inordinate indulgence. The consequences of this improvidence were at times the most keen and injurious privations, and man became reduced to a level with the inferior animals, roaming about in a state of ravenous hunger "seeking whom he might devour." The old and infirm were in many cases left to perish unaided, and not unfrequently their deaths were accelerated by their unfeeling relatives. Even now we are furnished with instances by travellers of such inhuman customs being prevalent in uncivilized countries. We trust, however, that the time is fast approaching when not only in England, but in every other portion of the globe the spirit of philanthropy will spread around its beneficial influence, and men will learn to look upon one another as children of the same parents. That the institution of Odd Fellowship has for its object the accomplishing of this desirable end, no one who is at all acquainted with its workings will pretend to deny; and it is, therefore, the more painful to the feelings of its brethren when they find those who are ignorant of its principles railing against its utility, and doing all in their power to prevent their fellow-men from participating in its benefits. We have known innumerable instances of parties who have been amongst the most bitter sneerers at our body, become its warmest friends and supporters when they were induced to obtain admittance into our temples. They found amongst us no feelings of superiority engendered by the wealth or position in society of individuals; they found all distinctions of rank levelled, and those only elevated above others in the esteem of their brethren whose labours had been most efficient and untiring in the cause of philanthropy. They found warm hearts and kind natures the prevailing characteristics of the body, and that reverses of fortune or adverse circumstances, so far from injuring the individuals to whom they occurred in the opinions of their brethren, only furnished additional claims for sympathy and support. They found us the foes of oppression, and the relievers of distress, in whatever form they presented themselves: they found us not only administering to the wants of our brethren whilst living, but letting feelings of charity descend to their surviving partners and their offspring. The very circumstance of a fund for relieving the widow and orphan being one of the features of our Institution, we consider is sufficient to reflect upon it a lustre calculated to ensure for it the admiration and support of all individuals who are desirous of ameliorating the sufferings of their fellow-beings. What can give greater or purer pleasure to the human heart than the knowledge that we have been the means of contributing to solace the closing hours of mortality—that we have plucked thorns from the pillow of sickness, and sweetened the last draught of earthly existence with the honey of charity! In what a state of mind must that man be who is laid upon a bed of disease and suffering, and who sees the shadows of death

hovering round him, when he thinks on the misery and want which his death will entail upon those who survive him, and whom he must leave entirely unprovided with the means of existence. What agony must he endure when he pictures to himself the wife of his bosom and the children of his affection left destitute and unprotected to the scorn and contumely of a pitiless world ! What must be his emotions when he thinks that the darling little ones who have clung round his knee—whose eyes have been the star-light, and whose prattle has been the music of his humble dwelling—may wander as homeless and starving beggars through the stony streets, amid strangers whose hearts are as hard ! Is it for man in such a state of mind to prepare himself for “another and a better world,” and to wean his thoughts from earth and its cares ?—no ! his spirit passes into the regions of immortality unprepared for that great event, and his last thoughts are for the sufferers he leaves behind him to sorrow and grieve for his loss. Those who have contributed their mites to the Widow and Orphans’ Fund may, at least, lay to their souls the unction that they have been the means of preventing many cases such as those to which we have alluded. But this Fund is only one, amongst many excellencies, which entitles our Order to the support of all those who wish well to the human race.

There are, it is true, thousands who are fortunate enough to know little of the misery and sorrow which the great mass of the people are compelled to endure, and who are too apt to view with somewhat of disdain societies which are mainly formed to assist the working-classes. There are many who are so wholly engrossed with frivolous pursuits and the gratifications of sensuality that they cannot bestow a thought upon the wants of the humbler ranks and the hard turns of fortune with which they have occasionally to contend. There are numerous persons who read in the newspapers the most appalling narratives of poverty and disease, and feel nothing like the interest in them which they do in a highly-wrought passage in a novel, or a pathetic scene in a tragedy.* Such being the case, working-men cannot be too earnestly advised to provide as far as possible for themselves, and to appropriate from their earnings, when in their power, sufficient to raise for them a fund on which they can fall back in sickness and distress. Besides the pleasure attendant upon the knowledge that we are providing for ourselves, there is to all rightly-constituted minds a source of unalloyed gratification in administering relief to the common and real sufferings of others. The more we are exercised in offices of charity, and the more shall we become desirous of making ourselves the instruments of benevolence to our brethren, so that we may assimilate as nearly as we can to the philanthropy of that divine Being, “who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth the rain on the just and on the unjust, remembering always that though it is blessed to receive, it is, at the same time, more blessed to give.”

It would be exceedingly interesting to ascertain correctly the names and numbers of the various philanthropic societies now in existence in England, and to obtain a brief history of their origin and prospects. Such a research might lead us to the possession of numerous important facts, which might be of considerable use, and would doubtless be highly acceptable to our readers. We have been favoured by a correspondent with the following list of secret orders now established in Great Britain :—

Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity.
 Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.
 United Ancient Order of Druids.
 Ancient Order of Foresters.
 Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, Ashton Unity.
 Ancient Order of Free Gardeners.
 Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, Sheffield Unity.
 Ancient Noble Order of Odd Fellows, Bolton Unity.
 Imperial Order of Odd Fellows, Nottingham Unity.
 United Order of Odd Fellows, Leeds Unity.
 Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Paddock Unity.
 Independent Reformed Order of Odd Fellows.
 Modern Order of Druids.
 Independent Order of Ancient Druids.
 Royal Order of Foresters.
 Independent Order of Royal Foresters.
 Independent Order of Free Gardeners.
 Independent Order of Free Masons.
 Leeds United Order of the Ark.
 Leeds Independent Order of the Ark.
 Ancient Order of Britons.
 Loyal Order of Free Mechanics.
 Independent Order of Free Mechanics.
 British Mariners.
 Independent Order of British Mariners.
 Ancient Order of Romans.
 Honourable Order of the Peaceful Dove.
 Independent Order of Rechabites.
 United Order of the Golden Fleece, Bradford Unity.
 Independent Order of the Golden Fleece, Bradford Unity.
 Royal Order of Artists.
 Independent Order of United Brothers, Leicester Unity.
 United Order of Ancient Greeks.
 Knights Templars.
 Most Noble Order of the Knights of Malta.
 Loyal Order of Orangemen.
 Grand Protestant Confederacy.

Our correspondent informs us that some of the above bodies are very numerous, whilst of others he is not able to give any account whatever. He also says that there are more bodies, whose names he is not able to mention.

A comparison between our Order and Benefit Societies in general, and an inquiry into the causes which have conduced to our present proud pre-eminence might not be without its uses. It is the more incumbent on us to search narrowly into the foundations of our Institution, that a false step might at any time hurl us from our high estate; and in proportion to the height of the pinnacle we have attained, so much the greater would be our fall. Our members have generally, in matters relative to the Order, committed a mistake which seems almost inseparable from humanity—that of too much self-laudation. The pæans of praise resound from every quarter; each seems as though he strove to outdo another in magnifying the acts and objects of the Order, and it would be almost accounted heresy amongst them if any one should be found hardy enough to gainsay these high assertions. But yet, though every unprejudiced mind must acknowledge the extended scope of our active benevolence, and must admit the vast amount of human suffering which is alleviated through our means, it behoves us to carefully consider our position, and to remove our

defects—for what earthly institution is without?—and thus infuse a vitality and stability into the Order which shall ensure the continuation of its blessings to all succeeding generations.

It has been observed that the press—that mighty engine both for good and evil—has not yet, except in a few isolated cases, deemed us worthy of its notice. It cannot, however, be long thus, for our increasing numerical strength, if nothing else, will force us upon public attention; and very probably the present apathy of the press will be more than made up by its searching keenness of investigation when its conductors shall see meet to take us under their censorship.

To all those who have watched the progress of our Order it must be evident that in every locality where it has taken root, the old benefit societies have fallen into decacy. It seems, like Aaron's rod, to have swallowed them all up. One great secret of our success is undoubtedly owing to our system of self-government. Many of the old friendly societies were formed of working men, who had not time to spare, nor perhaps ability to detect any error in the proceedings; and thus they fell under the control of a few more active and energetic minds, who in too many instances abused the confidence reposed in them. Defalcations occur at times amongst ourselves, but only where Lodges have neglected the simple and self-evident necessary measures of precaution, and placed strong temptation in the way of those who had not firmness to resist it. There is also another agent at work amongst us, the most powerful of any which can be brought into operation—there is such a thing as public opinion in the Order. Under the old system of benefit societies each was independent of and isolated from another, and thus the chances of detecting fraud were much lessened. Now, although the management and control of its funds are very wisely left in the sole power of each individual Lodge, yet still to a certain extent they are open to the supervision of the whole Order. None of our deeds are done in a corner: the financial business is brought forward in its place and time, and is not confined to the members of the Lodge, but is communicated to every member of the Order who may chance to be present. Thus, if the members of the Lodge may perchance have sunk into apathy and indifference, there will most likely be some one at hand ready to warn them. The fear of exposure also must have great effect: if wrong is committed amongst us the knowledge is not confined to the few individuals concerned, but is promulgated through the wide extent of our unity; the brand of shame is stamped upon the brow of the offender, and his former friends and associates turn from him with disgust and loathing. The charm of secrecy also has not been without its effect. Although amongst ourselves we are aware that it only means the necessary precaution against imposition, yet such is not the case with the uninitiated, and there can be no doubt that numbers have joined us to gain possession of this hidden knowledge. Though disappointed in their attempt to grasp an airy nothing, they have been contented to remain with us, and receive solid and substantial benefits in exchange for a vain illusion. We are told by the highest authority not to do evil that good may follow; but we have surely acted wisely, by appealing to a passion which is coeval with the existence of mankind, and thus endeavouring to make

“Even their failings lean to virtue's side.”

LYRICS FOR THE ORDER.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

No. V.

THE WAY WAS LONG AND WILD.

Air,—"The soldier's tear."

THE way was long and wild,
 And bitter was the night,
 And not a star was in the heavens,
 To cheer him with its light;
 He thought of other days,
 And the home to him most dear;
 Deep sadness was upon his heart,
 And on his cheek a tear.

He listened once again
 To the accents of delight
 By his young and happy children breathed,
 When they heard his step at night;
 His gentle wife he saw
 With smiling lips draw near,
 And the wanderer heaved an anguished sigh,
 And dashed away a tear.

Upon him streamed a light,
 Whose rays lit up his gloom,
 And he bent his tired and failing steps
 To a bright and peaceful room;
 And then came friends around,
 By mystic union dear,
 Who cheered the wanderer's drooping heart,
 And dried his falling tear.

No. VI.

OH! THERE IS NOT ON EARTH SUCH A SCENE OF DELIGHT.

Air,—"The meeting of the waters."

OH! there is not on earth such a scene of delight
 As the Lodge where true brethren in friendship unite,
 Where harmony casts o'er the spirit a spell,
 And the angel of charity loveth to dwell.

There's a secret enchantment which guardeth the spot,
 And the demon of discord can penetrate not;
 'Tis an Eden where pleasure and peacefulness smile,
 And no serpent can enter with envious guile.

Yes! there are assembled the men who combine
 For the good of their race in a compact divine,
 And this is the aim of their bountiful plan,
 To banish all woe from the dwelling of man.

Dear refuge of sorrow! full often I greet
 The friends of my heart in thy quiet retreat;
 And in the dark moments of sadness and pain
 I pine to partake of thy gladness again.

THE UNFORGIVEN ONE.

"Come nearer, nearer, father—oh! come closer, father, nigh,
 And let me press thy hand again once more before I die!
 Oh! do not frown so angrily—oh, do not hate me now,
 For death is coming o'er me, and his tear is on my brow;
 I feel, I feel I cannot last to see another sun,—
 Oh! bend thy spirit, father, ere my earthly course is run.
 My life may have offended thee, undutiful and wild,—
 But art not thou my father? Yes! And am not I thy child?
 If heavenly love can look upon repentant mortal man,
 Wilt thou not melt thy heart of flesh? Come, father, while you can!
 A little, little longer, and you can't recall the past,—
 Come nearer, father, press my hand—oh! it will be the last!"
 So spake he as he lay upon the thorny bed of death—
 So whisper'd forth his wretched prayer with an expiring breath.
 The father would not hear that prayer—unmovingly he stood
 As the rock on which the ocean wave doth beat at every flood;
 He would not list the sigh that rose, the sigh of agony,
 And thus the wretched youth exclaimed,—“Oh, father, now I die!”
 He spake no more. You might observe a slight convulsive start—
 'Twas over—for a father's curse had crush'd a broken heart!
Earl Warwick Lodge, Edmondscote District.

SONG OF THE ORDER.

From the Drama of "*Friendship, Love, and Truth*," written by brother CHARLES BASS, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The music composed by brother POVAH, of the Sir Oswald Mosley Lodge.

WHEN harmony rises in strains blithe and cheering,
 What joy will its soul-stirring music impart!
 But still to the feelings it grows more endearing
 When the theme is a subject to cheer ev'ry heart;
 Of that theme let each brother be still the recorder,
 The help of the aged, the hope of the youth!
 And join heart and voice in the praise of the Order,
 United in friendship, in love, and in truth.

In the Lodge we assemble as friends and as brothers,
 In unity, concord, and peace dwells our band,
 Together harmonious one's joy is the other's,
 And the heart is presented in each open hand;
 Nor alone on ourselves are good wishes attendant,
 The tears of the widow and orphan we sooth!
 Our order is loyal and still independent,
 United in friendship, in love, and in truth.

In faith we are strong that the Order may flourish,
 And hope paints a future of bliss to our view;
 While charity's aid our poor brethren will nourish,
 As the bud is refresh'd by the soft falling dew;
 And as the warm sunbeam the ripening fruit mellow,
 The eye that beams on us our progress shall smooth,
 And prosperity reign o'er each Lodge of Odd Fellows,
 United in friendship, in love, and in truth!

TURTON TOWER;

A TALE OF HUMPHREY CHETHAM'S DAYS.

BY GEORGE RICHMOND, G. M.

CHAPTER III.

—O nation, that thou could'st remove,—
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly.

SHAKESPEARE.

We must now glance over a period of fourteen years, conceiving the alterations which that space of time would naturally produce upon the persons before brought to notice; and premising that the year 1644,* in which we resume our tale was, as the historian will be well aware, the period of those civil broils which despoiled the kingdom of many of its noblest edifices, and robbed it of thousands of its bravest youths.

It was a beautiful morning, towards the latter end of May; in that year, the sun was brightly shining, and not a cloud dappled the azure canopy of the heavens—the flocks were peacefully feeding on the Heights, which now were decked with the violet, the primrose, and the yellow-blossomed gorse—the little rill gently rippled onwards in its pebbly course, and, as it stole from beneath the tuft of fern, sparkled and splashed, as if idly raving at the power which forced it from its native hills—the bee industriously plied his busy wing, and with unceasing toil extracted honey from the lowly heather-bell—the butterfly, sporting with wanton wing, passed gaily on from flower to flower, and sipped their fragrant sweets—the lark rose high in air, and carolled forth his morning song, re-echoed by the dewy hills—the earth itself breathed forth the balmy breath of spring, and all was “harmony and peace,” even on the rugged Heights of Turton. The tower itself stood solitary amidst the neighbouring hills, its casements sparkling in the morning sun, and a figure leaned over its battlements whom, an enthusiastic mind, would at once have adopted as the guardian angel of this sunny land. This was no other than the gentle Edith, who, fourteen years before, was rescued from the snow-storm,—but how changed from her when first she entered these halls. Time had transformed the half-starved foundling into the young, the graceful, and the lovely woman:—she was beauteous as the Hours of an Eastern paradise. In stature shorter than most women are—her figure, sylph-like, slim, and round and fair proportioned—her skin, white as the snow which aforetime had wrapped its fleecy wreath around her—her hair, dark, black and glossy as the raven's wing, waved in its natural ringlets on her snowy neck—her forehead, open and well formed, its exquisite whiteness forming a strong contrast to the glossy blackness of her hair, which parted above it—her cheeks alone were tinged with the pale tint of the opening rose—her eyebrows, darkly but fairly and openly delineated, as if by the pencil of an artist, chastened down by a slight

* After the battle of Newark, Prince Rupert marched towards Lancashire, with the intention to relieve the Countess of Derby, at that time besieged by Colonel Rigby, at the head of two thousand men. On the approach of the Prince, Colonel Rigby drew off his forces, and made a precipitate retreat to Bolton, which was fortified with a thick mud-wall, defended by cannon, and surrounded with a wide and deep fosse, and where his forces were augmented to about three thousand men. The Prince lost no time in pursuing the fugitives, and passing by Manchester, he arrived at Bolton on the 23rd of May, 1644. Here he was joined by the Earl of Derby from the Isle of Man, and in a council of war it was resolved to carry the town by storm. The assault was commenced, but the assailants were repulsed with the loss of two hundred men. The Prince, irritated by the conduct of Rigby, who ordered some of the prisoners taken in the assault to be executed on the walls, gave orders for a second assault; the force for carrying it into effect consisting of the Earl of Derby, at the head of two hundred Lancashire men, chiefly his own tenants and their sons. They were opposed by a galling fire of cannon and musketry; but the fury of this assault was irresistible, and the Earl, overcoming all opposition, entered the town at the private Akers, carrying consternation and dismay into the whole garrison. The royal forces rushed into every quarter of the town. Prince Rupert, unfortunately for his own character, refusing to give quarter, twelve hundred persons were put to the sword, after the battle was won, pursuing their victory not only in the town, but for several miles round, and as the inhabitants allege, destroying and spoiling almost all they met, denying quarter, and using other violences, besides plundering the town, and slaying four ministers. Two of the parliamentary officers were slain, but Colonel Rigby escaped, and marched into Yorkshire with the scattered remains of his forces.

expression of thought, of meditation, or perhaps of melancholy—her eyes, half veiled in their silken lashes, were black and clear, meek, plaintive, soft and expressive; the soul (if it may be so expressed) only, which beamed from within, shewed they were capable of flights of feeling and deep passion, which it would be painful to fathom.

Such was Edith, the foundling, who, from her pure white drapery and sweet Madona-like expression of countenance, might, as she stood thoughtfully leaning over the battlements, have been mistaken for a wanderer from the realms above.

Notwithstanding the beauty of the surrounding scene, or the harmony which appeared to prevail from earth to heaven, there was heard, at intervals, a low, sullen sound, which filled the air like the muttering of distant thunder, evidently disturbing the calm serenity of mind which characterized the gentle Edith. For a moment all was silent, and then one loud peal reverberating throughout the firmament struck on her ear, like the prelude to some mighty convulsion of nature. Not a word escaped her lips; but she held her hands over her ears, and closed her eyes, as if wishful to exclude all consciousness of what had so appalled her.

It was the besieging of Bolton, and the iron-tongued voice of war was heard amongst the peaceful hills of Turton.

Steps were heard ascending the narrow staircase which led up to the battlements, and the venerable figure of Mr. Chetham appeared on the Tower.

"That was a fearful sound, Edith," said the old man, as he held out his hand for the gentle girl to assist his steps to the front of the Tower. She replied by a look, which expressed more than a volume could have told.

For a time both were silent. Edith stood with her eyes fixed intently in the direction of Bolton-le-Moors, from whence appeared to arise a dense volume of smoke, which, unbroken by the slightest breeze, wreathed its towering vapoury form in spiral folds towards the face of heaven.

"Methinks," said Edith, "to judge from yonder smoke, the town must be on fire."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Chetham, "cannot the loss of life atone without the loss of property? Has, then, the stubborn resolution of the Roundheads roused the hot blood of the Cavaliers, and have they, on taking the town, reeked their vengeance on the defenceless inhabitants, by consuming their habitations? But no,—it cannot be—the Cavaliers are too noble, too generous, to commit such a dreadful deed,—it would more become the wily Roundhead than the gallant soldier of my Sovereign."

Little did Mr. Chetham's partiality for the cause of his king allow him to conceive the violence which the soldiers of his Sovereign were then committing on the persons and property of the defenceless inhabitants of Bolton-le-Moors. The Earl of Derby, at the head of two hundred Lancashire men, having carried the walls by storm, the Royalists poured into every quarter of the town; and, to the eternal disgrace of their fiery general, Prince Rupert, who, irritated by the stubborn resistance of the parliamentary troops and their cruel conduct to the prisoners they had previously taken, gave orders that no quarter should be given;—the town was accordingly not only ransacked and plundered, but 1200 persons were put to the sword—including several ministers of religion—besides other violences.

Such was the tragedy in acting at the very moment Mr. Chetham's own purity of mind was flattering him with the idea of the *pure* conduct of the party, in whose cause he was secretly interested. The Lord of Turton, in the eye of the public, stood upon neutral ground, and was supposed to favor neither party, or rather both,—for the way-worn soldier of the king, or the parliament, met with equal cordiality and attention, when chance or accident threw it into his power to aid and assist them. If, however, he evinced no external signs of favoring one party more than the other, in reality, his strict sense of duty rendered him blindfold to the foibles and errors of the king, whilst, as the appointed of God, he beheld in him his monarch—secretly he prayed for and supported his cause.

His neighbour, Bradshaw, of Bradshaw, having espoused the side of the parliament, and become a red-hot party-man, was too well aware of the Lord of Turton and Castleton's known integrity of character and importance in the county, derived from his estates and possessions, not to know that his example and interest would be attended with great weight and effect, if he could only be brought to array himself under the banners of the cause to which he had himself enlisted. But entreaties, persuasions, and

promises were in vain. "What would it avail me," said the old man on one occasion, when Bradshaw had been holding forth some lure of power or office; "why should I bind myself to any party for the sake of an office, the duties of which my advanced years render me incapable of performing? No. It would be acting contrary to my faith, my honour, and my conscience. Never shall it be said that Humphrey Chetham was bribed to embrace a cause, by the acceptance of a post, the honours and emoluments of which he received without faithfully performing its duties." Still the bold advocate for the cause of the parliament persisted in his endeavours to win his powerful neighbour to his own opinions and party, and it was not until he had received a positive denial, and a promise to remain neuter, that he refrained from persecuting the old gentleman on a subject, the nature of which, and constant importunity, had rendered almost disgusting.

Unfortunately for Charles the First, his conduct towards the gallant and noble Earl of Derby, had thrown a blot upon his character, and a stain upon his cause, which was taken advantage of by the parliamentarians, who succeeded in winning over to their party many of the principal Lancashire gentry, so that the king had few adherents in the county, and those few chose rather to remain neuter, than run the risk of having their property confiscated, or involve themselves in broils and feuds with their surrounding neighbours. But to return to the battlements of Turton Tower.

The cloud of smoke which had attracted the attention of the Lord of Turton and his adopted daughter, by degrees passed away, and no longer was heard the distant roar of artillery and musketry:—all was silent, and they were left in a state of painful suspense, to ruminate on the events which had occurred so very near to them.

This suspense was not, however, destined to be of long duration. Edith roused Mr. Chetham from the melancholy reverie into which he had sunk, by exclaiming, "What a strange noise sounds in my ear; it is like the rushing of a vast body of water."

"I hear nothing," said Mr. Chetham, after a slight pause of attention, "but the bees humming along on their sunny course."

"Hark! I hear it again," said Edith; "it comes nearer, and is more distinct,—it sounds now like the heavy tramp of a many horses." This supposition was partially confirmed by the appearance of a single horseman on the summit of Turton Heights, who, "with headlong haste and furious speed," urged on his charger at a rate which threatened the destruction of both man and horse. He had descended the hill, and was now opposite the tower, when Mr. Chetham's philanthropy suggested that it might be in his power to succour him. Although the flying soldier was evidently one of the parliamentary army, yet the fear and distress perceptible on his bent brow and in his furious pace, were a sufficient passport to the good offices of Mr. Chetham. He communicated his ideas to Edith. Not an instant was to be lost—Edith waved her kerchief, and Mr. Chetham hailed him. He heard the voice, and saw the kerchief waving over the battlements—but in vain; the warrior slightly raised his head and shook it in token of dissent—then giving his war-horse the spur, he continued his course at the same unabated pace, and was soon lost to view.

"Poor fellow," said the Lord of Turton, as he caught the last glimpse of him, "his flight bodes ill for the cause of the Roundheads; he flies like one who fancies danger or death treading upon his heels at every step."

Several of the servants, hearing their master's voice, made their appearance upon the tower, amongst the foremost of whom was old Gilbert.

"Gilbert," said his master, "muster the men-servants; bid them secure the doors and all the outward entrances, and let those who are so inclined arm themselves with what weapons they can find; we will, at least, not lay ourselves open to the visit of any straggling plunderers, who, on such occasions of confusion, seize the moment to effect their nefarious practices with greater effrontery, owing to the less liability of detection, and little chance of opposition."

Gilbert having in his youthful days held the post of serjeant in the militia, or train-bands of the county, felt a spark of his former valour again burn within his breast; and the mere thought of handling a halbert once more, caused him to descend the staircase with a rapidity which he had not practiced for twenty years before. Having secured the doors according to his master's direction, he assembled the men-servants, consisting of half-a-dozen able-bodied fellows, in the hall, against the walls of which were hung a number of weapons, both offensive and defensive, part of which remain to

this day. With these he equipped his little army, and posted them as sentinels in different parts of the tower.

Meanwhile, straggling parties of the flying Roundheads began to appear on the summit of the neighbouring Heights, who, urged by the panic with which their defeat had stricken them, and the fears that their conquerors were close behind, swept past with fearful rapidity, both horse and man covered from head to foot with blood and dust and sweat and foam. These were succeeded by larger parties, who passed at a more moderate rate, and at length the main body made its appearance, proceeding at a rapid but steady pace, and wrapped in a cloud of dust.

"This is a grand, but fearful sight, Edith," said Mr. Chetham; "it is a sight at which human nature shudders. How many brave fellows, like these and their comrades, are left behind weltering in their blood—every tie dissolved, and even their existence sacrificed to aid the cause, and keep alive this unnatural war? How many widows, orphans, parents, and relations are left to deplore their loss?—and how many anxious bosoms are throbbing for the fate of these men, who are yet left to re-act similar scenes, and perhaps share a similar fate?"

"It does indeed rouse serious reflections," said Edith, as she gazed on the glittering host, "not half an hour ago the path on which they now tread was still and peaceful, not a living being appeared upon it—now it looks like a flood of moving life. The scene in my eyes has changed like the river's course, which, before the thunder-storm, was dry and parched; but no sooner has the tempest past, than it becomes full to the brink, and down pours the deluge, rolling and glittering in the summer sun."

The retreating army soon passed from the view of the Lord of Turton and his adopted daughter. Still small parties of straggling troopers appeared on the Heights and quickly descended, following the track of their flying comrades. At length a more numerous body of troops gained the summit, and, instead of following their comrades, immediately wheeled about; at the same moment the shrill sound of a bugle winded over the Heights, and the little army on the summit began to prepare for action. This troop was the rear-guard of the Roundheads, who, being sorely pressed by the victorious Cavaliers at their heels, gallantly determined to make a stand, and sell their lives as dearly as possible, for the purpose of offering a check to the fury of their pursuers. They chose this situation, as it afforded them some little advantage over their adversaries, who had to struggle up a steep ascent before they could come to the encounter. It was, however, in vain. The Royalists, long inured to victory, and led on by their fiery general, quickly surmounted all obstacles. A quick and irregular discharge of fire arms was speedily followed by the clash of swords; a brief but deadly struggle ensued, and directly the Cavaliers were seen descending the Heights with frightful rapidity.

During the witnessing of this scene, it is impossible to describe the emotions of Mr. Chetham and his protégé. Accustomed to the habits of a peaceful life, unbroken and uninterrupted by the jarring interests and discontents of the multitude, how little were they prepared for the warlike scene which occurred beneath their eyes. A few hours before all was calm, peaceful and serene as the tenor of their own lives—all was loveliness and harmony, such as it was when broken upon by the clattering troops of the fear-stricken soldiery, whose looks boded of death and terror—then appeared the devoted troop, who made "a new Thermopole," anon it disappeared, as a huge stone thrown into a mighty current for a moment impedes its course, till the torrent rolls over it, and again rushes forward with ten-fold vengeance. Then followed the victorious Cavaliers, eager as hunters for the prey before them; blithely singing, or bandying about their loose jests and ribaldry, sportive even whilst the blood of their enemies still stained their brows. No sooner had they passed, than the killed and wounded appeared on the spot where the skirmish had taken place.

"God of heaven!" exclaimed the Lord of Turton, with hands and eyes uplifted, "Thy will be done!" Overpowered by his emotions he sank down on the roof of the tower. Edith, who had been observing the scene with pallid cheeks and bloodless lips, no sooner heard the exclamation of her protector, and perceived the effect it had produced upon him, than she shrieked aloud.

"Edith," said the old man, raising his head, "do not be alarmed, I am no worse; but gladly would that the sight I have seen could be erased from my memory. Look, child, and try if you can distinguish whether yonder poor fellows are all dead, or if any of them are only wounded."

Edith gave a timid look as he requested. "I cannot," said she, "at this distance, distinguish the dead from the living; but a party of soldiers are now crossing the brook towards us, bearing with them, I think, a wounded man."

"Heaven reward them for the good deed," said the Lord of Turton; "however," he continued, deriving consolation from the idea, "we may do something towards assuaging his pain, and soothing his sufferings. Many a brave fellow, whose parched and drying lips have asked in vain for a refreshing draught of water, has this day passed into a clod of the valley."

"They are at the gates," interrupted Edith, "but Gilbert won't admit them. Shall I step down and give directions to that effect?"

"Do, child, do; and tell them to lend every assistance in their power. Honest souls! they consider themselves acting for the best."

Edith descended from the battlements, and, on entering the vestibule, found Gilbert and his coadjutors in earnest consultation. Gilbert having reconnoitered, found the party at the gate consisted of only ten or a dozen men, and as he had the advantage of a strong wall to esconce himself behind, the old militia-man thought he could not have a better opportunity of shewing off his own valour, and displaying his zeal in the defence of his master. He was, therefore, earnestly exhorting his fellows to display their gallantry, by giving the party at the gate a warm reception. This, however, they declined, on various pretences; not that they were apprehensive their attack would prove ineffectual, but probably from the more prudential motive, that if they fired on the soldiery, they, by way of retaliation, might be disposed to return the compliment; and, from the scene already witnessed, they had good reason to believe that fighting was not a jocular matter.

"Let them knock at the gates and be d—d," vociferated old Gilbert, a spark of his youthful valour glowing brightly; "show yourselves like men, and let us give them a brush."

"Fye, Gilbert, fye," said Edith, who, unperceived, now stood by his side; "you were not wont to be thus opposed to those who sought your assistance. Mr. Chetham desires you to open the doors immediately, and lend all the aid in your power towards assisting the wounded man; and you, Gabriel, make all the haste you can to Chapel Town, and bring the doctor back with you."

Gilbert withdrew the ponderous bolts and bars, aided by which he had deemed himself impregnable, all the while muttering something betwixt an apology and a justification; but the major part of it, like Macbeth's "amen," stuck in his throat, and the remainder was unintelligible to any ears but his own. At length the massy doors were thrown open, and half-a-dozen troopers, bearing the body of the wounded man, entered the vestibule. Edith, impelled by some powerful motive, perhaps curiosity, remained half screened from view by a projecting wall, steadfastly regarding the wretched object before her. He was a man somewhat past the meridian of life; his features, (although distorted with pain) were noble and commanding, but scathed and swarthy with the toil of many a hard campaign. A long and deep-drawn seam, extending from the inner side of the left eye, across the cheek down to the jaw-bone, betrayed a "deed of the battle field." There was a compression of the upper lip, and a firmness in the bent brow, which betokened that "he would do what he had done." He wore a steel helmet and cuirass, and his dress and accoutrements, though soiled with dust and blood, bespoke him an officer of rank.

As the soldiers bore him past Edith he turned his languid eyes upon her, when, as if impelled by some powerful recollection, he suddenly raised himself, and gazing earnestly upon her, gave a deep sigh, and again sunk into the arms of his supporters. Edith was at a loss to comprehend the cause of this behaviour in the wounded soldier. Although he was evidently in a dying state, the manner in which he raised himself, and the agony portrayed in his countenance, were evidently not the result of bodily pain, but arising from some hidden anguish of the mind. Perhaps, thought she, he feels his end approaching, and the remembrance of some near female relative may have been recalled to his bewildered mind by my appearance here. He may have a sister, wife, or child, or all, dependent upon him for protection, and he now feels, with dreadful intensity, the loss they are about to suffer. "Would to God," she earnestly exclaimed, "they were here to solace and comfort him." Affected by the wanderings of her own imagination, a large tear stole into "her dark prophetic eye."

Edith had watched the soldiers bear him through the vestibule, and was unconscious that any person remained within hearing. Roused from the reverie into which she had sunk by the sound of her own voice, she glanced around, and the first object that met her view was a Cavalier officer, who commanded the party that had brought the wounded man, and who, seated on his war-horse almost under the arch of the door, was regarding her with the greatest interest and attention.

Her first intention was to withdraw, but seeing the officer dismount, she paused, and pointing to an adjoining room, requested him to walk forward, and he would meet with attendance.

She then retraced her steps to the battlements of the tower, and was speedily screened from observation.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD AT HER SISTER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

(Authoress of "A Legend of Mona," &c.)

SPRING has returned with her perfumed breath,
 Let us go forth with the violet wreath,
 With the last of the snowdrops, the pure, the pale,
 But bend not your steps to the sylvan vale;
 Our path is under the yew tree's gloom,
 We go with flowers to the silent tomb;
 Winter was dark when we laid her here,
 For she past away with the dying year;
 The snow storm gather'd its silent veil,
 And the tempest came with its arrowy hail,
 As we laid the earth on her gentle breast,
 And gave her to death and its dreamless rest.
 Her cheek, like thine, had the wild rose bloom,
 (It has long been pale in the silent tomb)
 As light were her curls in their wavy play,
 With a sunny gleam from the glancing ray,
 And her laugh with music and gladness rung,
 As if earth had no grief for the fair and young;
 A shadow fell on that radiant child,
 And we learnt to sorrow while yet she smiled,
 For we knew that the finger of pale decay
 Was wasting the heart of our loved away,
 Till weary of earth, in her earliest prime,
 She left our home for a happier clime.
 Scatter your flowers on the green earth's breast,
 This is the place of her silent rest;
 Veil your young eyes as we kneel to pray,
 Here dust returns to its kindred clay;
 Beauty and gladness and youth are gone,
 Weep for the loved that the grave has won.
 "Mother, we come with our flowers and tears,
 For we loved her well in her joyous years,
 But we know she has gone to a brighter shore,
 Where sorrow shall darken her youth no more;
 She has join'd the choir of the angel band,
 And wears the flowers of the better land;
 Sometimes we think in the evening skies
 We can see the light of our sister's eyes

Smiling on us from her starry throne,
 And we weep no more that she sleeps alone ;
 When the seraph watch of the night is set,
 Does she not love us and guard us yet ?
 Bright is the home of our sister's rest—
 Let us mourn no more for the early blest."

Leeds.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING.

BY JAMES WYATT.

(Author of "*Scenes in the Civil Wars*," &c.)

PART II.

WE closed the first portion of this article with some remarks on Domesday Book, but, before descending to a later period in the history of caligraphy,* it may be well to cite another instance of the scarcity of penmen in the 7th century ; particularly as it forcibly illustrates the custom of the day. A record is preserved by Camden, which, in these respects, is perhaps one of the most unique scraps of *early custom*. In the year 687, Cedwalla, king of the South Saxons, made a grant, or conveyance of land, to Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, the conclusion of which was in these words, "For a further confirmation of my grant, I, Cedwalla, have laid a turf of the land aforesaid, upon the holy altar of my saviour ; and with my own hands, being ignorant of letters, have set down, and expressed the mark, or sign of the holy cross." *Being ignorant of letters!* and yet this was the potent and wealthy Cedwalla, the monarch of the South Saxons.

This is a singular record, proving to how few the art of writing was confined ; and it is also remarkable as an illustration of the mode in which conveyances and grants were made "by the turf," or "sod." Some estates were conveyed, or transferred from the vender to the purchaser by a twig, broken off a tree growing upon the land ; and others by passing a rod from one to the other, as is the custom in some manors upon surrender of copyhold estates in the present day. It also proves the antiquity of making the X by persons who could not write ; a custom that is still maintained among those unable to write their names. It is unfortunately too common even now in enlightened and civilized Britain, particularly in the agricultural districts, when a man in the humbler spheres of society is called upon to affix his signature, to receive for answer, "I can't write, I am no scholar, but can make a cross." This is to be lamented ; and it is hoped the time will shortly arrive when an illiterate Englishman will be a curiosity. There is yet, however, much for the friends of education to achieve before such a climax be attained ; for there are not wanting many persons who stoutly maintain that education has been productive of harm to the people ! that the lower classes are getting too well informed, and that it spoils them from being good servants, and so on. With such superficial reasoners and cavillers we have no sympathy ; we would have every individual read well, and not only so, but write well. Who knows but that many a genius may have been kept entirely dormant, or at any rate been prevented from cutting a figure, simply from his inability to transmit his ideas to paper ? And if that have not been the case, why should one class of God's children be denied the privileges, advantages, enjoyments, and intellectual luxuries of education, which are enjoyed by another ? There is no answer to this. If any harm has been done by persons who have had a small portion of education, it is attributed to the wrong cause ; blame is laid to the principle of education, instead of the imperfect mode of conveying it, and the bad qualities of the man. And even if it be true, that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," it would rather behave those who cry out thus, to give the people much knowledge, that they may be enabled to see and avoid error. But it is, unhappily, a more fashionable thing to

* From the Greek.

extend what is falsely termed "charity" to the poor, by making presents, instead of teaching them to make themselves independent and happy. It has been well said, that "to feed and clothe the poor is good, but to teach them to feed and clothe themselves is better." A great revolution is now, however, rapidly taking place, and the thinking portion of the humbler classes are beginning to feel that constant manual labour, eating, drinking, and sleeping, are not the sole end and aim of man's existence. Cheap publications, systematic instruction, mechanics' institutes, working-men's reading societies, and educational courses for the million, are all manifestations of the great "change that is coming o'er the spirit of our dream." We hail with gladness all these tokens of the "movement," and would strongly urge the practical application of them in all clubs and associations to prevent the disorder and discontent too prevalent. The Order of Odd Fellows possesses advantages that few other mixed institutions do, and we ardently hope to see those advantages turned to account and formed into a vast engine of intellectual power, as well as social benevolence.

We are, however, guilty of a slight digression from our subject, into which we have been led by the warmth of our sympathies for those who ought in fairness to enjoy as much as we do ourselves. We crave pardon of the reader for thus wandering, but our subject necessarily leads us to matters indirectly, as well as directly, connected with that little, but powerful weapon, the *pen*.

Of the awful consequences attendant upon the pen dipped in gall and wormwood, we need only take a few instances out of hundreds. Look merely at the satire upon Sir Thomas Lucy, penned by Shakspeare. Why, the angry poet's sarcasm upon the Justice Shallow, will exist; it will not only be a hissing and a bye-word in the mouths of the people of Stratford as long as any of the Justice's descendants are living, but it will as assuredly remain as long as a vestige of Shaksperian association is cherished; and when will that not be? William Howitt remarks,—“I can conceive few greater curses falling on an innocent family, than the brand of folly thus fixed upon it by the withering sarcasm of indignant genius. Who does not shrink from the very idea of being born under such a stigma? Who could hope to bear up against it unscathed in the great race of life?” Again: look at the awful satires upon royalty, by Peter Pindar, (Dr. Wolcot.) One can hardly hear the name of George III. without associating with it daily visits to mousetraps, and acute prying into the anatomy of apple dumplings, to find the seams where the apples were admitted. And to come still nearer to our own time, who can tell the awful writhings that were occasioned, not merely to one, two, nor a dozen, first-rate men, by Byron's cutting satire? One moment's reflection will enable us to see that, properly regulated, the pen is one of the most useful and valuable instruments ever wielded by the hand of man; abused, and it becomes one of the most fearful.

“Plures occidit gula quam gladius;”

or, as Dr. Kellett has it, in his *Tricœnium Christi*,—

“The two fore-fingers and the thumb.
Kill more than battaille, sword, or gunne.”

We now revert to another branch of our subject. It has been noticed that the handwriting of an individual partakes of the peculiarities of his or her disposition. Strange as this may at first appear, it is nevertheless, to a great extent, correct. This is a bold position to take; and the theory, taken in the abstract, is doubtless open to some objection; but, on investigation, it will be found that some extraordinary proofs exist, as we shall shew. This position is applicable more particularly in times of old, rather than in the present day, especially among females writers; in explanation of which we would call attention to the fact, that formerly the writing-master taught his pupils to form their letters according to the plain uniform standard, and then left them to adopt any peculiar style their own genius and taste might suggest. In the present day, however, an abominable style of writing has been introduced in female education, as cramped and ugly as it is tasteless; but it has received the stamp of “fashion” upon it, consequently must be adopted by every young lady who would be recognized as a creature beyond a Goth, and within the pale of *gentility*! The great objection to this “systematic writing,” as it is called, is that the writer is condemned to one everlasting picked scrawl, which must be made, not by an easy action of the pen and fingers, but by *systematic* jerks, in order that the peculiar and ugly sharp points may be made at

the top and bottom of every letter, saving the *y*, which is allowed to have a good curve to its tail and be brought gracefully under the preceding letters of the word. This is really, so far, an elegant letter, and is the only one in the *system*, which, so far from making ladies write well, keeps two-thirds of them from ever writing in anything like an easy style. Fortunately, however, the pupils will occasionally, after having got out of the hands of the fashionable writing-master, fling off the cramps and trammels of the *system*, and dash out with a good scribble, which, with a little practice, soon merges into a style of freedom that the systematic can bear no comparison with. It is not, however, every one, even who has a natural taste for writing, that will strike out of the uniform routine he or she has been drilled into; there must be something beyond a taste for writing to induce this; there must be a natural boldness of disposition—a spirit that will not brook slavish control—a mind capable of thinking deeply and acting promptly. Some of our readers will smile, doubtless, at our philosophy, and may feel disposed to cavil at our position; but in reply, we will only say judge for yourselves; watch living characters, and see whether we are not substantially correct. The very ingenious author of the “*Curiosities of Literature*,” says, on this subject, “Yet the vital principle must be true, that the handwriting bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual.”

The subject is by no means new, and we are conscious of the ground having been trodden before, but we are anxious to contribute a few specimens that have not hitherto been noticed. Some years ago an elegant little work upon the subject was published in France, in which some valuable autographs are given; and Mr. D’Israeli also touches upon it. Long before these authors, however, the theory of judging the character by the writing was advanced; witness for instance the remarks of Lavater, General Paoli, Shenstone, Oldys, and others. “Assuredly nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a countenance, a voice, and a manner. The flexibility of the muscles differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will portray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot and efface and scrawl, while the neat and orderly-minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant’s clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing; the vivacity and variability of the Frenchman, and the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of the pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind, which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixity of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as Fenelon, and Gray, and Gibbon; while we find in Pope’s manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and the eager and rapid interlineations struck off in heat.”*

We pass over the ridiculous fancies that some of the flourishing and ornamental writing-masters have had, and which have been very justly reprobated by an esteemed author. Some of them, mere mechanical performers with the pen, have claimed almost an immortality for their works, when, in fact, this pedantic performance was about the only thing they could accomplish, and that too a work which would not outlive themselves. What the public taste and judgment refused, they frequently by their bombast endeavoured to establish; and they called upon the world to bow the knee to them, and acknowledge them as superior geniuses, when in truth (to use our before quoted authority) they “wore away their lives in leaning over a pupil’s copy, or sometimes snatched a pen to decorate the margin, although they could not compose the page.” It would be much better to award the full meed of praise to the carpenter who can join and dove-tail a box quicker and neater than his fellows, as that would be a work equally ingenious and creditable to the workman, and of greater service to the public. But by these remarks let it not be understood that we undervalue good writing; far, very far from it;—we acknowledge that much is due to the professors and writing-masters, and in our opinion it is a proud thing for a person to be able to boast that he can write a good, clear, and expeditious hand. That, we look upon, is the proper *use* of the pen; the ornamental characters, the swans, fishes, doves, and angels, with the twists, quirks, and flourishes, we look upon as affectation, where they are thrust forward as marks of

* D’Israeli.

genius; for it is a known fact that many of the most distinguished of these self-styled artists would waste about double the time in making out an invoice, or writing a letter, that a tradesman's apprentice would; and perhaps, after all, the composition of the artist's letter would be no better than that of the boy. The curious thing is, that each of the professors lays down a bundle of crotchets of his own, which he insists upon are the only "*standard* rules of caligraphy," and they all differ! and the disputes on this subject are most amusing. Even in the present day there is one great bone of contention between the engravers, the writing-masters, and the law-writers, on the technicalities of the German text and Old English characters which has never been cleared up, and doubtless never will be. The law-writer says he can prove to demonstration that, if the orthodox text pen be properly managed, the formation of the letters must be in a peculiar style, and unlike that of the professors, &c. &c. &c. But the greatest piece of presumption in the affair is the modern writing-master attempting to correct the law-writer in the *engrossing* or orthodox law-writing! In this case the law-writers are most unquestionably correct; for, independent of their greater advantages in ascertaining the correct characters from ancient documents, one thing is tolerably certain, namely, that the proper mode of forming them must have been transmitted from the ancient scribes to the modern ones, by regular succession, in greater purity than it could have been orally to the "professors of writing." Indeed we have now before us specimens of the two varieties, and on comparing them with ancient deeds, we find that the real character of the old system is *not* maintained in the modern scholastic stuff called engrossing. The ancient mode of making the pen was by cutting broad nibs in a diagonal direction, so as to make the right hand nib longer than the left. This is acknowledged to be the orthodox pen, and with such an one we defy any person to make the curved engrossing letters taught by writing-masters. But the great question with respect to good writing for business and general purposes, is not whether this or that man's text characters are the most correct, or whether this *system* or that is best. In these days of steam and railroad expedition, it would take a man as long to write a letter to his tradesman at Birmingham, with an order for goods, (if he took such pains to touch it off fine, to excite wonder at his caligraphy,) as it would to go there himself, choose the goods, and return home; therefore as a national or general system of writing, the "*standard rules*" laid down by some of the professors are ridiculous. To us it appears that the best system is the most simple. A plain elementary alphabet is provided—(and was provided years and ages before the *professors* were born)—pupils should be taught to form these characters fairly, but not to waste their time in marking out each stroke with so much mathematical precision, nor still further waste their time in flourishing and ornamenting it. Having been taught this simple art, the pupil should be impressed with the importance of holding his pen lightly, not *tightly*; and, above all, to avoid that stiff and hateful practice of putting out the fore and middle fingers quite straight, and bending the thumb to a sharp angle, with the third and little fingers close to the hand. This is the usual scholastic mode of holding the pen; which, together with the body placed in a stiff position, and the elbow pressed close to the side, is considered the proper way of learning to write; and which we know from experience, to be the most improper and most difficult. We defy any person strictly attending to these rules, to write with ease and freedom. It is contrary to common sense to suppose that he can. He may form certain clear and fanciful stiff characters, but he can never rigidly attend to these rules and write straight across a broad sheet; nor will he ever write much without feeling dreadfully cramped and fatigued. Another of our crotchets, which from experience is borne out, is, that when the pupil has learned to hold his pen lightly and freely, he should be made to write from dictation; and although at first, he may make a sorry set out, yet if this be as rigidly, or half as rigidly persevered in as are the present rules, he will soon outstrip the scholastic pupils, not only in expeditious, but graceful writing. We do, nevertheless, strongly protest against that odious and illegible scrawl that young people occasionally fall into, under the impression that it is not *gentlemanly* to write well. There is an affectation in their scribble, and they go on in this ugly style till their writing becomes awfully degenerated, and they write worse than lords! There is no earthly excuse for a man of education writing his name, or indeed anything else, so that it cannot be deciphered; and every one who does so deserves to have his ears boxed by the writing master.

Many a good writer has been spoiled by stiff conventional drilling, and many a pedantic ornamental preceptor has got a reputation for good writing which he never

deserved. Instances have come under our notice where a puffed-up pedant has got up a piece of stiff, ungraceful, inelegant writing, composed of various styles, and smothered with ornaments, flourishes, pens, swans, and cherubim, of the most tasteless kind, to which he has ostentatiously put his name in very large characters; and then, framed and glazed, it is hung in the most conspicuous place to excite wonder and admiration. And among people who can write but little, or not at all, these gimcracks take wonderfully. Good, useful, and expeditious writing is taught under the plans we have mentioned, with much less trouble to the instructor, and much more ease and delight to the pupil, than under the ridiculously stiff and cramped plan we have reprobated. It is true there are means by which even a free writer may get into a somewhat cramped style, and none more easily than by constantly copying Greek characters; but even in such cases, if the pupil is taught the true use of the pen, he can never have much mischief done to his writing in any way.

After thus digressing, we proceed again with our text, and the first piece of individual penmanship we shall refer to is the signature of Richard II., which is said to be the earliest autograph of an English king extant. We refer to it on this account merely as a curious piece of writing more than as an index to the disposition of the king himself; for it is a studied effort of the pen in tracing out some peculiar characters. The same remarks hold good of most of the autographs down to the time of Henry VI., who wrote an exceedingly clear, bold, and good hand. The letters were upright and well-formed, partly in the Saxon, and partly in what is known as the old English style. Edward IV. merely used the initial letters R. E., (*Rex Edwardus*), which are hieroglyphics that would not be at all understood in the present day. Very few persons indeed, at this period, could read, and fewer could write. We find that great sums were given by the nobles to be taught the art; and we also find that great sums were given as premiums by them, with their sons, to the professional scribes, in order that they might be made good penmen. Most of these scribes were churchmen or monks, and the greatest possible respect was paid to them, even by royalty itself, on account of their attainments. Each scribe had a number of pupils and assistants, who were employed in transcribing the bible, and other large manuscripts, which fetched a great price. Indeed they were so valuable, that for a considerable period, they were chained to the tables, not only in the porches of the churches, but in the public reading-rooms. They were often bound in rich crimson and black velvet, with clasps of precious metal. Each scribe had his uniform style of writing, which the pupils were all taught to imitate, so that no difference could be detected in a manuscript that had taken two or three hands to complete; and some of the manuscripts of this period are very splendid specimens, written with so much neatness and regularity that they look like printing. The writers cut their pens with square nibs, and held them almost perpendicular, as we see by pictures of that day. Some manuscripts were written with the pen, and others with a kind of pencil, or fine brush; the latter were more clear and uniform, but the process was infinitely more tedious. Besides being scribes, they were also enluminours, or "limners of coat armours;" which occupation they took occasion to advertize to the public in scrolls of parchment, inscribed with large text characters, hung outside their doors. They were usually attired in the monastic habit of the day; and wore also a girdle, which contained their pouch, penner, (pen) ink-horn, and knife. According to Du Cange, there was another title for the artists who put in the blazoned letters and vignettes. He states that they were called the *Paginitors*. Caxton himself used to employ an enluminour, to put fine blazoned capital letters at the commencement of the different chapters in his books, embellished with gold and rich colours, some exquisite specimens of which still remain, exhibiting all their freshness and original splendour.

We find by the Abbé Mongault, in his notes on Cicero's letters to Atticus, that the latter absolutely traded in manuscript books. In his exertions to procure books for Cicero, (for this illustrious individual suddenly turned a collector) Atticus not only procured manuscripts, but took care to have copies made of them at his own house. And we find further that the whole of his establishment were skillful scribes, "even to the footboy,"* who copied the works of the best authors for their master's own use, and the duplicate copies were sold to the common profit of the master and slave. "The state of literature among the ancients may be paralleled with that of the age of our

* Middleton.

first restorers of learning, when printing was not yet established; then Boccaccio and Petrarch, and such men, were collectors, and zealously occupied in the manual labour of transcription; immeasurable was the delight of that avariciousness of manuscript, by which, in a certain given time, the possessor, with an unwearied pen, could enrich himself by his copy; and this copy an *estate* would not always purchase! Besides that, a manuscript selected by Atticus, or copied by the hand of Boccaccio and Petrarch, must have risen in value, associating it with the known taste and the judgment of the collector."*

A great revolution in caligraphy and literature was made in the reign of Edward IV., through the introduction of printing-types by the immortal Caxton. We say immortal, for so long as books remain, and people to read them, the name of Caxton will be remembered and venerated. After this period, writing became a little more general, and an improvement of style is visible, especially in the following reign, that of Henry V., whose royal signature is a far superior production to those that preceded it; and a greater improvement still is found in the writing of Richard III., the "tyrant Gloster." He certainly wrote his name tolerably well, but it does not appear that he was enabled to write much beyond;

"For to read and write, 'twere useless quite,
'Cause he kept a secrete-ry."

So said king Cole, and perhaps king Richard thought the same, and many of his nobles could not do so much even as he did.

Henry VII. merely signed the initials H. R., which were both done in a dashing, though somewhat intricate, style, without taking the pen off. There is more of the *florid* in this specimen, than in any of the earlier ones.

The writing of Henry VIII. was assuredly characteristic of the man; "the vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding. I have no doubt the assertor of the Pope's supremacy, and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill."† There are some specimens of writing about this period, of a superior kind. Among others that have come under our notice, are some specimens from the hands of the Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poets. But they had advantages, which few of their countrymen possessed, of improving the half-cultivated art of writing, by their intercourse with other nations. The latter, in his capacity of ambassador to Spain, Germany, and France, was of necessity compelled to write a great deal; besides this, they were both prompted to use the pen very frequently by their literary habits.

We then come to the reign of Edward VI., who was a good and indefatigable writer. It is quite certain that he was more devoted to his pen than any of his ancestors, and, we should say, wrote more than all of them put together. Several of his letters and journals, which are still in existence, show how pains-taking he was in this respect. His signature is a studied performance, *printed* with great care; the letters are very large, and very upright. One cannot think of this gifted young prince, without regretting that his life was of such short duration.

The signature of Mary was much smaller, and very nicely written. It partook somewhat of the character of the professional scribe; probably she obtained this peculiar style from her tutor, and always retained it. There was a degree of regularity and firmness about it; and, indeed, Mary may be classed as a superior writer.

One of the best writers of the age, if not *the best*, was the brilliant, but ill-fated Lady Jane Grey. Her writing is more like the highly-finished caligraphy of a clever professional scribe, than of a girl of seventeen; a style that betokens the writer capable of performing more than meets the eye. The characters are large, upright, and clear; far more beautifully formed and intelligible than the performances of most of her contemporaries. Indeed, her signature, "*Jane the Queene*," must for ever be recognized as one of the purest specimens that the age produced. It somewhat resembles that of Edward VI., but her ordinary writing was neater.

To proceed a few years onwards, into Elizabeth's reign, we find that writing was a more fashionable accomplishment than at any previous period; doubtless, in a great measure from the circumstance of her majesty being a superior artiste with the pen. We do not, however, apprehend that her majesty wrote much at one time; her

* D'Israeli.

† Oldys.

elaborate style would not warrant such an apprehension. Her signature is one of the most characteristic manifestations of the disposition of the writer that can well be imagined. It is large and bold, occupying a space of from three to four inches. Indeed, it must have been a considerable labour to the queen, seeing that it is, as has been justly described, "painfully elaborate; a flourish at the bottom of the *z*, and another at the top of the *b*, are positive labyrinths. The free flourish at the bottom of the capital letter *E* is finely illustrative of the woman, and expresses a world of power. The only portion of the signature to be carped at is the paltry *R* at the end, (*Regina*) which is quite unworthy of the rest. Her general writing was beautifully clear, and the letters were almost as correctly formed as types. The autograph of her favourite, the Earl of Leicester, or, as he writes it, "*R. Leicester*," is really a handsome specimen, and in the flourishes, is not very unlike the queen's; the formation of the letters, however, proves them to have learned quite different styles. The Earl made a graceful connecting flourish from the initial *R* to the *L* in *Leicester*, and a curious dash under the whole, finished by a zig-zag flourish and a long tail. The two capitals, together with the following letters, *ey*, are evidently made without removing the pen once from the paper; a freedom of style seldom exercised at that period. Sir Walter Raleigh's is a nearer approach to the Italian style, and is remarkable for its perspicuity. The initials bear a near resemblance to printing, but the tail of the final *y* (for at one period he wrote his name *Rauley*) is a perfect mace. His general handwriting bears a striking similarity to that of Alexander Howell, the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's, and also to that of the Earl of Derby; only that the latter is a little more precise and formal in his ornamental appendages. Sir Christopher Walton, the Queen's Chamberlain, had a totally different style, bolder in execution, and purely English. The signature before us, from the Egerton Papers, is full of freedom, and dashed off in an unstudied manner, as is evident from the letters of the surname leaning a different way to those of the Christian name, and from the swinging flourish beneath. Sir Walter Mildmay, (the Privy Councillor who busied himself so much in the attempted marriages of the Queen with the Duke of Anjou and others, and who was commissioned to wait on Mary, Queen of Scots, at Fotheringhay, to charge her with treason, and inform her that she would be tried by the Commissioners,) had a style peculiarly his own, large and cramped, with the letters pointed top and bottom; the bow of the *y* was repeated, and a stiff flourish made afterwards, which gives it the appearance of a double *y*. Lord Burleigh (Cecil) wrote a clear, upright hand, full of long straight letters, wherever they could be introduced, and without the graceful bow, then becoming prevalent. This remark, however, does not apply to his signature, which is less formal, although somewhat crowded up. The writing of his friend, Sir Richard Bingham, who cut such an important figure in the affairs of Ireland at this time, against the "traitors and notable malefactors," as he styled them, is a great contrast, and is sprawling, ugly, and not very distinct; indeed, in the signature before us, the only good letter is the initial *R*. Sir Richard was evidently more at home in cutting up the "bloody traitors" with his broad sword, than in wielding the pen. Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, the Chancellor, had a much neater style, as may be supposed from his professional advantages; there is much of the legal style visible in his letters. Tobie Matthew, Bishop of Durham, was a very superior writer. Every letter is formed with an accuracy and precision that could only be attained with great practice; his writing is destitute of the usual flourishes. Francis, Lord Bacon's is very different, being smaller, and composed principally of the styles used in the legal documents of the day. He evidently wrote with the edge of a broad-nibbed pen. The signature of this extraordinary man is a good specimen, and would pass muster in the nineteenth century. Sir John Popham; the Lord Chief Justice, was doubtless a hasty, and certainly a very indistinct writer. Much of his writing is perfectly unintelligible in the present day; expedition seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* with Sir John. The Earl of Essex, as a penman, was a shade better. There is a deal of spirit in his characters, which seem dashed off without study, and are remarkably vigorous. His signature is all written without taking the pen off, including a flashing flourish brought below.

We come, then, to the reign of James I., whose writing was wretched in a body, and about equal to that of a badly-taught kitchen-maid of our day; with about as correct an idea of putting it in straight lines. His writing was of a piece with his general character, which was indifferent enough; despite the great attempts of the clerical

historians to make him "religious and gracious." Bishop Burnett says his reign in England was a continued course of mean practices, and adds, that "King James was become the scorn of the age." Even the Jesuit Orleans, who generally writes on the side of the partial historians, owns that "Elizabeth had been a great *King*, and James was a good *Queen*." Upon his drunken frolics with his brother-in-law the king of Denmark, his lewdness, pedantry, and insincerity, we shall not here dwell, but waive for another opportunity the picture drawn from authentic sources, to be placed beside that drawn by the bishops, where they represent him as the "most high and mighty prince, the most dread sovereign, whose very name is precious to the loyal and religious people; and whom they look upon as that sanctified person, who, under God, is the immediate author of their true happiness!"

His best specimens are, perhaps, the signatures at the head of a few of the first warrants that received his sign manual after his accession to the throne. When he took any pains in the formation of the letters, they bore a strong resemblance to those of his royal contemporary, Henry IV. of France, surnamed "the Great," who was assassinated by Ravallac. The French monarch's writing, however, was in every respect superior to James's, and some of his letters, which were found after the demolition of the bastille, are good specimens. They are penned in a neat, and very legible, running-hand, with rather dashing tails to the letters *y* and *g*. His uniformity and precision are evident from the careful manner in which he filled up the spaces at the end of the lines by a mark like the figure of 8, with a perpendicular stroke through it. His bad orthography and mis-spelling are, however, very glaring. Indeed, this "great" monarch appears to have been a little over-rated; and, as is usual in such cases, tribute has not been given where tribute is due. What would Henry have been without Sully? He was his minister, his secretary, his ambassador; nay, his very right hand, and the prime mover of the brilliant schemes which added laurels to the brow of the monarch, and prosperity to the nation. Henry was a slave to his passions; and, without the moral control and political sagacity of Sully, he would have cut but an indifferent figure in the annals of history; in fact, he was a mere puppet in the hands of, fortunately for the nation, a sage minister.

The young prince, Henry, was remarkable for his excellent writing, and his father, James I. at one time had considerable misgivings touching this rather unusual accomplishment for a scion of royalty, as we find by one of his letters to the prince. He appears to have been somewhat doubtful whether the caligraphy was purely the work of the prince's own hands, without addition from his writing-master; and, although this might be the case, yet his majesty seems to be alarmed, lest the prince should pay more attention to the formation of letters, than to more important studies. He was aided in this, doubtless, by the fact of his being a horrid writer himself, and perhaps not anxious that his son should outstrip him. In his letter he says, "I confess I long to receive a letter from you that may be wholly yours, as well matter as form; as well formed by your mind, as drawn by your fingers; for ye may remember, that in my book to you I warn you to beware with (of) that kind of wit that may fly out at the end of your fingers; not that I commend not a fair handwriting; *sed hoc facito, illud non omitto*; and the other is *multo magis præcipuum*."

The writing of lord Henry Howard was an upright hand, without flourish or ornament; like most of his contemporaries, he was partial to contractions, and those not always the most judicious. His signature has one peculiarity. The capital *H* is formed like an *L*, with a cross before it. The Duke of Richmond and Lenox wrote such plain, well-formed characters, that all who "ran might read;" remarkably unostentatious and good. Saving a flourish to the half-printing half-writing initial *L*, there appears no superfluous ornament. The Earl of Devonshire wrote rather larger, more slanting and free, with a goodly supply of dashes and final flourishes. The Earl of Suffolk was an inferior writer, and began his name with a little *s*. The signature of Lord Erskine, or, as he writes it, "*Erskyne of Roiston*," is a very elaborate affair. He commenced the *E* by making a long down-stroke, to which he appended a large figure of 8; having then made the *r* and *s*, he proceeded to the *k*, but here the "force of nature could no further go" without a fine flourish. He then makes the *y*, and before the pen can be brought up again to make the *n*, it plays at hide and seek, wandering about, making a miniature ground plan of Rosamond's bower. And all this, in the specimen we have seen, appears to have been made with a very indifferent pen, which

is hardly to be wondered at, for his lordship must have tolerably well *stumped* it before he concluded his letter. We may next notice Lord Dunfermelyne, the Chancellor of Scotland, whose writing was as bold as his person; but whose orthography was as bad as a coal-porter's, and broad as the accent of the most illiterate highlander of his suite. Among the Egerton Papers is a letter from him to Lord Ellesmere, his brother Chancellor of England, which he thus commences,—“My werie honorabill good Lord,” and writes further of Lord Ellesmere's letter, “whilk I ressavd aught days efter date,” and adds, with respect to the internal state of his kingdom,—“The onlie truble we haiff is this contagious sickness of peate, whilk is spread marvelouslie in the best townes off this realme. In Edinburcht it hes bene continuall this four yeares, at the present not werie wehement, bot sik as stais the cowmon course of administration off justice, whilk can not be weill exercised in naa other place!” These extracts are taken *verbatim et literatim* from the original letter among the Egerton Papers, which is indeed an unique specimen. “From the time of the Anglo Saxons, to that of Queen Elizabeth, the same word was often spelt two or three different ways in the same page; and every writer contented himself with putting together that combination of letters which he imagined would best express the sound of the word he was using, without at all considering what letters others used, or what he himself had used on former occasions for the same purpose.”* With many, even among the nobility, the only standard of orthography appears to have been the local pronunciation; which is manifested in the above, and numerous other cases.

Sir John Davys, another moving spirit of the age, and a great favourite with the king, has left behind no very first-rate specimens of penmanship, notwithstanding the great practice he must have had in his office of Solicitor, and afterwards Attorney General of Ireland. His writing appears to have been rapid, and contains something of the legal style. Sir John was a man of considerable accomplishments, being the author of the poem “Orchestra,” and other elegant compositions. One of the boldest writers of that day was Abbott, the Archbishop of Canterbury; the writing is perfectly characteristic of the man, who was notorious for his cruelty, boldness, and intolerance. A fine specimen of his writing is in the possession of the Marquis Camden, the letter wherein he calmly directs the burning of Legate and Wightman as heretics; the letters are firmly written, and bear signs of having been executed by a vigorous hand; as is more particularly exemplified in the signature, which is of large, thick, upright, printed characters. A singular contrast is presented by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; although his writing is large, it is light, hurried, and slanting, with the upstrokes and downstrokes of the same thickness, written as if he were excited and could scarcely allow himself time to finish his letter. Is there no connection between the disposition and the handwriting in this case? had Buckingham's fidgetty, hurried, and lightly-glancing pen, no sympathy with his thoughts?—the reader well knows how to answer.

Before closing this second division of our article we will subjoin one more singular contemporaneous specimen, the writing of Mrs. Wadham, the wife of the distinguished founder of Wadham College, Oxford. The remarkably uncomfortable starched, and prim letters in her signature, “Dorothy Wadham,” are wondrously illustrative of the character of the worthy dame herself, and tell just as true a tale as her own words do in a letter which she writes to the Lord Chancellor, asking his lordship's countenance of “my college,” as coolly as if her husband had had no concern in the foundation of it, but that the good work emanated entirely from her own respectable self!

The third portion of the article will bring us to other stirring scenes of a later day.

* Knight's Pict. Hist. England.

CUPID'S LOVE DRAUGHT.

BY THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH.

"I will gather the smiles of the fairest of women,"
 Said Cupid one ev'ning to me,
 "In a goblet of wine for thy spirit to swim in,
 And bring it all glowing to thee,
 If thou'lt swear by the cup,
 'Ere thou drainest it up,
 That thou'lt worship no maiden beside,
 And affirm, by the shine
 Of her smiles in the wine,
 That thou'lt woo her and make her thy bride;
 And she shall be lustre and glory to thee,
 Enchanting thy bosom with heaven-born glee;
 For she is the brightest and loveliest thing
 That ever I pressed with the down of my wing."

E'en already my heart, with a trembling emotion,
 Felt more than it e'er could express;
 As I dreamt of the maiden I warm'd to devotion,
 And whisper'd in Cupid's ear, "Yes!
 I would swear that and more,
 If it were to adore
 But the vision of one so divine;
 For my spirit would fly
 To the uttermost sky,
 To alight on so hallow'd a shrine;
 And fondly I'd worship by day and by night,
 Thro' my winters of sorrow and springs of delight,
 That fairy-like, brightest, and loveliest thing,
 Thou hast ever caress'd with the down of thy wing."

"Then 'tis a bargain—a bargain," the little god said,
 Unfolding his white wings for flight,
 "Tarry not, but speed westward when I shall have fled,
 And thou wilt behold her to-night;
 And the tint of the rose
 On her cheek shall repose,
 'Mid the silver of blossoming May,
 As the crimson beams glow
 On the feathery snow,
 'Ere the sun bids farewell to the day,
 And mellow light dropping like dew from her eyes,
 Shall ravish thy spirit with dreams of the skies,
 For truly I vow she's the loveliest thing,
 That ever I pressed with the down of my wing."

So saying, he spread out his wings, and he flew
 On the breath of the balmy wind,
 And his pinions which shone in the sun-ray's hue,
 Were like silver and gold entwined;
 And still onward he flew,
 Till he hung on the blue
 Of the sky like a bright fleecy cloud,
 And the music of spheres
 Is less sweet to the ears
 Than the magic he caroll'd aloud;

While the heavenly vault, as he soar'd along,
 Re-echoed in rapture this spell of his song—
 "Oh! she is the brightest and loveliest thing
 That ever I pressed with the down of my wing."

As the honied bee flutt'ringly trembles on flight
 Away to its mansion of rest,
 So my spirit o'erladen with love and delight,
 Flew on to its home in the west,
 And the crescent moon wove
 Over meadow and grove
 A deluge of glorious beaming,
 While the dew-drops shone round,
 Till the glittering ground
 Was glassed with their crystalized gleaming;
 And I beheld in each diamond drop that shone,
 Like an angel to cheer me and light me on,
 The miniature form of the loveliest thing
 That ever Love pressed with the down of his wing.

I endeavoured full often to gather a prize,
 But e'er I could seize one it died,
 For it faded away like a mist from my eyes;
 The closer I drew to its side;
 Yet it vanished in-play,
 For it lit up the way
 That stretched out its winding before me,
 And allured me along,
 Like a dream or a song,
 Till the roof of a palace closed o'er me:
 I entered the hall, and a banquet was spread,
 And the crystal lamps o'er it a radiance shed;
 But in vain did I look for the brightest thing
 That ever Love pressed to the down of his wing.

There were silver and gold, there were beauty and splendour,
 And viands delicious and rare;
 There were looks, there were smiles, there were hearts young and tender,
 Which felt not, which dreamt not of care;
 There were eyes of the hue
 Of the violet's blue,
 Which by sorrow had never been wet;
 On others was graven
 The dye of the raven,
 Rimm'd around by long arrows of jet;
 But my heart turned aside from the rich display,
 And the hope I had cherish'd was fading away;
 For in vain did I look for that brightest thing
 That Love ever pressed to the down of his wing.

There were cheeks that were blushing with crimson glow,
 Enwreath'd with luxuriant hair,
 While foreheads, whose whiteness was that of the snow,
 Proclaim'd purity's temples there;
 There were soft lips which might
 Have been stealing the light
 Of the rose-leaf, so red were they dy'd;
 Yet they moved not my heart,
 And I thought to depart,
 When a maiden sat down by my side,
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And by instinct I knew, tho' I gaz'd not upon
The face or the form of that beautiful one,
That she was the brightest and loveliest thing
That ever Love pressed to the down of his wing.

Oh! I dar'd not to gaze, for each pulse in my frame,
Each feeling that throbb'd thro' my soul,
Might have told her the tale of my bosom's wild flame,
And suddenly ruin'd the whole;
But ere long I'd been mute,
In the notes of the lute
She softly spoke, and the words I heard
Were more welcome to me
Than the bark's mast can be
To the ocean-bound wing-weary bird;
And tho' they breathed little of tenderness, yet
Their musical tone I can never forget,
For it came thro' the lips of the brightest thing
That ever Love pressed to the down of his wing.

Round a goblet her tapering white fingers did twine,
Like lilies, and blushing she bent
O'er the brim to behold her dark eyes in the wine,
Which retained all the lustre they'd lent;
And it pilfer'd each smile
That was dancing the while
On the lip and the cheek of the maid,
Till the wine seemed on flame
With the pure light that came,
And meteor-like over it play'd;
And Love cried "Oh! waste not a moment—drain up
Each cherishing drop in that nectarious cup,
For it hath been charm'd by the loveliest thing
That ever I pressed to the down of my wing."

Then wildly I seized the bright goblet and swore
To Love, who was hovering nigh,
By the cup, and by all I had promised before,
To woo her and wed her, or die;
And I quaffed off the wine
From the goblet divine,
And my soul with its luxury burn'd;
Then, then to the maiden,
With ecstasy laden,
Enraptured my fond spirit turn'd;
And innocence, virtue, and joy looked on me,
For my beautiful, beautiful Mary—'twas she!
The purest, the brightest, the loveliest thing,
That Love ever could press to the down of his wing!

DREAMS.

A FRAGMENT.

THEY talk of the fantastic visions of the night, when fancy and imagination, unchecked by reason, run wild in their vagaries—but what are the wildest flights of our night-dreaming hours to the visions of our daily life? Oh! let those over whose heads the summers of manhood have passed, pause and look back, in memory, on the way they have come! How will the lofty hopes, the moments of deep though quiet happiness, how will they appear in the retrospect? But as dreams, very dreams. And though there be many that thus haunt the wayfarer,—though some be bright, and others dark and gloomy,—though to the father be given dreams of his lost child, such as she was ere her voice joined the hymns of the redeemed,—to the felon, as he passes in the sunlight to his doom of death, visions of the days when he trod the green earth a free and guiltless boy; yet to one and all is there a dream in common,—to one and all is there a passage in life's course on which the primeval curse *seems* not to cling,—when a mere existence is lighted up within, one which we think can never alter, never be blighted, when all the energies, hopes, and passions of the soul are aroused; it is when the first love vow is breathed, when the lips first utter it, the ears first drink in its sound. Is the time,—is the voice that told that tale ever forgotten? No; it is remembered and recurred to by the heart after years of solitariness and absence, of sorrow and desertion. Be the man what after years and the world may make him, be the woman what vanity and adulation convert her to, yet amid all the rubbish life has cast about the heart, each can remember a tale that one has told, and the other listened to, with feelings that the wealth of twenty worlds could never buy. Yea, true it is, whether bright be its memory, or faint its gleaming; whether rich in the fulness of fruition, its first tender outline be almost lost; or whether sorrowing unto the grave, its presence is an abiding one, the weight it laid on the heart still heavy, its mark on the brow still fresh, the dream of 'first love' belongs to all.

See you that female, in a small room, in a crowded street, busily employed with her needle, on which the morrow's meal will depend. She is not handsome, she is not young; placid in her manner, and subdued in her expression, with little of energy, and less of apparent passion: she lives on from day to day in her noisy thoroughfare, yet she, amid all the turmoil and care which surround her, she too hath her dreams. Even now, as the notes of a well known air, played by some wandering minstrel in the street, strike her ear, they waken at the same time the key-note to a train of thoughts of other days. The work is laid down, the close room, the noisy street are unheeded, forgotten, and a waking vision is before her in all its vividness, its richness, its reality. There are again the dim woods, the green leaves of her native spot; there is the small house with its showy flower garden, laid out and tended by hands beloved; there is the winding walk by the river side, with the sunset streaming on its trees and turf, and the same green path when the moon slept on the quivering waters, when the silence was only broken by the gushing song of the nightingale, and one voice, sweeter, oh! far sweeter than any other sound in the world. And she hears over again at this moment, the words and the tone she then listened to with rapture—she feels again the hand pressed to hers, she yields to the embrace that ratifies the vow. Alas! here fades the vision! the tears that roll down her cheeks awaken her to the rough realities of her actual world. She is again alone in her dull chamber, toiling for the support of her life. Yet the dream was bright while it lasted, and not the succeeding truths of unkindness, falsehood, and neglect, can prevent its being so even now, when circumstances bring it back to her recollection. It is a shrine raised indeed to a false god, but one which memory and feeling treasure up.

There is one with a countenance furrowed by care, more than by time; the mark of a southern sun is on his cheek, his figure is feeble and emaciated. You look in his face, and you know that toil and weariness, sorrow and hope deferred, have done their work, and left their traces on his heart as well as his brow. He is under another sky than that of England, the "very stars are not the same he looked upon in boyhood," dusky forms and swarthy faces are about him; the magnificent luxuriance of tropical vegetation showers its beauty around. It is night, and he leans against a tall palm, in the indulgence of a waking fancy; the cool night-breeze fans his sunken cheek, and lifts

gently from his fevered brow the hair thinned by sickness, and changed by grief and anxiety. He looks back on days of toil and disappointment, on nights of restlessness and pain; he remembers the cold, the false, the dead! and dark are the recollections his memory is tracing. Yet is there one track still bright, one fairy-like tale still gleaming. He sees an English parlour, the fire shines bright, the window curtains are drawn, the candles lighted, and a happy look of home-comfort pervades it. An old lady, with looks of gentle kindness, is busy with her knitting, and a young one, the life and light of the hearth's enjoyment. He sees evening after evening pass on, and the same happy group are still there; he hears the pleasant chat, the plaintive song, and the liquid laugh, whose tone was music. Oh! he remembers it all, in its minutest points, and he lives over again that pure uncalculating happiness; when he rose in the morning, and rested at night with the same sunny feelings—when he was happy without seeking to know why, when he was blest without searching into the cause. He dreams over again the walks in the English lanes, when the arm of one who was all the world to him rested on his—he sees again the sunsets she watched with him; the very hills over which the parting beams were shed, and the trees through whose dark and still foliage glimmered the brightness of the rising moon. Is not this one bright track where all else is dark—a dream? He knows it is. He feels it was but one, when he thought it real; for now he remembers all the agony and tears, the bitter heartache, the waking cost him, when he discovered how dear she was to him, only to lose her. He remembers the parting, when dim ideas of how necessary each was to the other's happiness passed through her mind, and in his! oh, he is thankful she guessed not one hundredth portion of his woe. But some comfort yet remains. He knows she lives in her own land happy and beloved—that her husband cherishes and loves her, loves her as a wife and mother more dearly even than when she stood by his side a timid bride—he knows, too, that he, the exile, is not quite forgotten, for one of the merry young ones, whose voices make melody round her hearth, bears his baptismal name, bears it too in memory of the tender friendship borne to his mother of old. And so he wakes from his dream, and goes to his lonely room to mingle their names in his prayers, and give his wearied frame the rest it requires to fit him for the morrow's toil.

There *was* one, on whose grassy grave the evening sun is now streaming, whom I saw when her cheek was untouched by care, her eyes undimmed by weeping. The first dream of her young life was upon her; she lived in its glory, she breathed but in its atmosphere. Everything around her shone in a light borrowed from it; a flower brought a meaning, poetry had a double spell,

"Her heart's full happiness
Poured over all its own excess."

Happiness! yes, it is happiness to be loved. It is happiness to feel you are the one chosen, cherished image to be shrined in the heart for ever. It is happiness to know there is one to whom you are more dear, more precious than life itself, to whom your smile is more welcome than gold, your voice more sweet than music,—one who would rather follow you in trouble and sorrow, even unto death, than gain the wealth of the world without you,—one who would fill his daily cup from the same urn of life, nor complain that the draught was bitter. This is happiness;—and do we find it? Alas, alas! it is too often sought at the hands of the vain and selfish, and after living awhile in an imaginary paradise, and thinking it reality, we see it dissolve away before us like a snow wreath in the sunbeams, and then we weep over our folly, and bear the rankling remembrance to our grave. Oh! earth—earth! thou throwest many spells over thy children, but their strength lasteth not; thou pourest rapture, but it passeth; thou givest joy, but it fadeth; thou spreadest life and beauty, and they die! Music dwells amid thy green leaves, and the whirlwind ariseth and scattereth them; beauty reigns in thy sky, and clouds dark and lowering deface it; and honied words bind soul to soul, whom after years are to keep separate. In truth may we say, the promises thou givest are vain, the gifts thou dost scatter are nought; yet we pour upon thee the riches of our hearts, we sanctify thee with the poetry of our feelings; we lavish our hidden treasures, and we waste our best hopes, as if thou wert true; and we are trusting, as if our home were to be ever with thee, when thou canst only bestow a passing dwelling. And she did all this. She made "an idol," and "found it clay," and she "bewailed the worship" till the grave received her, and so her first dream was her last.

It is useless to moralize on a vision, still more so to forebode. The dream has been dreamed through all the chances and changes of this life, and will be so, as long as the human heart continues to beat. It has been, and will be, an alluring light to the young, sometimes a heaven, to the more experienced more frequently, the only spot of health and purity in a guilt-stained life—and still to one and all, a bright and glowing dream, which once awaked from, can *never* be repeated.

J. C.

THE EVENING INVITATION.

BY MRS. CAULTON.

SEE, love, how soft the sunbeams fall
 Across our lattice pane,
 And hark the blackbird's evening call,—
 Shall we not forth again?
 Yes, let us wander to the bower,
 Beneath our broad oak tree,
 Where verdant leaf and blooming flower
 Were trained and led by thee.
 Stood I not by and praised the while?—
 And thou didst say, my look and smile
 To thee, in truth, were far more dear
 Than aught that God had given thee here.
 Come, see how gracefully the shade
 Is thrown of yonder tree;
 And listen to the music made
 By birds and humming bees;
 And look thee at the golden corn
 On the gently rising lea,
 It waves beneath the ev'ning breeze,
 Like thy loved billowy sea.
 I'll bring our boy, and sit me down
 Beside thee,—thou shalt tell
 Of islands on the deep blue main,
 Where the swarthy pirates dwell.
 I'll listen to thy perils, love,
 In the tropic's scorching noon,—
 The blackness of the stormy wave,
 The poisonous simoon.
 Thou'lt tell of the plumed chief who dwells
 Where grows the tall palm tree;
 Think'st not I love to hear his name,
 When he saved and watch'd o'er thee?
 And see our boy,—his baby brow,
 His bright blue glancing eye,
 Are raised unto his father now,
 As if inquiringly;
 Will he too love an ocean life,—
 A war-ship be his home?
 But no wild thought of parting now,
 Across my heart shall come.
 Here is our bower, and here the tree,
 The birds sing in it merrily,—
 The sky is one deep golden glow,
 The wheeling swallows come and go,—
 Thy child is lying on my breast,
 I feel thy arm around me prest,—
 The hour, the scene,—all, all combine,—
 Oh! what a blessed lot is mine!

THE WORKING CLASSES AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY MR. LOWRY,

Surgeon to the Lonsdale Lodge, Kirkby Lonsdale.

It cannot be doubted that the working classes form the most numerous, as well as the most important portion of society. They have been well designated as the basis of the social pyramid, upon which all the others rest, and by which they are supported. From their ranks have issued, at various times, the greatest benefactors of mankind, the noblest spirits of their country—the least of whose achievements it has been, to render their own names illustrious in all times and in all nations. Who is it that recruit our armies?—that man our navies? The working classes. They labour in the field and the workshop; they cultivate, fabricate, and produce all that supplies the wants, the comforts, and luxuries of all. They are a nation's pride and a nation's strength. In their welfare we may see the prosperity of a country—in their adversity, its decline and destruction. It is to their benefit chiefly that all the other departments of society should be subservient. For them the warrior unsheathes his sword; for them the statesman studies, and the historian writes. Their condition is all important in the eyes of the wise politician, and the benevolent philanthropist. Enjoying in the daily pursuit of their various avocations, under *favourable* circumstances, no small share of happiness, yet are they subject to visitations of evil and distress of a kind so real, and of a nature so urgent, as to defy the reasoning of philosophy, and the sympathies of their fellow-men, be they ever so just or sincere. Their labour is their capital—its remuneration their subsistence. The greatest calamity, therefore, which can befall them, is the suspension of one or other by sickness, or the want of employment. Suppose we separate an individual from the class of working men, and contemplate his situation, his resources, and his prospects. We will take him to be in the prime of life, in full health, and the father of a family. He works daily at his calling, or his trade, and the price of his industry supplies him with the necessaries and comforts of life. His wants are few, and his sphere is limited; his labour sweetens his food, and makes his slumbers sound; his home is clean and comfortable, and “content sits smiling at his board.” So long as this state of things continues, he is a happy man; happy in fulfilling the duties of his station, and happy in enjoying the pleasures of life. But how soon, and how suddenly, may this bright picture be sullied and overcast by the gathering clouds of adversity, even when founded on the best principles, and enjoyed by the best means!

“How sad a sight is human happiness

To those whose thoughts can pierce beyond the hour.”

In a few days, perhaps a few hours, you may see the demons of gloom and sorrow brooding where peace and happiness smiled before! Disease has laid her withering hand upon the husband and the father; and gaunt poverty frowns over the unfurnished board. The wife, distracted for her partner and her children, weeps in terror and despair; and if this continue, there is the distressing, the heart-rending prospect of eating the bread of charity—bitter as gall in the mouth of an honest man! If the scene darken as it proceeds, and the angel of death should be seen to approach nearer and nearer still, and at last, in that abode of hunger and distress, he seizes his victim, and wrenches away all the strong ties that bound him to those bleeding hearts—who shall describe, or what imagination shall conceive, the desolation and misery of that day? But is there no alleviation for all this? Is this a fanciful picture? If that man had been an Odd Fellow, his case would have been different. The active and benevolent spirit of the Order would have succoured and supported him and his family without compromising his self-respect, or destroying his independence. It would have supplied him with medical advice during his sickness, at his death it would have conveyed him with decency to the “house appointed for all living;” and then have protected his widow and fatherless children. All this would have been done as his *privilege and right*. For it is not sufficient that the party be relieved, but it is done in the spirit of brotherly love, without subjecting any one, in any degree, to obligation or reproach. Again, a man's troubles may take a different complexion,—less terrific and disastrous, indeed, but still sufficiently formidable and dreadful to interest the sympathies of the feeling heart. From circumstances over which he has no control, his employment ceases.

He seeks, in the place where he resides, from one master to another, but none has occasion for his services. He is able and willing to work for his bread, but the opportunity is not afforded to him. Yet his wants and those of his family are urgent—his children cry for food, and he has none to give. He would go in search of work, but how is he to subsist on the road?—or how are they to live whom he must leave behind? Why, if nothing interposed in these wretched circumstances, there would only be the parish relief, or the workhouse. Here again, however, does Odd Fellowship shew its benevolence. It will supply him, if necessary, with the means of travelling from one end of the kingdom to the other. It will watch over his health and safety during his progress; it will welcome and comfort him, a stranger in a strange land; care, with kind solicitation, for those he leaves behind him, and furnish him with friends whithersoever he goes. Does not, then, a system thus bountiful, and thus beautifully adapted in its bounty, to the necessities of our fellow-men, recommend itself with a powerful claim to the approbation and support of *the good of all classes*? and should not the contemplation of these things awaken in many a bosom the self-accusing spirit to exclaim—

“ We do too little feel another's pain—
We do too much relax the social chain
That binds us to each other.”

Free, and pure, and boundless as the air we breathe, is the benevolence of Odd Fellowship—founded upon the principles of common brotherhood, and hallowed by the powers of sympathy and love. Many and various are the kinds of charity which prevail in this world. There is that which deals out at the parish board, with a frowning brow and an unwilling hand, its pence to the shrinking and humble pauper. There is that of ostentation, which subscribes its ten pounds, it may be, that the great man's vanity may be gratified by seeing his name at the head of the published list. There is the charity of pride, that doles out a subsistence to a needy relation, that his poverty may not disgrace his name. And there is that species of charity (unworthy of the name) which rummages over the poor man's house, asks a hundred impertinent and galling questions, and bestows, at last, a sixpence, or a *tract*! But are these to be compared with the benevolence of Odd Fellowship? No!—no more than the candle which burns before me can be compared with the sun in his noonday splendour! Odd Fellowship proceeds from the best affections of the heart—it is kind, ungrudging, and sincere. It neither puffs up with vanity the giver, nor humiliates nor degrades the receiver. It is marked by principle, forethought, and independence. You, then, who belong to the Order, respect and rejoice in its privileges: seek, with well-regulated zeal, to support its dignity, advocate its cause, and extend its boundaries. You who are *not* within its pale, if you cannot come amongst us, surely you may recommend its cause. Since 1834, its members have increased from 60,000 to upwards of 200,000! Is not this prosperity? Is not here matter of congratulation and delight?—not of a selfish kind, for the success of a particular system, but of a pure and benevolent kind,—an exultation in the knowledge that by so much more is human happiness increased, and so much more of human misery alleviated. Let us all, then, with renewed earnestness, put our shoulders to the wheel. Let us all, with increased zeal, and in close unity, labour to promote and increase the prosperity of the Order. While faction and bigotry rage, and fret themselves with the projects of ambition, or the *minutiae* of controversy, let us as an Order keep aloof from them, steadily holding to that practical benevolence which is pure and undefiled religion; assured that among the ever shifting scenes of this life, an institution that “feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, ministers to the sick, and visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction,” will never want friends amongst good men upon earth, nor fail of the blessing and protection of the Father of Mercies in heaven.

CLEOPATRA.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

Darken the window—let no cheerful ray
 Enter it more ;—what hath the gaudy day
 To do with death ? And in that room is one
 Whose meted span of life is nearly done ;
 Already to receive her yawns the tomb,
 Yet sickness has not robbed her of her bloom,
 Or damp'd the vital flame. Divinely fair
 As in her joyous girlhood sits she there,
 The hapless daughter of a royal line,—
 A throneless queen ! Shall she a captive pine,
 Handmaid of Cæsar for long years to come ?
 No ! better die than live the thrall of Rome !
 Her cheeks are pallid, but her lustrous eye
 Beams ardent love and matchless constancy ;
 The lofty resolution of her soul
 Speaks in each glance—her sable tresses roll
 In curls profuse over her shoulders fair ;
 Grace is in every motion, and her air
 Is regal, as when erst on Cydnu's tide,
 Marc Antony she met in beauty's pride.

Her white brow weareth a faint trace of care,
 For that soul sickness, which is worse to bear
 Than aught beside, is gnawing at her heart ;
 On earth she has perform'd no common part—
 Lov'd with no common love—but all is o'er,
 And life possesses charms for her no more.
 One burning thought lingers Cleopatra's breast,
 Who shall upbraid the captive's sole desire ?—
 To join her Antony and be at rest
 Is all she asks, O let her then expire !
 She hath assum'd her royal robes and crown,
 And calmly on her purple bed lain down ;
 Closed her fair eyes against the sick'ning light,
 Folded her hands, and waiteth for the night.
 Hush, hush, ye maidens ! sigh not, neither weep,
 The wily asp brings on the fatal sleep ;
 Her day of life grew stormy towards its close,
 But gently is she sinking to repose.
 How easy is her passage—free from pain—
 Do not recall her unto woe again.
 Move not her pale lips ?—yes, they feebly cry,
 " Husband, I come ! I come, my Antony !"
 'Tis the last time her sweet voice will be heard,
 For the freed spirit fled in that dear word.
 Is she not queenly still—bend o'er her now,
 Mark well her lovely face, and lofty brow
 Encircled by the golden diadem ;
 O, brighter than its most resplendent gem
 Were her joy-glancing eyes ; but clos'd are they,—
 O'er her wan features a sweet smile doth play—
 Cold is the mouth where love ambrosia sipp'd,
 Stiff are the hands monarchs have trembling lipp'd,
 Yet all so fair, that, but for lack of breath,
 Ye hardly would believe she slept in death.
 O joy to thee, fair queen ! thou art set free
 From the last pang of earthly agony ;

No longer burning tears those cheeks shall stain,
 Nor anguish wound thy gentle heart again;
 The lofty head that always wore a crown,
 Shall never more to mortal man bow down;
 For scap'd from the worst ill that Fate could bring,
 Thy soul has parted on triumphant wing:—
 And now with him whom thou didst love so well,
 In the bright gardens of Elysium dwell;
 Together roam amid unfading flowers,
 Passing in union sweet your blissful hours.

Victors! ye are eluded!—did ye dream
 To bear your captive to far Tyber's stream,
 And through the seven-hilled city's streets, enchain'd,
 Lead her who absolute o'er Egypt reign'd?
 Such cruel hope is futile—she possest
 As high a mind as e'er fill'd Roman breast,
 Existence scorn'd if 'twere to live a slave,
 And so exchang'd an empire for a grave!
 Your triumph never will be graced by her,—
 "Caesar hath sent—too slow a messenger!"—
 The asp's dread task is done—but *clay* remains,
 And Cleopatra has escaped your chains!

Banks of the Yore.

THE PRESSGANG.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE CATASTROPHE.

"'Tis thus with our life: as it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
 Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;
 All gladness and glory to wondering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs.
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on just to cover our tears;
 And the withering thoughts that the world cannot know,
 Like heart broken exiles lie burning below;
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er."

T. K. HEAVY.

THE schooner's boats were lowered, and every exertion used by her crew, but to no purpose—there were none left to save. Next morning the bay was covered with the wreck of the frigate; she had gone completely to pieces, and nought remained of that gallant crew, which yesterday was instinct with life, daring, and hope, but mangled and bloated carcases. It is to the honour of the pirates that they remained two days in the bay, and paid the last offices to the bodies of their brave opponents. A month had scarcely passed, when a packet was left at the door of the Port Admiral, at Kingston, by one who waited no questions, and which had enclosed the watches and trinkets found on the officers of the ship, with a request that they might be forwarded to their relatives; and giving also an account of the frigate's loss.

Although the wild touch of chivalry which appeared in this action tended to increase the respect which the pirates had extorted; yet it became necessary that their career should be stopped, and so strenuous were the exertions made, that it seemed the only business of the large fleet on the station to hunt down that dreaded black schooner.

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Her commander, who had long been brooding over the remembrance of those he left behind him, and was aware that the majority of his crew still clung to the thoughts of home, consulted with them on the policy of withdrawing for a while from those seas; and the necessity being apparent to all, they lauded the greater portion of their native crew, and once more shaped a course towards England.

It was in the latter part of November, and the hour was past midnight, when a large schooner hove-to a little to the northward of Tynemouth Castle; a light boat was immediately lowered from her quarter, and four stout hands pulled her swiftly towards the bar. The oars were muffled, and the care with which the blades were dipped in the water, spoke of secrecy and precaution; the time chosen was half-ebb, when the harbour lights were extinguished, and there was no likelihood of any stir amongst the shipping. They landed at last beside the low light, when a figure, enveloped in a large cloak, rose from the stern sheets, and proceeded up the shore, giving the crew strict charge to remain by the boat, and to be watchful. It was Cuthbert Lambton, proceeding towards that which was once his home. He had arrived within a short distance of the spot, when he heard a voice, in the most earnest tones of entreaty, crave for assistance. Something in that sound struck to his heart, and he hurried forward. Again the voice implored him,—“Have compassion, sir, for pity’s sake; I am perishing from hunger!” The conviction flashed upon him, and as he rushed forward, he uttered the name of Margaret; with a wild cry the wretched female arose, and staggered towards him. He clasped her madly in his arms,—“And is it thus I find you, dear Margaret?” For some moments she was unable to reply; at length she faintly said, “Oh! dear Cuthbert, how shall I speak of the long wearisome years of suffering and sickness which I have passed; but you have returned to me, Cuthbert, and I shall die happy.” “Oh, speak not of dying, Margaret, I am now able to protect and comfort you. And our child—where is she?” “Heaven in its mercy has taken her to itself.” “And were there none to assist you—did your father leave you to perish?” “Oh! speak not of him. I forgive him all; our other friends are long since dead. But the tale is long—and Cuthbert, I am faint with hunger; now, however, I am happy—and dear Cuthbert, we will never part again!” She fell on his bosom as she uttered the words, and as he clasped her fondly to him, he felt her shudder; he tried to repel the conviction, as it slowly forced itself upon him, but it came too soon in its dread certainty—she was dead! He uttered no cry—for some minutes he moved not a muscle; at length he raised his eyes to heaven, as if appealing to its justice—or it might be that in his madness, (for from that hour his calmer reason forsook him) he framed that vow of vengeance which he afterwards so terribly fulfilled. With dry eyes and a burning brain he proceeded on his return, with the inanimate form of his wife shrouded in his mantle, with the care which a mother would bestow on her sleeping infant.

He stepped into the boat, and seated himself in the stern-sheets in silence, the men divining his intention, shoved off at once, and the ebb tide soon swept them to the schooner; still without a word he ascended the side, and proceeding at once to his cabin, closed the door. The crew, wondering at these unusual proceedings on the part of their commander, were gathered in groups, endeavouring to discover the mystery, to which those who had been ashore in the boat could furnish no clue. At length Haultaut, impatient at receiving no orders, went below. Not daring to open the cabin door, he looked through a crevice in the bulk-head, and knowing as he did the history of Lambton’s early life, he needed no interpreter to the sad scene before him. In silence he went on deck, and after pacing it for a few minutes, he gave orders to make sail to the northward; having done so, he called the crew forward, and advised with them upon their present situation. In a few words he informed them of the particulars of their commander’s former life, and of this its sad consummation. The rough and hardy crew, whose trade and whose delight it was to “brave the battle and the breeze,” were not proof against this simple and touching tale; whilst some blubbered like infants, a cry of smothered revenge burst from them all, and from that moment they were ready to follow wherever the thirst of vengeance might lead them.

They had cleared the Pentland Firth, and were about a day’s sail from the land, when a large ship was discovered, and all sail made in chase. On nearing her, Haultaut put in practice a stratagem to rouse his commander from the sad and dreary watch which he had kept since that night, none daring to disturb him. With this view he descended to the cabin, and having at last succeeded in gaining his attention, he informed

Lambton that they were nearly alongside a large frigate; and that the crew he had so long sailed with trusted that he would not desert them in the hour of battle and danger. The call to action had the desired effect, and he was quickly on deck, where the crew were clustered as far as discipline would permit, to obtain a view of him. But what a wreck did they behold—misery had indeed done on him the work of years, and instead of their former bold and buoyant leader, they saw one who appeared more like a spectre than a man. His gaunt and haggard appearance might indeed justify the belief that he was not an inhabitant of this world; his matted hair seemed to stand out from his head, his pallid and sunken cheeks appeared yet more cadaverous, when contrasted with his overgrown beard, and the eyes to which the fire of madness gave a preternatural brightness. His dress, torn and marked in many places with the blood which had gushed from himself during the paroxysms of his grief, hung loosely over his shrunk and attenuated form. He gazed wildly and vacantly on the assembled crew for some minutes, and at length, as it seemed by a strong effort, he recalled himself to the circumstances around him—the spirit of the man was alive in him yet. After looking, for a moment on the ship, not now a mile distant, he exclaimed,—“How is this Mr. Haultaut, have you lost your eyes, or have your fears confused your senses to take that for a man of war—or are you playing with my misery?” He spoke the last words in the tone of a maniac, and his hand clutched a pistol; but as he glanced on the rugged faces around him, and noted the honest sympathy they expressed, he faltered. Haultaut stepping up to him, said respectfully,—“Do not wrong us, there is no one here but feels your injury as if it was his own—aye, and will revenge it too,”—(the muttered growl which came from the crew, showed their desire for vengeance.)—“all, but myself, are guiltless of the false intelligence with which I allured you to come once more amongst us, and for which I am ready to bear the penalty; but do not cast any doubts upon these brave fellows, who have followed you through so many dangers, and who are still ready to follow wherever you may lead.” Lambton felt the appeal, for the first and last time tears gushed from his blood-shot eyes, and he could only say,—“I thank you, my brave hearts, I thank you.” This outburst seemed to relieve him, and after walking the deck for a few minutes, he gave directions for boarding the prize, which had now hove to under their lee. On examining her papers, Haultaut, considering the intelligence of importance, took the master with him on board the *Revenge*, and having got him there, his fears induced him to make all the disclosures they required. The ship belonged to old Ridley, and it appeared that the avaricious old man had not insured her, and that in addition to a valuable cargo, she contained specie to a considerable amount, the result of some favourable speculations; in fact, the whole of his wealth was embarked on board of her. Haultaut conveyed the intelligence to Lambton, who had again commenced his sad and dreary vigil, and seemed to be fast relapsing into his former mood. When he at last comprehended the matter, a strange and ghastly smile passed across his visage, as he tasted the first drop in the cup of vengeance. He mused for a few moments, and then addressed the now loathsome remains of her, who had indeed been his hope and polar star,—“We must part, dearest Margaret, and I have at last found a fitting grave for your remains!”

He then left the cabin with Haultaut, and gave his orders, which the other proceeded promptly to execute. The ship's long boat was hoisted out, and the master and crew were put into her, with some little provisions and water, and were ordered to make sail for the land upon peril of their lives. On the main hatchway was raised a pile of what came readiest to hand, the cabin furniture, and some few bags of spices, which were uppermost in the cargo, and the whole were saturated with spirits; some of the ship's sails were then thrown over all, and there remained enough of their former plunder, on board the *Revenge*, to furnish forth this funeral pile. There was not one of that lawless crew who did not bring some cherished ornament to adorn the death-couch of the wife of their beloved commander. All being prepared, Lambton came slowly from his cabin, bearing those dear remains enveloped in the dreaded emblem of the pirate. No one would he allow to touch them. As they stepped over the side, the *Revenge* fired a gun, which was continued at intervals of a minute, until that wild ceremony was performed, and all had again returned. Lambton placed her himself on the pile—himself set fire to it—and as the flames fed by the combustibles arose in a fierce and fiery pyramid, there he stood rigid and motionless, gazing with the fixed and stony look of utter despair, but with the only dry eyes in all that rough assemblage; and when the spread of the flames

made it death to remain longer, it was only by force that he was removed from the burning deck. Arrived on board, he rushed wildly to his cabin; and Haultaut, taking advantage of the breeze, packed all her canvass on the gallant craft, which quickly bore them beyond the sight of this long-remembered scene.

They had nearly made the run across before their commander again appeared amongst them; no sign of his late wild grief was apparent in his demeanour—that was buried deep in the recesses of his heart, there to corrode until the end was accomplished, and the victim was no more. His intercourse with the crew was stern and unsocial, and limited to the few brief orders which were absolutely necessary; all his thoughts seemed concentrated in his desire for vengeance. And as his devoted followers beheld that stern and haggard figure as it paced the deck, silent and solitary amongst them, and contrasted it with the remembrance of their former gallant and buoyant leader, there needed no further stimulus to hurry them into the wildest schemes of revenge. It was only in the hour of battle that his spirit shone forth, and whether on their expeditions on shore, or on the ocean, recklessly engaging with superior force, still foremost in every danger, and courting that death he was not doomed to meet, his cry for vengeance was ever to be heard above the roar of the strife. Their former habits of moderation and mercy were now thrown to the winds, and none ever lived to tell of their meeting.

They had now arrived on their old station; but it were needless to follow them through the scenes of havoc and desolation which they carried into every quarter of those seas. The affrighted seaman, when in the hours of darkness, he saw the wild glare of fire arise on a sudden near to him, was at no loss to divine the cause; and as he crowded canvass on his bark he would falter forth petitions for escape from this dreaded danger; and when at break of day the mariner has beheld the square canvass of the *Revenge*, looming still larger in the dubious light, how has his heart throbbled when he has perceived her steer a course, wide of himself, in pursuit of some other devoted victim. The wealthy planter has laid him down at night, rich in this world's goods, and wallowing in every luxury, and has been awakened in the dead of night by the pirates' well-known cry of *REVENGE*; and after a narrow escape with his life into the bush, what have been his feelings when he has returned in the morning, and found destruction and desolation, where the last evening's sun shone upon plenty and prosperity. But can his feelings have equalled in intensity, those which burned in the bosom of him, whom the law itself had driven from its sanctuary, and goaded to that course of life he had been forced to adopt, on that night when he found that oppression had done its worst, and that he for the first time felt that indeed he stood alone in the world?

In the course of a few months these outrages had ceased, and the *Revenge* was never again heard of in those seas. It was about the time when the first disturbances took place between Spain and her colonies, that those who had been in the South Seas spoke of a large schooner which had on many a bloody occasion, fought gallantly in the cause of liberty, and had often turned the tide of battle. When described where seamen meet, there were many who knew her from the description to be the black pirate of the West Indies. And may we not hope, that the noble exertions of her crew under the banner of freedom may have wiped away some remembrance of those excesses to which they had been driven by the iron hand of oppression. And her commander, where was he? it was known he was not with them, and conjecture was busy as to his fate—he died not as seamen die, in battle, or in shipwreck. At the head of the lagoon which has been formerly described, a little rill finds its way to the lake; upon following it for a quarter of a mile, you find the spring from which it takes its rise. It is a lovely spot, shaded from the noonday sun by that huge rock, and those lofty trees; the vegetation of that secluded nook is remarkable even in that luxuriant country. On that patch of rock, which alone remains bare whilst all around is covered with a glittering mantle of green, interspersed with flowers of the most gorgeous dyes, the word "*MARGARET*" is roughly sculptured. It was here the heart-stricken seaman retired to brood over his sorrows, and in the midst of their most boisterous merriment, his wild associates never approached this secluded place—they respected his grief and his solitude—and here he died. Beneath the spreading branches of that tamarind, even amidst the rank luxuriance, you may perceive an inequality of the surface—that mound is the pirate's grave!

It is thus that many a noble heart has been diverted from its onward path—thus has oppression too often driven its victims to despair and desperation; poisoning the current of their existence, and converting their very virtues into crimes. How different would have been the career of that bold heart, whose short and indeed weary pilgrimage we have endeavoured to describe; and how many are there like him, who, had not oppressive, arbitrary, and selfish enactments goaded them even to madness, would have been ready, in the hour of danger, to

“Stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.”

What has been the result of this mad and suicidal system? What has lowered the flag of Britain, where before it triumphed? What but this—that her own sons were fighting beneath an alien flag—that brothers were opposed to brothers—that her enemy's guns were manned by her own best and bravest? And has the end yet come—is there not further humiliation in store for that country which thus expatriates her gallant defenders, which clings with desperate pertinacity to this miserable measure of expediency. And strange anomaly, whilst treaties are made to put down the practice of slavery, whilst squadrons are despatched to carry those treaties into effect—strange it is, and the world has never yet shown such an example of dreadful and horrible inconsistency, that the agents by whom alone it can be carried into effect, themselves are slaves—aye, worse than slaves! for whilst the iron has entered, and is corroding their inmost souls, they are taunted and mocked with the name of freemen! When will this end—when will this baneful system be annihilated? It cannot be, that if Englishmen were aware of the wrongs of their fellows, it would be long allowed. But seamen are as a class separated from their fellow-citizens, and but seldom come in contact with them, therefore their wrongs are unknown, and consequently unheeded. And this ignorance is not to be wondered at, for these things are not published in gazettes, nor issued with the bulletins of victory. But it will, it must come, when the seaman shall find his rights acknowledged, and his freedom secured. And then let Britain fear no superior on the ocean,

“Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.”

And then, and not till then, shall the flag of Britain wave over every sea, unconquered and unsullied.

In the preceding sketch, names, places, and dates, have been studiously altered; but there may be those yet afloat, who, if they should happen to read these pages, would recognize in them the leading particulars of a too true tale.

CHRONONONOTONTHOLOGOS.

Washington Lodge, Salford District.

COME, SING FOR ME.

BY J. BRADSHAW WALKER.

(Author of “*Wayside Flowers*.”)

COME, sing for me a song of youth,
Breathe not a word of sadness;
But sing in undissembling truth,
A play-day strain of gladness.
Sing of a world where all is fair,
Of hearts with angel lightness;
Life's morning, ere a cloud of care
Hath come to dim its brightness.

Come, sing for me a song as wild
As boyhood's thoughtless laughter;
And let me dream I am a child,
Though grief consume me after.

Sing with the voice of love new born,
 How cherub creatures bounding,
 Dance to the merry pipe and horn,
 The May tree all surrounding.

Come, sing for me a song as free
 As youth's uncounted pleasures;
 Enchanting let its numbers be,
 As Hope's first fairy treasures.
 Sing of a long lost happy day,
 Of friends and kindred smiling;
 And I will listen to thy lay,
 Stern manhood's woes beguiling.

Leeds.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

A TRUE STORY.*

SOMEWHAT more than thirty years ago there resided, in a second-rate street at the west end of London, an artist of considerable skill in enamel and glass painting, but unhappily, like too many of his brethren, in extremely embarrassed circumstances. A few years before the period of my story he had been in partnership with three others, but the firm had not prospered, and a complete failure had thrown each upon his individual resources. Two years prior to this event a youth of great promise, named John Marston, had been articled to them. The bankruptcy of course set him free from his engagements in a legal point of view, but to his honourable nature they were as binding as ever, though a far more lucrative situation was within his reach, had he considered himself at liberty to accept it. The only point on which he allowed himself any latitude was in the selection of his future master. Each member of the firm was desirous of retaining him, but he gave the preference to the junior partner, whose father had been for many years his kind though eccentric friend and instructor. Therefore gratitude to the father induced him to devote to the son the extraordinary, but then undeveloped, genius with which nature had so munificently endowed him. This junior partner was the poor artist whom I have already mentioned as living in a small street at the west end of our great metropolis.

It was Christmas Eve, the annual term of feasting and joyous merry-makings. Everything without conspired to enhance the comforts of a cheerful home. The streets were ankle-deep in mud and half-melted snow; a sharp east-wind was blowing incessantly, and drifting along with it a dense fog from the smoky city; a compound of rain, snow, and sleet, was steadily descending; and the leaden clouds above, where the fog permitted a glimpse of them, gave promise of a speedy snow-storm. The poor artist was returning home from Westminster, whither he had been in the vain hope of obtaining payment of a small debt that was due to him. He passed through Portman Square. The glare of the bright Christmas fires was reflected from gilded cornices, splendid picture frames, and gorgeous mirrors, and lay luxuriantly upon the rich draperies that partially overhung the windows. Here and there the transparent blinds allowed a view of a large dining table loaded with massive plate, and every preparation for the sumptuous feast, the savoury fumes of which arose from the glowing kitchen below, where a crowd of domestics toiled in the service of wealth and luxury. The artist observed all these things, and the bitter thought of his own comfortless home, which an unmissed fraction from that profuse and needless display might have converted into the abode of content and happiness, arose with a feeling of suffocation within him. Pride restrained the tears which for an instant struggled to burst forth; he quickened his pace, and in a few seconds stood before his own door, on which a small brass plate, bearing the inscription,

* Founded on an incident which occurred to the greatest of our living artists, by whom the details were furnished to the author.

"Moss, Enamel Painter," announced his name and profession. His family was Italian, but when his father settled in England, he had dropped his surname, and assumed an English one that bore some resemblance to it. Mr. Moss entered his humble parlour, and the contrast which it presented to the splendour he had just been observing, pressed upon his heart. A scanty fire burned feebly in the grate; the air of the small and meanly-furnished room was close, but not warm; the light struggled imperfectly through the single dingy window, yet was it sufficient to show him, even too distinctly, the anxious eyes that were turned on him as he entered. His father, wife, and sister, all together greeted him with the same sad question, "Have you got any money?"

"No," was the reply in a tone that might have seemed morose, but that they to whom it was uttered knew well that it proceeded from the struggle of manhood against childishness.

"Hope for an odre time," exclaimed the old man, with a liveliness of manner which was the result partly of his long and various buffetings with the world, and partly of that natural buoyancy of heart which, through vicissitudes of no ordinary character, had still kept his head above water. "Hope for an odre time! we will all be well again soon."

He spoke in extremely broken English, which I shall not attempt to imitate; indeed, were I to do so, I might render my story as unintelligible to my readers, as his conversation was to all but those who were most intimately acquainted with him and his peculiarities.

"What's dat Mrs. Mars, what d'ye call her," he said, after a short silence, "Mrs. Mars, at Basvater,—dout she owe you money? Why you not send to her?"

"It is so far," answered the son, despondingly; "and such weather too!" He threw himself into a chair, and gazed into the fire, as if seeking there for some promise of future prosperity.

"I should not care so much," said Mrs. Moss, "except for the servant. It looks so mean, doesn't it?"

"It does indeed," sighed the sister; and she went to the window, and stood watching the snow flakes as they whirled their giddy dance without.

The plain truth of the matter was that this poor artist, though possessed of talent and industry which ought to have rendered him independent, had not the means of procuring an ordinary dinner for his family on Christmas day. Such a situation is at all times distressing; but on the anniversary of feasting and plenty, and, which made it worse, also having a servant in the house, who might, and most assuredly would, publish their destitution among the neighbours, they all (excepting the old gentleman who looked with the eye of a philosopher upon the world and the world's ways) felt it with an acuteness which the bare fact of wanting a dinner could not have imparted.

"Where's John Marston?" cried the old Italian, starting up with sudden energy, and pacing up and down the room. "He'll go to Mrs. Mars for you."

"I should hardly like to ask him, knowing his dislike to such errands," answered the son; "besides, he's not here." And again he sank into a gloomy reverie.

"But where is John Marston?" said the old gentleman again, more vehemently than before.

"I dont know," replied his daughter, still watching the snow flakes.

"I dare say he is gone to see his relations in Cumberland Street," observed Mrs. Moss, with whom the youth alluded to was no favourite; "for if he calls there to-day, of course they will ask him to dinner to-morrow."

"No, no, he's not! he's not gone there," retorted the old man angrily, while his keen eyes flashed from under his shaggy grey brows, and his language became almost utterly unintelligible from excitement, and the extraordinary oaths with which he interspersed it, but which I omit. "I dont know where he's gone, only I know he's not gone there. He wouldn't go to beg a dinner, not he. He'd choke upon it, I tell you. It would stick in his throat, God damn it!"

"Why should it, I wonder?" replied the lady, tartly, for a deal of gesticulation enabled her to comprehend him. "I am sure that I should be very glad if I knew anybody who would give me a dinner."

The fiery blood mounted to the old Italian's face as he turned to reply in the same strain; and the lady too was about to proceed when both were checked by a deep but half-suppressed sigh from the unhappy son and husband, as he turned farther towards

the fire, and shaded his face with his hand. The warm-hearted old man pressed his daughter-in-law's hand affectionately, and made a strange attempt at humming a tune, as he pulled out his snuff-box and rapped loudly on the lid to hide the quaverings of his voice. Alas! his memory was of the shortest, or he would have remembered that this cherished receptacle for a cheap luxury had been already carefully scraped out upon several previous occasions. He slid the box back again into his pocket, and a chilly silence fell upon them.

This was broken by a knock at the door, followed by a firm brisk step in the passage, and the entrance into the parlour of a youth about eighteen years old. His figure was light and active, his carriage erect, his grey eye full of life and intelligence; and there was a pride and a depth of thought about his expansive brow and finely-formed head, such as is not often seen in men by many years his senior, the dignity of which was not destroyed by the clusters of black curls which, to a less striking and decided countenance, would have given an air of effeminacy. The stamp of genius was set upon every feature, but more especially upon his eyebrows, which were dark, thick, and extremely prominent. He cast his eyes round the room, and the starting tear and involuntary quiver of the lip were lost in the bright glance and ready smile of greeting.

"Have you succeeded?" said he, addressing the younger Mr. Moss.

"No; they made the usual excuse of hard times, and many long bills."

"That's unfortunate. What's to be done, then?"

• "Nothing that I can see; unless—unless——"

"Speak out at once, Charles," said the old man, as his son hesitated and paused.

"I know how he hates dunning," replied Charles Moss; "but it can't be helped. Will you go to Bayswater for us, John, and ask Mrs. Myers to oblige me by settling her account. Tell her that I owe money, and that every trifle is an assistance. That will be no falsehood, God knows. I am really ashamed to ask you to do this, but I am knocked up with my walk to Westminster, and I have no strength nor spirit left."

"Oh! certainly, I'll go with pleasure," answered the youth, with ready kindness; "and I had better set off at once, for it will be some little time before I can be back again, and such things," he added with a slight laugh, "are best not deferred till all the shops are closed."

With a hasty, but graceful inclination, he quitted the room; and, with his hat fixed firmly upon his head, and his coat collar turned up as a shield against the piercing east wind and driving sleet, he was soon on his way to Bayswater.

This suburb was then a distinct village, and, between it and the great Babylon, lay an extent of fields and unenclosed land, swampy, pathless, and dangerous from the number of ditches and gravel-pits which intersected them. The high road which skirts Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens of course existed, but it was muddy, ill-made, worse kept, and totally unlighted. This account must appear exaggerated to those who have only known this district within the last year or two; but I can myself remember, not nine years ago, a solitary chapel standing in the midst of an uncultivated common, on which now arise the palace-like structures of Hyde Park and Oxford Squares, besides numerous other crescents, gardens, and terraces, till the little chapel seems almost buried in masses of splendid buildings.

Our young pedestrian took the way across the fields, which to a stranger would have been rendered impracticable by the fast increasing darkness and the tempestuous weather; but he was well acquainted with the localities, his step was true, and his courage undaunted. As he walked steadily on, his mind was busied with various projects for ministering to the necessities of his unfortunate friends, and, at the same time, avoiding the performance of the disagreeable office which he had undertaken; for, as Charles Moss had said, he hated *dunning* beyond everything, and would gladly have adopted any plan that might save him from it. To every scheme, however, which his fertile imagination conjured up, he found the same simple, but invincible objection—that it had no sufficient foundation, and was therefore impossible. Nothing remained for him but to dun Mrs. Myers, and to this he resigned himself with a good grace, as he recalled the numerous acts of kindness which he had received from both the elder and younger Moss. He thought upon the many advantages which he had derived from the friendship and constant instructions of the former, who, though a man of very extensive and varied acquirements, as well as of enlarged and liberal mind, had made him, even when a mere boy, his favorite companion. Then the memory of many a long evening walk

crowded upon his brain, and he seemed still to hear the rapid, quaint utterance of his kind old friend, pouring into his youthful and desiring mind the vast stores of knowledge which he had accumulated through a life of untiring observation. Every branch of the fine arts, architecture, civil and military engineering, mechanics, and all subjects connected with each, formed the staple of these discourses; and when, in maturer years, the tree bore goodly fruit, upon which all the nations of the earth gazed with rapture and astonishment, we know not how much may be owing to this careful early training of the young sapling by that eccentric old Italian.

John Marston had worked himself into a high pitch of enthusiastic gratitude by these reflections when he arrived at the door of the unconscious Mrs. Myers. Three words sufficed to answer his inquiries.

"Missis is out," said the servant girl, who unwillingly obeyed his summons. She was indeed. Gone out to dinner, little dreaming that her drawing master and his family were all but famishing, and that the payment of her trifling debt would have been to them, at that moment, of more consequence than fifty times the sum to her. Young Marston said something that was perfectly inarticulate, and turned back to face the biting east wind across the dreary common.

"Is there no help for them?" he said mentally, as a vision of the eager eyes and anxious hearts that were awaiting his return rose like sad reproaching spirits upon his mind's eye. He was himself powerless to assist them, for, in spite of his neat dress and gentlemanly exterior, he had not so much as a penny in his pocket. When Charles Moss was tolerably prosperous, he paid his young friend's salary with punctuality; but when, as at present, he was reduced to the extreme difficulties, John Marston, though depending only upon the small pittance that he earned for his daily sustenance, would have starved rather than suffer him to know the straits to which he was reduced. Thus it happened that on the very day in question, the poor lad had breakfasted early upon a piece of dry bread, and had tasted nothing since; a fact which he carefully concealed from his friends, but which, perhaps, heightened his sympathy for the miserable condition to which they were reduced.

The merciless wind blew unceasingly upon him, and drove the sharp sleet into his face and eyes, and the clinging snow into every fold of his garments, where it melted and soaked through at leisure, till he was wet to the skin. Umbrella he had none, and Mackintoshes were not then invented. Thus he hopelessly toiled on his lonely way with diminished vigour, and heart-sick to think of the disappointment he was bearing back, instead of comfort. He could not endure to return as the raven to that home where he was anticipated as the dove. He cast his despairing eyes around, but saw not even a straw at which to catch. Suddenly a gleam of joy illumined his clouded countenance; he stopped, and clasped his hands together; then hastily passed one over his watch-pocket, and joined them both again, with an expression of delight which no words of mine could depict. He was *not* powerless to help. He could pledge his watch for a sum sufficient to relieve his friends from their immediate, their galling and humiliating necessity. His own gnawing hunger was forgotten. His step again became elastic and firm; his eye proudly glanced defiance to the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Perhaps there may have mingled with his exultation a tinge of satisfaction that the absence of Mrs. Myers had spared him the mortification of asking for the payment of her bill; for, with all his disinterested and generous qualities, he was as proud as Lucifer. But, even if so, who would blame him, when sympathy with his friends' distress had stimulated his invention to a means of procuring money which his own pinching want had failed to suggest?

It may be objected that the idea of pawning a watch would enter anybody's head in such an emergency. True; it most probably would have entered *anybody's* head; but the hero of my tale, in the beautiful unworldliness of his character, was not *anybody*: nor is my descriptive heading a mere bait for the eyes of those who prefer fact to fiction, even in their amusements. Whatever interest my story may possess is owing to its *reality*, and the strictness with which I have adhered to the circumstances, as related to me by one of those most nearly concerned in them.

Well, John Marston went on his way rejoicing; and let it not be thought that his delight was disproportionate to its cause. It was not the largeness of the sum—it was no prospect of personal advantage—it was not even the release from that which almost amounted to actual bodily suffering; but it was the honest and unselfish exultation which

he felt in being able to rescue those to whom he was bound by so many ties, from a position that was peculiarly annoying and painful from its possessing no tinge of romance to gild its dull commonplaceness of character. To starve in a trackless desert, or on the inexorable waves of the unbounded ocean, is something heroic—something magnificent, with which every one will sympathize; but starvation in a mean house, and in a crowded city, is quite a different matter—there is no romance in it at all—it excites only ideas of work-houses and relieving officers. Who would hang breathless over a description of such vulgar griefs? Yet if the interest excited were in proportion to the suffering endured, which case would meet with most sympathy? If solitude in a crowd be the most lonely, as has often been remarked, surely starvation amidst the outpourings of luxury is the most bitter, the most utterly desolate.

Such were the reflections of my young hero, and such his cause for rejoicing. With a light heart he entered the dingy, half-closed shop of a sallow, unwashed Israelite, and asked for the utmost that could be advanced upon the security of his watch. The Jew examined it, and pronounced that fifteen shillings was the most that he could lend on it. John Marston was not in case to quarrel with the smallness of the sum, so he placed the money and the pawnbroker's ticket in his pocket, and ran rapidly home. When he knocked at the door, however, it occurred to him that he should place his friends under a painful *sease* of obligation, if he disclosed the manner in which he had come by the money, and he therefore determined to conceal that circumstance from them. His proud spirit, too, revolting at the publication of his own good deeds, prompted him to the same course. But in doing this he did not calculate justly upon the parental affection of the elder Mr. Moss, nor the penetration of the whole family. He entered the parlour, and met the inquiring glances of its occupants. Charles Moss was absent, he had gone on another forlorn hope shortly after John Marston set out for Bayswater, and had not yet returned.

"Have you got any money?" was the anxious question.

"Mrs. Myers was out," he replied, with his eyes bent towards the ground; "but I've got this, which is quite at your service, sir."

He placed the fifteen shillings, as he spoke, upon the table before the old gentleman; but his averted eyes prevented his seeing that the first gleam of joy with which it was received, was chased away by a look of intense anxiety on his friend's usually unclouded brow.

"John, where has dis come from?" asked the old man, with a dignity which even his grotesquely broken English failed to impair.

"It is mine, sir," replied the youth, in a low voice, and betraying a most suspicious embarrassment of manner; "and it is heartily at your service, if you will do me the favour to use it."

"Had you dis money when you came here before?"

"No," said the poor lad with almost painful hesitation.

"And did Mrs. Mars pay you noting?"

"No, sir; she was out." As poor John Marston said this, he looked towards the door, as though meditating an abrupt exit, in case the catechism were continued. But his mood was quickly changed when his beloved old friend, bowing his head down to his knees, covered his face with his hands, and cried in broken accents,—*"My child! my boy! my son! what have you been doing? Take away dat money. I will starve sooner dan touch de price of your—your—oh God! of your dishonesty perhaps!"*

A light began to break in upon the young man's mind. He glanced hastily round for an explanation, and read it plainly in the pale cheeks and bewildered looks of the two ladies. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "can you suspect that I have knocked somebody down, and robbed him?"

"Den where you got dat money, and why you refuse to tell?"

"Simply, sir, because it concerns no one but myself: the money is mine, I repeat; but I had rather not say how I came by it."

"It is not like you to practice concealment. Tell me all, my dear son. Alas! it is all my fault! It was I who persuaded Charles to send yon on that unhappy errand!"

This was too much for the young man's philosophy. He did not speak, but he held the pawnbroker's ticket before his old friend's eyes. The latter had been too frequently acquainted with those mystical little documents to doubt for a moment what

it was. With a scream of delight he clasped his adopted son in his arms, and when he released him, it was to turn aside and wipe away the tears that flowed abundantly down his venerable cheeks.

"What is it?" cried the ladies, whose curiosity was strongly excited by this strange behaviour.

"He has pledged his watch for us," replied the old man, in a stifled voice. "My boy, my dear, noble-hearted boy—forgive me for suspecting that you——"

"Pray, say no more about it, sir," interrupted young Marston, himself moved to tears, which treacherous witnesses he strove hard to confute by assuming a more than usual manliness of manner. "It is nothing—a mere trifle; I only wish it had been——" but here he found it wisest to break off, ere his voice utterly failed him. for Mrs. Moss and her sister-in-law were both sobbing unrestrainedly, and the example, to his excited nerves and empty stomach, was exceedingly contagious.

At this moment Charles Moss returned from a "bootless inquisition;" the sobs of his relatives led him at first to suppose that Marston's errand had been as fruitless as his own, but the silver on the table told a different tale.

"What's all this for?" said he, looking round.

"He has pledged his watch," said his father, pointing to the little heap of treasure; "Mrs. Mars was out, so he did that for us."

Charles Moss was silent for a few moments; when he spoke, it was calmly to advise his wife to make her preparations as speedily as possible, as it was growing late. He never thanked John Marston in words, but through a long series of good and evil fortune, he showed by a uniform kindness of demeanour, the most enduring gratitude for that simple but touching act of friendship.

THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

BY P. G. JOHN BOOTH.

Oh! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
 LORD BACON.

Oh, youth is the spring-time of life and of pleasure!
 When the sweet flowers of fancy bloom fair to the view,
 When joy without mixture, and bliss beyond measure,
 Shed over the spirit a sunshiny hue.

Its skies are all cloudless, serene, and enchanting—
 Its breezes are fragrant, exulting, and free;
 On its hills and its valleys no verdure is wanting,
 And its streamlets and rivers rush onwards in glee!

How calm are its slumbers—how bland and composing!
 Refreshing as dew to each innocent flower;
 Its dreams how elysian, no care or pain causing,
 But soft as the moonlight at evening's hour.

And light is its bosom—a fountain of gladness,
 Which bubbles and sparkles transparent and clear;
 Rejoicing—careering—a stranger to sadness,
 Unsullied by evil—untainted by fear.

Then mark its fleet footsteps, triumphantly bounding
 O'er mountain and lowland so blithely and gay;
 The proudest of monarchs with victory sounding,
 Ne'er marched with such grace and high bearing away.

How pleasant to look on its fine open features,
 The index of honour, of candour, and truth ;
 Of all the created of God's lovely creatures,
 There's none can compare with the glad brow of youth !

How warm is its friendship—how cordial and greeting,
 How free from hypocrisy, cunning, or guile ;
 Each pulse of its bosom harmoniously beating,
 Illum'd and adorn'd by sincerity's smile !

But oh ! who can paint its undying affection ?
 The love so devoted that dwells in its heart ?
 Of that first youthful passion the fond recollection
 From memory's tablets shall never depart !

Sweet spring-time of pleasure ! blest rapturous season,
 When the feelings are fresh, and yield fragrant perfume ;
 When uncheck'd by the cold formal dictates of reason,
 The soul riots wildly in beauty and bloom !

Oh ! how gladly we turn us, delighted to linger
 And gaze on its prospects so charming and fair ;
 All brilliantly lighted by hope's fairy finger,
 Ere yet our own bosoms have tasted of care !

Green, bright, sunny island in life's stormy ocean !
 When age and experience have sadden'd the brain,
 And sorrow comes o'er us with turbulent motion—
 Oh ! who would not wish to be young once again ?

Terrace, Norton, Malton.

ESSAY ON THE MOTTO OF OUR ORDER.

AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.

IF a number of individuals were to unite together for the benevolent purpose of promoting the happiness and well-being of mankind, they could not possibly adopt a more appropriate motto than that which dignifies our Order—Friendship, Love, and Truth. These three virtues contain within themselves so much essential good, that any society founded upon their basis, and inculcating their observance, recommends itself to the attention, and claims the respect of all men. Since then our motto is of such importance, and as all who become members of the Order are necessarily bound to adopt it as the rule by which to regulate their actions towards their fellows, it behoves us to make it a matter of careful consideration.

Who, that looks around him with an observant eye, can fail being struck with the scenes of hopeless misery and depravity which, like hydra-headed monsters, confront him at every step ? Who, that seriously reflects upon the motives and actions of the great proportion of mankind, does not feel a sickening loathing creep about his heart at their duplicity and despicable meanness ? And who, that claims possession of the smallest share of noble or generous feeling, does not fervently wish that some panacea might be discovered which would suffice to cure all the moral diseases that corrupt and infect the human heart ? Many have been the speculations of ethical philosophers as to the cause of these evils, and innumerable the schemes which have been propounded for their removal, but still how little has been effected towards the attainment of this desirable end. Yet the cause is palpable as the noonday-sun, and the remedy at once simple, clear, and efficient. It is to the almost total absence of genuine friendship, love, and truth that we must refer the greater part of the vices and miseries which distress mankind ; and it is only by the dissemination of those principles that these evils can be

removed. How many have had their every prospect blasted by the base ingratitude and faithlessness of hypocritical friends, whom they trusted in the honest simplicity of their hearts! How many bosoms have been wrung by the pangs of unrequited affection; and what unparalleled misery and depravity have resulted from the lamentable prevalence of falsehood! True sons of Ishmael, the hand of every man seems raised against his fellow. Who then, knowing these things, does not devoutly desire the spread of friendship, love and truth? These virtues, if generally prevalent, would suffice to regenerate the world. Envy, prejudice, ill-will, and all those selfish passions which grow like poisonous weeds about the heart, blighting every virtue in the bud, would be eradicated by the hand of friendship. Pride, avarice and ambition would be removed by the influence of love; and falsehood and equivocation, the prolific sources of half the miseries which vex the world, would expire at the feet of triumphant truth. If this desirable consummation could be once attained,—if all our thoughts, words and actions were imbued with friendship, love and truth,—if instead of selfishly pursuing our own immediate interests and pleasures, with a fratricidal disregard of the distresses of our brethren, we were to act upon that golden rule which has been stamped with Divine authority and commandment, “Love thy neighbour as thyself,” then, and not till then, might we expect to experience that unalloyed happiness which would result from the universal exercise of virtuous principles.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind of every member of the Order, that the duties of Odd Fellowship do not consist so much in a cold and mechanical acquiescence in its rules, as in the active exercise of the liberal and generous feelings upon which our Order is based. We should be living and breathing examples of the excellence of our motto; kind, affectionate, and sincere in our social intercourse; equitable in all our dealings; neither swerving to the right nor to the left from the straight path of duty, so that we may prove the truth of Pope’s assertion, that

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

Have we wealth?—we should share it with the poor. Have we knowledge?—we should instruct the ignorant. Have we happiness?—we should impart it to others. In short, whatever peculiar advantages we possess, we should endeavour to share them with those to whom nature or fortune has been less favourable. We should be always ready to stretch out the hand of friendship to our brethren; to comfort and assist the wretched; and in all cases strive to alleviate the sorrows of the afflicted. The widow and the orphan should ever find in each of us a kind and faithful friend. We should never scorn the humblest or most abject of our race. And we shall do well to remember, whenever we feel inclined to plume ourselves upon our superior attainments, and to regard ourselves as above the ordinary rank of mortals, that man, vain and ambitious man, who prides himself upon the undying energies of his mind,—who aspires to measure the heavens, and grasps at infinitude,—is but a single link in that vast chain of being of which the very worm he disdainfully tramples beneath his feet also forms an essential part. This consideration will teach us that humility which is so necessary to the growth of the virtues we have been inculcating.

If we contrast the unfeeling worldling whose aims, views, and wishes all originate and end in self, with the man whose every action is governed by friendship, love and truth, how infinitely superior in every point of view does the latter appear! The one is an incubus upon society; his flinty heart not only prevents the growth of virtue in his own bosom, but has also a tendency to stifle it in the breasts of others: he passes through life unesteemed, dies unlamented, and not a tear of genuine sorrow is shed upon his grave. But the other moves as it were in a circle of light, which warms, cheers and animates all who are within the reach of its influence. Like the Messiah, he goes about doing good. His path resounds with the blessings of the poor whom his bounty has relieved, and is watered with the grateful tears of the widow and the orphan whom his benevolence has made happy. And when death, which sooner or later must overtake all men, calls him from the scene of his virtuous actions, he is borne to the grave amidst the sorrowings of an afflicted people.

Philosophers tell us that this world is but a speck in the creation,—a mere grain of sand in the immensity of space, which one touch of the hand of Omnipotence could crush into atoms as easily as we could brush the dust from the delicate wing of the butterfly. And we are but like insignificant animalculæ, who breathe away an ephemeral existence upon its surface; are separated from the rest of the universe by a gulph which

all our skill and ingenuity can never enable us to pass, and are as effectually chained down to the earth by the power of gravitation, as the prisoner who is confined in his cell by the strongest iron fetters. It would be reasonable to suppose, then, that being thus severed as it were from the rest of the creation by an interminable abyss, with our very existence dependant upon the changeless and continued operation of the physical laws by which the world is governed, we should be bound to our kind by the closest and holiest ties of friendship and affection, regarding each other as the members of one great family, and striving to promote the comfort and welfare of the whole of our race. Is this the case? The victims of war, slavery, and oppression, under innumerable forms and pretences, in a voice of thunder, answer No! Else would the man of genius pine away in a garret, while thousands who are unutterably beneath him in all that ennoble humanity roll in wealth and splendour? Would modest virtue be dressed in rags, while unblushing vice is bedizened in the richest and gayest attire? Would the temple of truth be deserted, while millions sacrifice their very souls at the shrine of falsehood? Or honest merit be left unnoticed, while presuming ignorance is elevated to the place of honour and emolument?

Oh! who will not offer up his warmest aspirations for the rapid coming of the time when Friendship, Love, and Truth, like angels of heaven, shall walk hand in hand throughout the earth, searching out the abodes of want and wretchedness, giving bread to the famished, and solace to the afflicted; drawing all men together with the silken cords of love, and dispelling ignorance, superstition, and falsehood, by the unsullied light of truth! Then will happiness beam in every countenance, placid contentment smooth down the rugged furrows of care, and the gentle hand of friendship wipe away the tears which now dim the eyes of sorrow!

E. D. CHATTAWAY.

Rob Roy Lodge, Stepney District.

A TRUE STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

BY R. W. PROCTER.

BYRON has somewhere stated that truth is stranger than fiction—I believe it. I have a tale, or rather an incident to relate, that will prove it. It is a picture worthy of the bards who died two or three centuries back, and who yet live in “Percy’s Reliques.” It is not dated in our own matter-of-fact times, when romance succumbs to reality, and the flights of imagination are eclipsed by the flights of steam; but, like the famous Waverley,—“’Tis sixty years since.”

About that period my grandmother was in her hey-day, indeed she was a village belle; and Flora, being lavish of her roses, had planted two upon her cheeks. Alas! when I look on the wrinkled old creature before me, helpless in her easy chair, I sigh for human nature. It is hard to reconcile the present with the past. Beauty is a charm of which time soon comes to deprive us; and he laughs at the faded form, even as he bears away its bloom upon his wing. However, she was a blythe lass *then*, and was frolicking, with many others, in a field of new-mown hay, when a young woman passed the meadow, preceded by a small flock of sheep. She was singing a plaintive air, and walked with a slow dejected step. There was something so singular in her general appearance and manners, that she attracted the attention of the villagers, and they watched her until out of sight with exceeding interest. She carried the crook, and wore the rude garb of a shepherdess; still there was an unconscious air of nobility in her bearing—an intellectual expression of feature that she could not lay aside; and which made the rustics suspect, what afterwards proved to be the truth, that the interesting wanderer was a lady in disguise. She was lovely, as a paragon; gentle to a degree. She had been foolish enough to fall deeply in love, without first gaining the consent of her parents; and what was still more unpardonable, she had neglected the three grand requisites of a wise match—three apples in the world’s eye—riches, titles, birth; and had preferred in their stead a youth who had little to recommend him, save his moral and physical endowments, though these, to do him justice, were superior to

the common lot. The young man on whom she had thus unwittingly *thrown away* her affections, was a shepherd; he leased a cottage on the estate of her father, and, like the far-famed sire of Douglas, fed his flock upon the hills. They were on the eve of marriage, when their interesting treason met with a premature discovery, and their little plot miscarried. The lady's parent was highly incensed, and his vindictive feelings prompted an unjust revenge. The American struggle for independence then raged in all its fury, the pressgang swept the country like a scourge, and a hint dropped in the proper quarter, sealed the fate of the shepherd. He was sent to cool his luckless passion on the wave, or merge it in the fiercer, if not more destructive furnace of war. His destiny, however, was a closed book to his bride elect; he was missing she was aware, but that was the extent of her knowledge.

Some time after that event, my grandmother would continue in relating the story, she took the small flock of her lover, and traversed highways and by-ways, the country over, in search of him. Some folks hinted that love had turned her brain; certainly it appeared very strange conduct, yet I never would believe that story. She did very well in her wanderings while the fine summer weather lasted; but winter came, and then, poor lady, she must have perished, had not the steward, who was guarding her unnoticed, led her home to the castle. Her father had shown himself an unfeeling man, yet he melted at sight of her like an icicle before the sun. In truth, Lord Rowland always doted on his daughter; but then, he valued honour, as he called it, even more than his life, and he sacrificed his affections to pride. I know not, exactly, what this honour means; I am only a simple countrywoman, and never lived amongst lords and ladies, but if honour be as far removed from happiness as it seems to be, I will never seek its acquaintance. But to the point: I will not spin out my story with reflections to the length of a sailor's yarn. I never like to dwell on scenes of sorrow; we have trouble enough of our own without sharing other people's; understand me, I mean when, as in the present instance, they are past our care. The wanderer was tenderly nursed and cherished after her return; but it was nursing a blighted blossom. She drooped day after day, and at length she died—of consumption, the doctors said, though nobody believed them, for we knew that she had died of a broken heart. They could not, it is true, save the victim of ambition from the grave—their repentance and their kindness came too late. But oh! she had a splendid funeral, and a beautiful monument, with angels carved upon it; and such an epitaph—written on purpose for her—there is nothing like it in the whole church, nor in the churchyard. I got the words by heart the first day I read them, and they have never since been forgotten. It ran thus:

Sacred to the memory of Henrietta Rowland, who departed this life in
the 26th year of her age.

Beneath this stone, from sin secure,
Sleeps one—the purest of the pure;
As Sharon's Rose, beyond compare,
She bloom'd—the fairest of the fair.

As early dew-drops to the flower—
As joy to sorrow's pensive hour—
As sunlight to the eastern skies—
This maid was to her parent's eyes.

But she is gone, and o'er their souls
The tide of sorrow ceaseless rolls;
Nor will the waves of grief subside,
While time can change, or death divide.

A fine epitaph, truly; if it lie not, the old nobleman suffered sufficiently for his heartlessness. He never lived to be old, my grandmother would resume upon relighting her pipe, he withered after the death of his child like a blasted oak. It seemed as if the hand of vengeance was upon him; nothing could gladden his heart, even his favourite amusements became tiresome, and life itself a burden. It was a burden, however, that did not trouble him long; he lingered through the summer months, like a cloud between earth and heaven; but when we made merry at the next harvest-home, they had carved his name by the side of his daughter's.

Philosophers and wise men, who plume themselves upon their learning, may sneer at this humble narrative of blighted affection. Let them sneer,—it is addressed more

to the heart than the head, and with them, therefore, it claims not the least connexion. They may argue that love is but another name for madness—that youth alone becomes its victim—and that man, when he arrives at the age of maturity and reflection, casts aside his imbecility, flies to the study of science, or the world, and laughs at his early folly. There may be some truth in all this; yet, I contend that love is allied to reason as well as to nature. Its sorrows are not always imaginary, far from it; frequently they are real and soul-subduing as those of after life; indeed, much more so, for fortune may cheer the wretched haunts of poverty and distress—health visit the pillow of sickness—and time soften down the ravages even of death—but joy never smiles, and pity vainly sheds her tear for the broken heart!

Star of Hope Lodge, Manchester.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO FRANCE.

BY HENRY WHAITE, P. G.

I ARRIVED at Boulogne on the night of the 13th of September, 1841, by the Sir William Wallace steamer, from London. We had upon the whole a delightful passage, which we were only eleven hours and a half in accomplishing, and it being six o'clock in the morning when we started, we had the advantage of daylight all the way.

A sail down the Thames at high water to a person who has been brought up in an inland town is an enchanting sight. He is struck with astonishment at beholding innumerable vessels of all sizes, and from every country, either bringing in or taking out immense treasures, and he also sees with feelings of surprise the enormous piles of warehouses, the docks, the hospitals, government stores, and a variety of other objects which are around him. He is continually coming in sight of either places famed in history, or vessels of war, all calculated to inspire him with indescribable delight or veneration.

About noon we reached the mouth of the Thames, and I then began to think seriously of my situation: every moment was taking me farther from my native land, and I was going to the abode of strangers, with an imperfect knowledge of their language—to a country where I had been informed it was their study to take advantage of the English—without a friend or companion; and the majority of my fellow-passengers were foreigners. Frequently when I turned towards the country which contained all I held most dear, tears would start to my eyes, as I pictured to myself the possibility of never again beholding my native shore. Whilst thus musing I was aroused by some questions from two young gentlemen, whom I soon discovered by their brogue to be Irish. I was delighted to learn that they were likely to be my fellow-passengers to Paris. It appeared that they had received their education at Maynooth College in Ireland, and were on their way to a monastery at Marseilles to finish their studies for the Catholic priesthood. I found them plain unassuming, pleasant companions, and in every way such as I at that time stood so much in need of. I was pleased to learn that a priest had to meet them at Boulogne to accompany them to their journey's end. Their friend was to provide them lodgings upon landing, and they had no doubt that, should I require it, he would also procure lodgings for me. About four o'clock we could plainly see the French coast, and at five Boulogne was pointed out to us, and also an immense pillar which may be said to serve as a land-mark, but was raised in commemoration of Napoleon and his army of invasion, amounting to 30,000 men, who encamped here previous to their intended embarkation for England.

Upon entering the harbour I was struck with the peculiar construction of its fortifications, and its jetty, which extends a considerable distance into the sea, and forms a beautiful and healthy promenade. I was, however, more struck with the soldiers, and could not help making a comparison between them and our own. What, thought I, can these poor insignificant fellows entertain the idea of fighting with English soldiers? How preposterous! Their appearance to me was ridiculous, particularly their dress. Upon our vessel dropping anchor we were immediately besieged with them and the custom-house officers, who came on board and refused to let any luggage go ashore, except small parcels that passengers might carry in their hands, and

not even then without leave. Having only a leathern hat-box and small portmanteau, I asked and obtained permission to land. In the hurry and scuffle I lost my companions, and was about crossing over to look for them when I was stopped by the gendarmes, or soldiers, who had formed themselves in two rows all the way to the custom-house, and prevented any one from escaping before he had been examined there. Never shall I forget the indignation which I felt in being thus made a prisoner, and by such a contemptible set of men; but my consolation was that I was only treated like the other passengers. I did not at first know where we were to be conveyed to. We soon, however, found ourselves in the bastille-looking custom-house, and all who had brought any luggage with them were obliged to deliver up their keys, in order that it might be rummaged over by the jacks in office. These individuals, by way of distinction from the others, were dressed in yellow jackets, and wore cock-and-pinched hats with the points resting on each shoulder. Their dresses were covered with an abundance of white cotton fringe, which gave them a mean and tawdry appearance. After they had satisfied themselves by upsetting all my clothes, linen, &c., they left me, and proceeded to examine the remainder of the passengers in the same way. I imagined that I was now at liberty, but I was mistaken: I was taken before other officials, one of whom, in a gruff voice, demanded my passport. I accordingly shewed it to him. After examining it and myself, he very unceremoniously told me to move on. I wished to tell him that I should want it again on going to the Interior, but my only answer was "Move on! move on!—you'll get it at Paris, and not before. You must get a provisional one." Several gentlemen were very abusive to the officers, owing to their strict examination; and I noticed one gentleman who was put back on account of his insolence, and subjected to great inconvenience. I began to think that I was at length free, when to my surprise I was conveyed by two persons into an adjoining room before another personage, and compelled to leave my luggage behind me. After fastening the door, the first words addressed to me were "What have you got concealed about your person, Sir?" "Nothing," was my reply, "but what is lawful." "You must be searched, Sir." At the same time the two individuals who had brought me in commenced feeling every portion of my clothes with their hands, and when they came to my breast they said "What is this?" I replied that it was a secret pocket which I had in my flannel vest for my money. With this answer they seemed satisfied, and I was allowed to pass on. The ladies were taken into a separate room, and I heard some who were very violent in their protestations against the degrading act of being searched, and well they might be. I shall not easily forget my own feelings at being thus treated, and for the first time in my life searched like a culprit. A door was now opened, and I was allowed to depart, but I had no longer the same buoyant spirits I possessed before. I felt myself completely humbled by what I had just undergone; and although I knew all my fellow-passengers had been served in a similar way, I could not look upon the treatment I had received in any other light than an insult. No sooner had I got fairly out than I was assailed by some scores of waiters and others, who are called *Touters*, from the different hotels. They were all busy in presenting cards, or calling out the names of the different establishments to which they belonged. Having lost my companions, I was in a perplexing situation, being pestered on all sides by the *Touters*, a dozen or two of whom were sometimes gathered around me at once. I should here advise all parties to fix, if possible, upon their hotels, and call out for the same, and they will then be at once conducted to their quarters, and relieved from farther annoyance. I at length fought my way through the crowd, and found myself near one of the principal streets. After bewailing the loss of my companions, I was just in the act of taking the advice of another person and putting up at one of the principal hotels, when I was hailed by my friends, accompanied by their reverend conductor. After some few formalities I was taken to the hotel they had been recommended to, viz:—"Hotel Cheval Blanc," in "Rue tant perd tant Paie," or, in English, "Pay what you lose Street,"—one of the most singular names for a street I ever heard of. When we had washed, redressed, and made a hearty tea, we all set out to see the town, our reverend friend acting as guide. The shops here, particularly in the jewellery line, are truly splendid; and all sorts of trinkets are to be purchased very cheap. After taking a circuit round the town, we went into the cathedral, a large but not remarkably handsome looking building, and I was struck with admiration at the solemnity of the scene before me, namely, the ceremony of the evening vespers. I here beheld a long procession of

priests, singing-men and boys, each chanting and singing alternately, and carrying crosses, books, incense-burners, torches, candles, banners, &c., and at times halting before the different little chapels, as though to say mass over some departed saint. It being now almost dark, the lights from their torches and candles gave the remaining part of the lofty edifice an appearance of awful grandeur which I had never before witnessed. In various parts of this immense pile there were to be seen devotees reclining or kneeling on chairs with straight backs about three feet high. They rested their arms on the top, and were either reading a prayer, or offering up one, with their faces turned towards the altar, or some saint which was pictured before them. There appeared to be several hundred of these chairs scattered about the place, or piled up, perhaps for extraordinary occasions. As my friends made use of these chairs, I also made use of one of them, and although I had not been brought up to the Roman Catholic faith, and my prayers might be different to theirs, yet I hope they were equally acceptable. There seemed a humility of spirit and a devotedness to religion, in a scene like this, such as I had previously no idea of; and a continual bustle was kept up by numbers coming in to pray in the chairs, and then depart.

On leaving the cathedral, although it was nearly dark, we directed our steps towards the raised fortified wall, which encloses a part of the town that faces towards the sea, and also the barracks. Here we passed a sentinel, who ought to have prevented us from ascending the steps, but he was busy talking to some one, and never noticed us at all. Whilst on the wall we passed another, who was engaged in conversation with a female; and, after walking to near the other end of the wall, which is laid out with rows of full grown trees, we came up to a third sentinel, who demanded to know how we had got there after hours, thus shewing the extreme negligence of the two sentinels whom we had passed without being noticed. I was greatly surprised on the day following to find the sentinel who should have been guarding the same wall, with his gun reared up, whilst he was playing at skittles with some of his comrades. I could not help making a comparison between the order kept by these soldiers and those of the British army. What would have been the consequence had such a thing occurred in this country? When I consider what I was afterwards witness to, I cannot wonder at what I then saw, for I noticed generally that there was a want of due respect to their officers. This will be easily accounted for when I state that it is no uncommon thing to see officers and men tippling, or carding and playing at various games together. By such means the officers must lose much of their authority over the men, and no doubt many acts of neglect are either screened or forgiven.

Near the Catholic church is a museum and library, in which I spent a few hours. They are open to the public "gratés." The museum is considered by many to be the finest in France. It is certainly rich in specimens of natural history; but what pleased me more than all was the picture gallery, and the sculptures. I could have stayed a whole day amongst them.

The theatre of Boulogne is a neat edifice, and the prices of admission are very low, which circumstance is accounted for by the municipality giving to the manager the use of the theatre and an annual sum of twelve thousand francs, for which the town expects him to provide a good company of performers, and if he neglect to do so the theatre is taken out of his hands and given to those who will. I cannot speak of its interior, for I did not visit it, but I believe it to be neatly decorated.

The town is lighted with gas by an English company, and it is a singular fact that a principal part of the pipes which convey the gas to the town was made from the cannon balls fired by the English when the place was bombarded by them. The balls were found embedded in the mud, a few years ago, by the labourers who were employed in making alterations in the harbour, and many tons were picked out and sold. When these balls were fired how little was it imagined that they would one day render such an important service to those whom they were intended to destroy. Nearly all the men wear mustachios, and the women have handkerchiefs on their heads instead of bonnets, and wear red flannel petticoats that reach no further than their knees, and black stockings. They are decorated with the most enormous ear-rings I ever saw, the drops being upon an average about three inches long. I am speaking now of the common people; the better sort of females chiefly are seen walking out without their bonnets, and have an abundance of lace, flowers, &c., on their caps or hair. Wine is here very cheap: we paid a franc, or 10d. per bottle for it, and it is a pleasant drinking wine.

For brandy we were charged one penny per glass. Grapes were growing in at our bedroom windows. There was a great abundance of them in the markets, and they were exceedingly cheap. I purchased for a penny, I should think, not less than a pound. Peaches, apricots, &c. were equally abundant and cheap.

Passports are a great bore to an Englishman: at least such I found them. When I applied for mine in London, I was not aware but that I could obtain it at once; consequently I went direct to the office of the French Embassy, in Poland Street. I found that one day's notice must be given before a Passport could be filled up, and knowing that the vessel would sail at six in the morning, it appeared that I must either give up my route by way of Boulogne, go round by Southampton, or wait until the following week for the next packet. I was, however, advised by the Secretary to make applications to the French Consul in the City, from whom I might procure a Passport for a fee of ten shillings and sixpence. This course I preferred and adopted, though when a Passport is obtained in the regular way it is free of charge. A passport contains your name, residence, age, size, complexion, and also the names of the places where you intend to land and go to. These passports must be delivered up to the police at the port where you land, and before you can leave the port you must have a provisional passport, which will take you to where you intend going. For the provisional passport you have to pay two francs, and must shew it when you arrive at your journey's end to the police, who will then give up your original one, after signing it and getting to know where you are staying at. When you have engaged lodgings at an hotel you have either to shew your passport to the landlord, who takes the particulars, or you give it him and he immediately copies it and communicates the same to the prefecture of police, so that one communication has to correspond with the other. Before you can leave Paris again you have to get the British ambassador to sign your passport, and you must then go to the police office, where it will be signed again, and you can obtain permission to go to any port from which you are desirous of embarking. When you arrive there you must again get the police signature, and also a permission to depart. This permission must be given up when you enter the vessel, but the passport must be kept, and it will do for any other visit which may be made in the course of one year from its date.

After getting our provisional passports we made inquiries respecting the mode of conveyance to Paris. The principal one is by Diligence, but before we secured places we took an opportunity of examining the vehicle. The French Diligence is really a strange looking conveyance. It is divided into four sets of places: the "coupé," which is similar to an English post-chaise, and is situated in the front, holds three persons, and is the best and most expensive part—the "interieur," which is like the body of an English stage-coach, and contains six places—the "rotunde," a hinder body, which holds four—and the "banquette," which holds three besides the guard and coachman. The "banquette" may be compared to a cabriolet, and the "rotunde" to a small omnibus. The whole vehicle resembles in appearance an English stage-waggon; for the luggage and a great deal of merchandize are carried on the top of all, and covered with a large tarpauling. The Diligences are generally drawn by five or six horses, but sometimes, if the road and load require it, they have eight horses attached to them. The horses are always ranged in two rows, either three or four abreast, and have mostly bells around their necks. Their harness, collars, &c. are adorned with coloured fringe. The coachmen are changed with the horses, which are generally of a strong make, and proceed at about the rate of six miles an hour. The passengers are always locked up, and cannot get out without permission of the guard, who is very independent; he is engaged under government, and conveys the mail-bags, and sees to the luggage and merchandize, but does not receive a fee from the passengers.

(To be continued.)

Nelson Lodge, Manchester.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY J. P. DOUGLAS.

Author of "*A Dream of Youth*."

Ay, it hath pass'd into the grave of years,
 Whose resurrection is the end of time ;
 A drop, a speck, within that vast sublime—
 The record of much joy, and many tears.
 Stand still, ye stars ! and cease your blissful chime,
 Minstrels of heaven ! ye everlasting spheres,
 That pipe aloud unto celestial ears,
 In never ending, never changing rhyme.
 Departed year ! thy solemn funeral knell
 Is rung by strains that hail another's birth ;
 The notes of sadness, in their dying swell,
 Most strange and sweetly seem to blend with mirth ;
 While heaven looks brighter on the white robed earth,
 As the new year's first song mingles with thy farewell !

Maryport.

FURTHER REMARKS UPON THE CONTINGENT FUND.

I AM again induced to address you on the subject of a contingent fund. It was with great surprise and regret that I learned, from sources which leave no doubt as to the accuracy of the information, that P. G. Lancaster refuses to answer an anonymous correspondent. Before, however, I enter into any consideration of that part of the subject, I have to apologize to the readers of the Magazine, and also to the parties concerned, for an error which I inadvertently committed, in saying (under the signature of "Frater,") that P. G. Lancaster was the first who had publicly come forward to advocate the cause. I had made research through the Numbers of the Magazine, but had overlooked an article (to which my attention has since been directed) in the April Number for 1840, written by C. S. Jackson, of the Newton Heath District. I can only say I regret the error. There are others, also, who claim the merit of having before stood forward in this cause. I never intended in the least to detract from their deserts, as I only spoke of P. G. Lancaster as the first to bring it before the Order through the medium of the Magazine; on that point I have acknowledged my error. It is well known, and especially in this neighbourhood, that the object was mooted long before P. G. Lancaster became a member of the Order; I believe he was initiated some time in the year 1841. It has, for instance, been often mentioned at various meetings by the present D. G. M. of the Order; there was also a report prepared for one of the Manchester Quarterly Committees on the subject, which was only withdrawn from a general opinion that the time was not fitting. But I would not in the least detract from the merits of P. G. Lancaster's article. As a member of the Order, I am always glad to add my mite of praise to those who endeavour to improve us, or ameliorate the condition of our brethren. But it would appear that, in this instance, I have fallen into an error, too common amongst us, that of praising too highly; it is, however, an error on the right side.

In respect to my having used a fictitious signature (if such term will more fully express the meaning) I cannot see why the least objection should be raised on that point. If at any time I endeavour to controvert an opinion, or to dispute a position laid down, then I do not shrink from the responsibility. But when my only object was to praise, and to solicit the attention of the brethren to an undertaking worthy of their energies, I could see no reason to suppose that one signature was not as good as another. I had not the presumption to imagine that my name would have any weight with the Order, or would at all forward the cause; I append it to this article, and probably very few, except in my own locality, even know that there is such a being in existence, and therefore of what value is the knowledge of my proper designation? A fictitious signature, or an anonymous production, is only to be condemned, when under that shelter an attack is to be made, or a slander promulgated. I will give a case in point.

The splendid fictions of Sir Walter Scott were not the less acceptable to the public because they were anonymous. The bitter sarcasm and the stinging reproaches of Junius did not the less sear to the bone because the signature was fictitious. But here was the difference: that whilst the novelist only sought to impart pleasure, the other made the most direct attack upon character, and imputed the worst motives to actions. Whence, then, this fastidious objection about a name, a shadow—for it is nothing more. We might almost follow up the sentiment of Rousseau, humiliating as it is to human nature. If we remove the flimsy veil that covers our apparently best intentions, how often do we find the foul gangrene festering and putrifying below; and thus are we forced to ascribe to vanity, that which we would gladly hail as an emanation of pure philanthropy. I have read a tale in former years which is apropos to the occasion: A lady of high rank, a leader in the world of beauty and fashion, attended a meeting for the purpose of raising a subscription for a decayed actress, who had in her day been a bright ornament to the stage. When it came to her ladyship's turn, she wrapped ten guineas in a piece of paper, and gave them, saying,—“I do not offer this to the histrionic talent of the actress; I give it to the virtuous woman, the estimable wife, the tender mother.” The room rang with applause at her liberal benevolence, and at the sentiment she had uttered. She retired to her carriage, crammed to the top of her bent with the servile adulation of flattery. A stoppage occurred in the street—a shivering beggar approached the carriage, a female in the last stage of destitution with two helpless infants clinging to her. There was no resisting the impassioned urgency of the appeal, she drew forth her embroidered purse, and turned over the bright guineas it contained; the beggar's eyes glistened at the sight—she took from the shining heap a solitary shilling, and presented it to the starving supplicant! The guardian angel appointed to note her actions flew up to heaven's chancery with the record—the ten guineas were inscribed under the head of vanity—the single shilling was placed to the credit of charity. May the parable be a warning to us all; and if in our benevolent endeavours we are only careful to act with a single heart, our exertions must be crowned with success.

It is with no pleasurable feelings that I pursue these remarks, but a high and worthy undertaking must not be allowed to fall to the ground through fastidious delicacy, or a presumed want of conventional etiquette. If P. G. Lancaster will only reply to those whose names are known far and wide through the Order, I withdraw from the discussion. I am not champion meet for him. But surely the cause is not lost! There are amongst our intelligent brethren in London those who, I am certain, will not let a great principle perish whilst they can stretch forth a hand to save it. There are cool heads and warm hearts to be found in every nook and corner of our extended unity; and to all these do I appeal to come forward and assist in this work of pure benevolence. The times are sadly out of joint, ruin is stalking through the land, misery and destitution are to be found in the field and in the city; and our Order has not escaped unscathed from the evil influences of the times. Perhaps this is not the time to commence a wide spreading scheme of charity; but let us hope, and in the mean time let us mature our plans. The present visitation calls upon us to prepare for future contingences. It is not by individual exertions that great events are brought to pass, but by union of the many; each in his individual sphere can do much, both by precept and example. Let us not, then, pause in our career, until all has been done that human power can effect to ameliorate the condition of our brethren; and then shall the blessing of the poor, and those who are ready to perish, rest upon us!

Washington Lodge, Salford.

HENRY BALL.

PRESENTATIONS.

March 14, 1842, a splendid Patent Lever Watch, to P. G. Thomas Richmond, by the Lily of Cheetham Lodge, Manchester District.—October 31, a Patent Lever Silver Watch, to P. G. William Betts, by the Collingwood Lodge, Birmingham.—February 22, 1841, a Silver Medal to P. G. Henry Bennett, by the Widows' Hope Lodge, Studley District.—May 30, 1842, a valuable Silver Medal, to P. C. S. Henry Bennett, by the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, Studley District.—March 28, 1842, a handsome Medal, to

P. G. Williamson, by the True Briton Lodge, Northampton.—December 24, 1842, a Medal, to P. G. Thomas Fozzard, by the Rehoboth Lodge.—January 28, 1842, a Silver Medal and Collar, value six guineas, to P. G. Danford, by the Providence Lodge, Oundle.—Dec. 2, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. Croft, by the Good Samaritan Lodge, Market Deeping.—July 25, 1842, a Silver Medal, value two guineas, to P. G. John Whitehouse, by the Lord Nelson Lodge, Tipton District.—October 25, 1842, a valuable Gold Skeleton Watch and Gold Guard Chain, to Prov. C. S. Francis Wood, of the Bollington District, (late C. S. of the Macclesfield District) by the Macclesfield and Bollington Districts.—September 26, 1842, a splendid Silver Medal, with gold centre, to P. G. S. Hudson, by the Bud of Hope Lodge, Brierley Hill District. Also, February 6, 1843, a handsome Silver Watch, to P. G. George Woodcock, by the same Lodge.—December 29, 1842, a splendid Silver Medal to P. G. John Smith; also a splendid Silver Medal, to P. G. Richard Pattinson; both of the Bolton Lodge, Leyburn, by the Penhill Lodge, West Witton, Masham District.—December 6, 1842, a splendid Silver Cup, to Prov. G. M. Crocker, by the Lord John Russell Lodge, Ebbaston District.—February 1, 1842, a handsome Medal, value eight pounds, to P. P. G. M. George Skelding, by the Wellington Lodge, Oxford District. Also, December 26, 1842, a handsome Snuff Box, to P. P. G. M. George Skelding, of the Oxford District, by the St. Stephen Lodge.—January 30, 1840, a Silver Medal, to P. G. Thomas Meir, of the Apollo Lodge, by the Tynemouth Castle Lodge; both of the North Shields District.—August 24, 1841, a splendid Patent Lever Watch and Appendages, to P. Prov. G. M. Henry Walton, by the Bishop Auckland District.—July 31, 1841, a splendid Silver Medal, with gold centre, to P. Prov. G. M. George Saulkeld, by the Amity Lodge: December 25, 1841, a splendid Silver Medal, with gold centre, to P. G. James Watson, by the Whitworth Rose Lodge: July 4, 1840, a splendid Silver Medal, to P. Prov. G. M. Henry Walton, by the St. Thomas Lodge; all in the Bishop Auckland District.—May 10, 1842, a splendid Silver Cream Jug, to Hostess Mrs. E. Wakefield, by the Philanthropic Lodge: November 15, 1842, a splendid Silver Guard and Gold Key, to P. G. Thomas Woodcock, by the Sussex Lodge: January 18, 1843, a Scarlet Sash and Apron, to P. G. Thomas Hedley, by the Flower of the Tyne Lodge; all in the Gateshead District.—May 14, 1842, a handsome Silver Medal, to brother H. O. Heay, surgeon, by the Greenwell Lodge: June 18, 1842, a splendid Silver Snuff Box, to Prov. C. S. Watson, by the Poor Man's Friend Lodge; both in the Durham District.—Oct. 31, 1842, a splendid Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. Robert Brooks, by the Deritend Lodge, Birmingham District.—Dec. 26, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box to brother Joseph Pullan, by the Knaresborough District.—Feb. 13, 1843, a splendid Silver Snuff Box, and £3 10s. in money, to brother William Wheeler, by the North Shields District, for the noble daring and heroic conduct displayed by him in saving the lives of four seamen, wrecked in the brig "Percy," on Tynemouth Rocks, on the morning of January 13, 1843.—1842, an Emblem, in a valuable and richly-gilded frame, to brother Robert Wallace, M. P. for Greenock, by the members of his Lodge in Greenock.—Sep. 1, 1842, a handsome Writing Desk, to P. G. William Warren Moffat, by the Victoria Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District: Feb. 28, 1843, a handsome Writing Desk, to P. G. George Airey, by the same Lodge.—April 12, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, value eight guineas, to P. G. J. Lee, by the Victoria Lodge, Market Bosworth, Atherstone District.—Feb. 8, 1843, a Silver Pencil Case, value £2, to brother John Kirby, honorary member, by the True Friendship Lodge, Stokesley District.—Nov. 18, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, to brother Robert Turnbull, by the Tradesman's Glory Lodge, Stockton District.

Marriages.

Dec. 8, 1842, at the parish church, Huddersfield, P. W. Robert Bowsfield, corn miller, Liversidge, of the Friendly Drop Lodge, Brighouse District, to Miss Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Nautcliffe, farmer, Mirfield.—Sep. 24, 1842, brother Thomas Wells, of the St. Stephen Lodge,

Oxford District, to Miss Ann Maria Horsley, of Brightwell, Berks.—Dec. 26, 1842, brother Thomas Wm. Coulson, of the Tynemouth Castle Lodge, Tynemouth, to Elizabeth Robinson, Limmicks; both of North Shields.—Nov. 29, 1842, brother George Hawley, of the Sir Isaac Newton

Lodge, Colsterworth, to Miss Elizabeth Scotney, of Grantham.—January 9, 1843, brother Joseph Urwin, of the Bowes Lodge, Burnipfield, to Miss Ann Wylam.—Nov. 19, 1842, P. Sec. Michael Garthorne, of Ens Hill, to Mrs. Mary Stephenson, of Hamsterley: Dec. 5, 1842, P. G. John Johnson, of Hamsterley, to Miss Martha Bainbridge, of Belleby; both of the Good Intent Lodge.—Feb. 4, 1843, brother Joseph Moor, of the Heart of Oak Lodge, Wigton District, to Miss Martha Barnes.—Feb. 7, 1843, by the Rev. brother J. Ellis, vicar, P. Prov. G. M. Crocker, Ebbeston District, to Miss Jane Vasey, of Ebbeston.—Dec. 12, 1842, brother Matthew Grieson, of the Shakspeare Lodge, Durham, to Miss Mary Lamb: Jan. 14, 1843, brother George Davison, of the same Lodge, to Miss Ann Talbot.—Sep. 28, 1842, at Llanganny church, in the county of Monmouth, by the Rev. R. W. P. Davis, P. G. George Matthews, of the St. Edmond Lodge, Abergavenny District, to Miss Ann Jenkins.—Dec. 23, 1842, brother James McMillan, of the Rising Sun Lodge, Brierley Hill District, to Miss Eliza Parkes, of Brierley Hill.—Nov. 28, 1842, V. G. Richard Viner, of the Victory Lodge, to Miss Ann Lowthian.—Dec. 1, 1842, at Kildale, by the Rev. Thomas Todd, rector, P. G. John Skew, of the Cleveland Lodge, Stokesley, and G. M. of the Captain James Cook Lodge, Ayton, Stokesley District, to Miss Elizabeth Clarke, of Carlton.—Dec. 26, 1842, at St. Alkmund's church, Derby, P. G. John Mellor, of the Peace and Unity Lodge, Brasington, to Sophia Thompson, daughter of Mr. Thompson, butcher, of Hognaston.—Aug. 12, 1841, at Neath church, by the Rev. H. Knight, rector, N. G. Thomas Maber, Caractacus Lodge, Neath District, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. John Renoden.—Nov. 12, 1842, brother William Garbutt, of the Philanthropic Lodge, to Miss Mary Hardy, of Walker: Nov., 1842, N. G. William Golightly, of the same Lodge, to Miss Hannah Gray, Gateshead District.—Dec. 4, 1842, brother John Landywell, of the Cambrian Lodge, Oswestry District, to Miss Ann Morigg.—Jan. 1, 1843, brother Thomas Draper, of the Lord Nelson Lodge,

North London District, to Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Daft, of Sommers Town, St. Pancras.—Dec. 25, 1842, brother Alfred Perkins, of the Noah's Ark Lodge, Stonehouse District, to Miss P. Godsell, daughter of Mr. James Godsell.—Nov. 26, brother John Hall, of the Providential Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Abbott: Dec. 10, brother Thomas Bell, of the Mansion of Peace Lodge, to Miss Margaret Smith; both in the Trompton District.—Nov. 20, 1842, P. V. G. George Davis, of the Queen Victoria Lodge, Pembroke Dock, Caermarthen District, to Miss Margaret Eynon.—Oct. 4, 1842, V. G. Jos. Clare, of the Duke of Manchester Lodge, Northampton District, to Miss Ann Walker, of the same place.—June 12, 1842, at Whitburn, brother William Allison, to Miss Mary Hutchinson.—Oct. 24, 1842, at Durham, brother Henry Carr, to Miss Mary Cornforth.—Nov. 24, 1842, Sec. Joseph William Harris, of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Rochdale District, to Martha, daughter of Mr. John Sutcliffe, of Wadsworth Mill, near Todmorden.—Jan. 2, 1843, brother Thomas Carr, of the Amaranth Lodge, Southwick, to Miss Elizabeth Greenhaugh: Feb. 25, 1843, brother Williamson Robinson, of the Rose of Durham Lodge, Durham, to Miss Mary Walker; both of the Bishop Wearmouth District.—Jan. 23, 1843, at Christ Church, Harrogate, P. G. J. H. Wilkinson, of the Victoria Lodge, Knaresborough District, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Jones, of Newton, Baschurch, Shropshire.—Dec. 31, 1842, brother Swinburn Gibson, of the Prospect Lodge, North Shields District, to Miss Mary Garrick, sister to N. G. Joseph Whittle Garrick, of the same Lodge.—Sep. 11, 1842, at the Collegiate church, Manchester, V. G. Benjamin Taylor, of the Briton's Glory Lodge, Oldham District, to Miss Leach, daughter of P. G. James Leach, of the same Lodge.—Feb. 12, at the Collegiate church, Manchester, Sec. Robert Mahon, of the Palladium Lodge, Oldham District, to Sarah, daughter of P. G. Jos. Mellor.—Nov. 7, 1842, brother Andrew Bradshaw, of the Offspring of Love Lodge, Pottery and Newcastle District, to Miss Jane Dickson.

Deaths.

Nov. 20, 1842, brother William Parker, of the Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester. He was killed on the Manchester and Bolton Railway by the accidental breaking of a carriage step, while he was

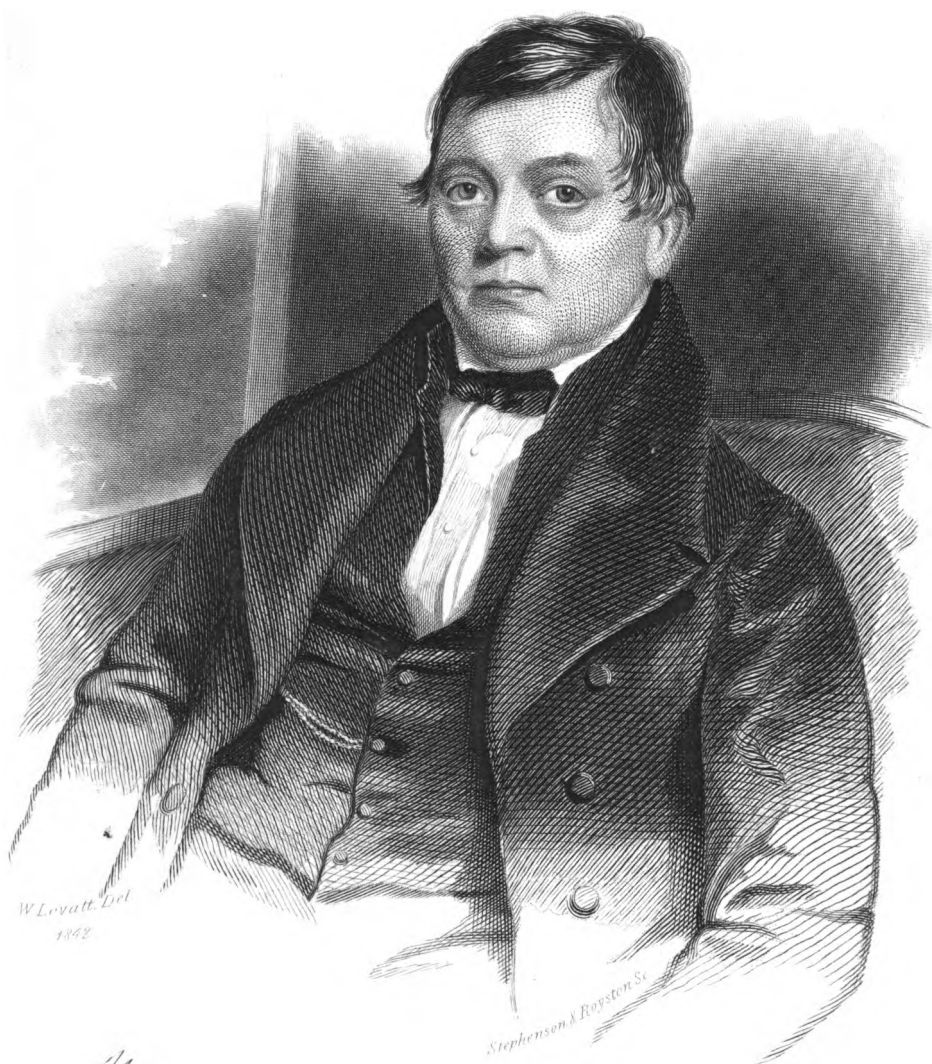
(as guard) collecting the passengers' tickets.—Feb. 10, 1843, Ann, wife of brother George Butterworth, of the Sir Oswald Mosley Lodge, Manchester District, aged 30.—Dec. 1842, Jane, wife of brother

William Singleton : Jan., 1843, brother James Whittaker, aged 31 ; both of the Marquis of Granby Lodge.—Sep. 27 1842, brother Christopher Jackson, aged 27, of the Wizard of the North Lodge.—Nov. 10, the wife of brother William Metcalfe, of the Queen's Lodge, Newby Wiske.—Nov. 27, host John Best, aged 50, of the Mansion of Peace Lodge, Northallerton.—Dec. 8, wife of brother John Wood, of the North Star Lodge, Brompton.—Dec. 11, brother Ralph Wigham, aged 30, of the Mansion of Peace Lodge, Northallerton.—Jan. 19, aged 27, the wife of brother Jameson Scott.—Jan. 23, 1843, brother David Wilkinson, aged 43, of the Earl of Dartmouth Lodge, Slaithwaite, Holthead District.—Dec. 8, 1842, Sarah, the wife of P. Prov. D. G. M. Preston, aged 35 : Feb. 4, 1843, Sarah, the wife of brother Clarke, surgeon to the Philanthropic Lodge, aged 25 ; both of the Philanthropic Lodge, Fazeley District.—Jan. 31, 1843, the wife of brother Peter Lindsey, of the Star of Benevolence Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District.—Oct. 17, 1842, Host Raney, of the Traveller's Home Lodge, Stokesley District.—Oct. 16, 1842, P. P. G. M. James Moore, of the Caractacus Lodge, Neath District.—Jan. 20, 1843, brother William Swann, of the Cleveland Lodge, Stokesley District.—June 6, 1842, brother John Kershaw : June 16, wife of brother Samuel Taylor : Dec. 4, 1842, wife of brother William Maclure : Nov. 14, 1842, brother James Holland ; all of the Welcome Visit Lodge, Shaw District.—Dec. 15, 1842, aged 21, P. G. James Pollard, of the Spinners and Printers' Rest Lodge, Shaw District.—Oct. 27, 1842, the wife of brother Robert Robson, of the Rose of Durham Lodge, Durham.—Nov. 14, 1842, the wife of brother Thomas Surtees, of the Rose of Houghton Lodge, Houghton-le-Spring.—Nov. 24, 1842, brother William Sutherland, of the Countess of Durham, Hylton.—Feb. 23, brother Thomas Allsop, of the Laurel and Crown Lodge, Farwich, Ashborn District.—Nov. 7, 1842, brother John Gaze, aged 26, of the Rushcliffe Lodge, Nottingham District. He received in sick pay the sum of £32, and he was a member of the Lodge only three years.—May 12, 1842, brother John Makepiece, of the William Hutt Lodge.—Nov. 19, 1842, P. G. John Trobe, of the Victoria the First Lodge.—Oct. 28,

[Presentations, &c., too late for this number will be inserted in the next.]

1842, the wife of N. G. James Nimmer, of the Philanthropic Lodge.—Jan. 9, 1843, brother William Allen, of the Flower of the Tyne Lodge.—Sep. 19, 1842, brother John Hirst, of the Victoria Lodge, Durham : Nov. 8, 1842, brother John Myers, of the Shakspeare Lodge, Durham : Nov. 11, 1842, brother Jacob Denbroy, of the Lyons Lodge, Easington Lane, aged 27 : Brother William Stobbart, of the Shakspeare Lodge, Durham ; aged 33 : Nov. 19, 1842, brother William Seymour, of the Pride of Eden Lodge, Wingate Grange.—Nov. 28, 1842, the wife of brother Robert Greathead, of the Rose of Coxhoe Lodge, aged 31.—Dec. 2, 1842, brother Isaac Brown, of the Greenwell Lodge, Anfield Plane.—Dec. 5, 1842, the wife of brother George Walters, of the Lyons Lodge, Easington Lane, aged 27 ; all in the Durham District.—Feb. 8, P. G. William Harbottle, of the Prince Albert Lodge, formerly of the Greenwell Lodge, Anfield Plain.—Dec. 30, 1842, the wife of brother William Chisholm, of the Free Britons' Lodge : Jan. 6, 1843, P. G. William Pratt, of the Isaac Gleave Lodge : Feb. 8, 1843, brother Anthony Allen, of the George McCully Lodge : Feb. 11, 1843, wife of brother William Scott, of the Earl of Durham Lodge : Feb. 12, 1843, wife of brother Thomas Nicholson, of the Earl of Durham Lodge ; all in the Bishop Wearmouth District.—May 12, 1842, the wife of Host Thomas Horrocks : June 4, 1842, the wife of brother Richard Maden ; both of the Caution Lodge.—May 22, 1842, brother Joseph Selkald, aged 31, of the Offspring of Caution Lodge.—June 12, 1842, brother James Hardman, aged 25, of the Princess Victoria Lodge.—June 17, 1842, the wife of Thomas Worswick : July 15, 1842, brother John Pilling, aged 36 ; both of the Duke of Buccleugh Lodge.—Feb. 8, 1843, the wife of V. G. James Roberts, of the Deer on the Hill Lodge, Bacup District.—May 15, 1842, P. P. G. M. Williams, aged 33 : May 4, 1842, brother John Grame, aged 24 : July 30, 1842, brother William Wilson, aged 27, all of the Tradesman's Glory Lodge, Stockton District.—Nov. 18, 1842, brother George Riley, of the St. Andrew Lodge, Pottery and Newcastle District, aged 24.—Feb. 8, 1848, brother Robert Andrew, of the North Star Lodge, Lydgate.

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William Brown Prov. G. M.

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[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1843.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM BROWN, P. PROV. G. M.

THE world has too long expended its admiration on those who have signalized themselves on the tented field, whilst the humble but more useful citizen who spends his time and means in quietly promoting the happiness of his fellow-men is often totally disregarded in life, and after death his merits are too frequently allowed to sink into utter oblivion. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows presents a striking contrast to the above remarks: its honours and rewards are reserved for those who are the most active and efficient agents in carrying out its benevolent principles, and who thus lessen the amount of human suffering, making the orphan glad, and the widow's heart to sing for joy.

Amongst the many ornaments of which our Order can boast P. Prov. G. M. William Brown may be considered as particularly conspicuous. He was born on the 6th of October, 1796, at Stockport, in Cheshire, of poor but honest parents. Mr. Brown lost his father when very young, and his mother was left to struggle through the world with a numerous family of small children. She was compelled to procure them employment at an early age; consequently the giving them what is termed a liberal education was out of the question, but she took care to have them neatly attired on Sabbath mornings and sent to the Wesleyan School, where Mr. Brown obtained the rudiments of learning, and succeeded in gaining the affection of his schoolfellows as well as the esteem of his teachers. As he grew up to maturity he thought proper to join a Sunday School belonging to the Established Church, where his natural talents procured him rapid promotion. He was ultimately made Conductor of the School, which flourished under his auspices, and many young men gratefully acknowledge Mr. Brown's gratuitous instructions as the cause of their improved position in society.

As we have thus glanced at the early life of Mr. Brown, we shall now hasten to detail his career as an Odd Fellow. He joined the Queen Elizabeth Lodge, in 1831, and was elected Secretary soon after his initiation. The Pilot Lodge was opened in May, 1832, when he became the successful candidate for the V. G.'s. chair. He shortly afterwards drew his clearance, and joined the Pilot Lodge, to which he belongs at the present day. At the proper time he took the N. G.'s. chair, and his merit being now generally acknowledged, he was appointed by the District to inspect the books and reduce them to order, they having hitherto been kept in a careless and slovenly manner. The good temper and business-like talent displayed by him in the conducting of this affair pointed him out as a very proper person to be the C. S., to which situation he was accordingly elected in 1834, and went through the superior District offices during the two following years. Under his government the District gradually assumed a more regular and prosperous form, which continues to the present time.

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Mr. Brown has represented the Stockport District at the A. M. Cs. held at Hull, Kendal, the Isle of Man, and Derby, at which latter place he was appointed one of the Auditors of the Order, and in his official capacity as such attended at London, Rochdale, and Birmingham. He was also present at York and Wigan as the representative of his Lodge. At York Mr. Brown was appointed one to revise the General Laws which govern the Order at the present time. He is now a member of the Appeal Committee. His conciliating temper and tact for business soon made him conspicuous, and gained him the respect of the most influential members of our fraternity; hence his appointment as Auditor, and also his being sent to Liverpool as a mediator in 1837, where he successfully grappled with the demon of discord, and, by reconciling various differences, assisted in ensuring the future prosperity of that now powerful District. He was, in 1832, mainly instrumental in establishing a Juvenile Funeral Fund for the interment of the children of Odd Fellows, and has been the Secretary from its commencement. There are now upwards of 1500 members, and adequate funds for carrying out the benevolent intentions of its founders. For the establishment of the Widow and Orphans' Fund Mr. Brown was always an ardent advocate, and on its formation he took the office of Secretary, which he has retained since 1836. He has the honour of wearing several testimonials of respect, three of which are medals, one presented by the Pilot Lodge, and the other two by the District; but the most honourable testimonial received by him is a Silver Lever Watch, value £12., the result of a voluntary subscription through the District, and which was no sooner mooted than heartily responded to. Never was money more cheerfully paid, whilst the presentation was unprecedented for enthusiasm combined with decorum and good order.

Mr. Brown was originally a shoemaker, but declined that business some years ago. He is now a broker and accountant, and by his industrial exertions has brought up with credit a large family. This is the more to his honour when it is considered that he labours under physical disability, having been very lame from childhood, and consequently incapable of active personal exertion. His comparative elevation in life is purely the result of talent united to persevering industry, and is alike creditable to himself and the discernment of his patrons.

In conclusion, let us venture to hope that Mr. Brown's example may find many imitators amongst the younger brethren of our Institution. He has achieved nothing but what might be done by numbers, provided they would use the means given them by the Author of all things in the same assiduous and praiseworthy manner. Should the perusal of this brief sketch induce others to bring their hitherto dormant powers into active exertions, for the promotion of the interests of our Order, we are sure that no one will rejoice more than the subject of these memoirs.

THE A. M. C. AND OTHER MEETINGS.

ANOTHER of those great meetings which are of so much importance to our Institution has just taken place. It was held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Bradford, and though a less number of Delegates was assembled than at the Wigan A. M. C., quite enough were gathered together for the efficient transaction of business. The accommodations provided for the Deputies by the inhabitants of Bradford are spoken of in the highest terms, every courtesy and the most earnest disposition to oblige being exhibited to the visitors. The room in which the meeting was held was an extremely spacious and commodious one, and not the slightest inconvenience was felt during the week, either from those in the body of the room, or those who were admitted into the gallery as spectators.

The meeting was opened by G. M. George Richmond, who stated that the increase of the members of the Order for the last year was nearly 12,000, and

although this number was not equal to the increase which had taken place for some years previous, yet from all the information he had been able to ascertain, he was happy to communicate to the meeting, that the addition they had received was chiefly composed of two classes of the community, viz: the middle and higher classes. This might arise, probably, from the great amount of distress, which for some time past had pressed so heavily upon the working population of the country; and, as a natural consequence, put it out of their power to join the Institution, a majority of whose members consisted of the industrious classes. The members of the Committee would use their best exertions to promote the utility and prosperity of the body at large, by a judicious and careful performance of their various duties; and by so doing prove themselves worthy of the confidence the Order had reposed in them, by calling upon them to represent and legislate for the numerous body of men of which the Order is at present composed. He concluded by enumerating several of the principal subjects which would be brought forward in the course of the meeting.

It is not our intention to give a detail of the week's proceedings, nor to state the decisions of the Committee on the various interesting propositions which came before them. The Reports will be circulated along with the present Number of the Magazine, and members of the Order who may wish to peruse them will now have increased facilities for doing so, as a resolution has been passed empowering the G. M. and Board of Directors to sell the Annual and Quarterly Reports of the Order to such members as may be desirous of purchasing the same. Parties requiring Reports will have to give timely notice previously to the C. Ss. of their Districts, in order that an adequate number may be printed. We may, however, briefly mention one or two particulars. The Committee appointed to consider the American Mission have recommended that the Officers of the Order and Board of Directors should be empowered to make arrangements for opening Lodges in America, connected with the Manchester Unity. It has been decided that free members of the Order may now be appointed to the office of Secretary without having previously served any inferior office. The A. M. C. for 1844 will be held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It was resolved that portraits of the following parties should be inserted in the Magazine, viz:—

P. Prov. G. M. Samuel Woodhead, Bradford.

P. Prov. G. M. John Bradley, Hyde.

C. S. William Alexander, Leeds.

P. Prov. G. M. George Walker, Durham.

The following is the decision with respect to the travelling relief:—"That every District in the Unity pay not less than threepence per traveller, if under 1000 members; 1000, and less than 2000, fourpence; 2000, and less than 3000, fivepence; and so on, rising one penny per 1000."

We have previously stated that arrangements might, in course of time, be made for the more frequent appearance of the Magazine; and that it was not improbable that the opinion of the A. M. C. might be taken on the propriety of allowing the Magazine to be sold to the public. In conformity with this statement a Report was prepared by the Magazine Committee, and, having been sanctioned by the Board of Directors, it was printed and laid before the Deputies at the A. M. C. The great amount of business which had to be

transacted during the week prevented the subject from being discussed. The following extract from the Report may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

Numerous contributions have of late been received from various Districts complaining of the long intervals which elapse between the publication of the numbers of our periodical, and many strongly urge the propriety of issuing the Magazine monthly. After maturely considering the matter, we think that we should not be doing our duty to you, and should also be wanting in courtesy to our correspondents, if we did not bring the subject before your notice. Many of our brethren may not have the means to purchase a periodical monthly, but we believe it to be quite practicable to publish a periodical once a month without interfering with the arrangements of those who have not the means, or may not be disposed, to purchase a Magazine more than once a quarter. We would suggest that the present Quarterly Magazine, together with the portraits, be published as hitherto, and that eight intermediate Numbers be issued without portraits, the profits of which additional numbers shall go to the General Funds of the Order. We do not believe that this plan would have a tendency to injure the sale of the present Quarterly Magazine, and have no hesitation in stating that, whilst it would be placing a powerful engine in the hands of the Order for the advocacy of its principles on all fitting occasions, it would also shortly prove a permanent and increasing accession to the revenue of the Institution. The new issue might bear the title of the "Odd Fellows' Miscellany," or any other name which might be considered appropriate, so as to make it distinct from the Quarterly Numbers, and would form a volume every year, whilst a volume of the other Numbers would be completed every two years as usual. The objection which has been often raised with respect to the continuation of articles would be done away with, as those pieces necessary to be continued might be inserted in the new Numbers, which would not be liable to the same objection, on account of their more frequent appearance, and the Quarterly Numbers would by these means be increased in interest. If this plan should not meet your views, then it will be for you to decide whether or not the Magazine shall be issued monthly, and the Quarterly Magazine merged into the monthly one. It is well known that our brethren in America publish a monthly Magazine, and if it answer their purpose to do so, there can be little doubt of our success in a similar undertaking, when the number of our members is so much greater, and our facilities of circulation are so much more numerous.

We are also of opinion that much good might be attained by allowing the Magazine to be sold to the public through the booksellers. We believe that, independent of the profit which might arise from so doing, we should advance the Institution in public opinion. However great may have been our progress within the last few years, we are yet but imperfectly understood, and an unfounded prejudice against us still exists in the minds of many. This prejudice it behoves us to do our utmost to remove, as men earnestly desiring to carry out to their greatest extent the principles of universal charity and philanthropy; and we think that by no other means can this be so efficiently done as by letting the Magazine go forth to the public.

The Relief Committee voted near £500 in loans and gifts in aid of their distressed brothers, and, at the close of the meeting, the sum of £25 was given to the Bradford Infirmary.

Whit-Monday has long been observed as a festival, but its religious character is almost obsolete. It is still, however, kept as a holiday generally throughout England, and the working classes pursue their favourite diversions on that day. Since Odd Fellowship has increased so rapidly, Whit-Monday has been chosen by the members of the Order in various parts of the kingdom as a fitting time for them to celebrate their anniversaries, join in procession, &c. We have received many reports of anniversaries and other festivities, all of them of a pleasing and satisfactory nature, and tending to shew the great progress which we are making intellectually as well as numerically. The Order was established for the benefit of those whose wealth is in themselves, and whose energies are the main-springs of society, and it is gratifying to find so

many accumulating proofs of their competency to govern themselves well, and conduct themselves in that intelligent and praiseworthy manner, which has gained for them so many friends amongst those whose opportunities of acquiring knowledge have been so much greater.

One of the most interesting accounts which has reached us of an anniversary celebration is that of the Loyal Castle Lodge of Odd Fellows, at Berkhamstead, the birthplace of Cowper, the poet. This Lodge had not been in existence more than about seven months, but it exhibited on Whit-Monday an array of numbers, an attractiveness of paraphernalia, and, above all, a kindness of feeling and brotherhood, which is rarely exceeded. The villagers were stirring at an early hour, preparing the evergreens, and rearing the arches through which the procession had to pass. An excellent brass band soon entered the town from Hemel Hempstead, and the Lodge marched in full costume, with banners flying, to the church. They there heard a most appropriate sermon from the Rev. Mr. James, the curate; after which, preceded by the band, they perambulated the town in admirable order. The church was thronged to excess. As the procession left the porch, several persons, eager to behold it above the crowd, obtained places on the roof of the ancient building, and every window and eminence were occupied with eager lookers-on. As no room in the place was sufficiently large to accommodate the lodge and their friends at dinner, a very spacious tent was contracted for from London, and pitched in an orchard belonging to Mr. Gomm, of whose exertions and liberality the brotherhood spoke highly. The approaches to this tent and the tent itself were ornamented with festoons, flowers, &c., in a very elegant manner. The edibles, which were cold, were prepared in great abundance and with creditable skill by the host of the Castle, where the sittings of the Lodge are held; and in fact the *tout ensemble* was far superior to the conception which the indwellers of great and splendid cities are accustomed to form of village festivals. Soon after three o'clock, the chair was taken by the Hon. Glanville Dudley Ryder, M. P. for the county. Near him sat the Rev. Mr. James, the Rev. Mr. Wilson (of Bovingdon,) the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, master of the Grammar School, W. Duncombe, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, London, and Mr. Lancaster, with several others holding high offices in the Order. The usual loyal toasts were proposed and drank with great enthusiasm, and an extra cheer was given for the Prince of Wales, who is Lord of the Manor of Berkhamstead, and the Queen Dowager, who is a patroness of a charitable institution of the Odd Fellows. In proposing "Success to the Manchester Unity," the honourable Chairman dwelt at considerable length upon the character and merits of the Order. He confessed he had had prejudices against it, but a little inquiry had entirely dispelled them. Their objects were to afford relief in sickness, to which all were prone; to give aid to members travelling in search of employment; to provide decent funerals for their departed brethren; and to soothe their dying pangs with the consolation that provision would be made for the orphans and widows they left behind them. These were objects truly noble, because they were truly Christian. The Order also contemplated relief for the aged, which must further commend their object to the applauding sympathies of every true philanthropist. As regards the secrecy observed by the Order, it was only to protect them from being imposed upon by those who were not members. But he learned from his Rev. Friend

near him, that in a parish in which he (the Rev. Mr. James) once resided, he found out that the Odd Fellows had the secret of knowing how to behave better than their neighbours. Was that not a reason why everybody should join their Order. The Order knew nothing of political or sectarian differences. They claimed a great antiquity. They went back even to Titus, when Paganism darkened the world; but now, in every sense, the Order was a Christian Order. It was a moral Order, admitting no dissipated or disloyal man into its ranks. Such societies could not fail to foster good feeling and promote the cause of religion and of human happiness. After some further remarks the honourable gentleman concluded an eloquent speech by proposing success to the Manchester Unity, which was received with "nine times nine." Several toasts were afterwards given and responded to by Prov. D. G. M. Lancaster and others. From the unanimity displayed, there is little doubt that Odd Fellowship will make rapid progress in Herts. Above £30 was collected for the funds of the Lodge; £10 of which was the contribution of the honourable chairman.

We have abridged this account from that admirable paper, the *Pictorial Times*, (of the 10th of June,) which is illustrated with two spirited engravings of "the procession entering the church," and "the dinner in the tent."

The Odd Fellows of the Bedford District made a splendid display on Whit Tuesday, their procession reaching more than a quarter of a mile. After hearing an excellent sermon preached at the Trinity Church by the Rev. H. B. Worthington (who is a member of the Order,) the procession again formed, and the members afterwards proceeded to the places where dinners were provided for the different Lodges. A very large party attended the festival of the Maiden Queen Lodge, more than 400, and several visitors were also present. Amongst others were the Rev. C. C. Beaty Pownall, rector of Milton; G. P. Livins, and T. A. Green, magistrates of the county; Isaac Hurst, Esq.; W. J. Johnstone, Esq., &c. &c. &c. The chair was taken by George Hurst, Esq., N. G.; and the vice chair by William Blower, Esq., G. M. In introducing the toast of "Prosperity to the Order of Odd Fellows," the chairman said,—

When you placed me in this chair two years back, I endeavoured to trace the foundation of our Order to remote ages of antiquity, and, whether my representation was correct or not, has not been determined, but I was much laughed at for it. Whether it has been in existence 2000 or only two years, is immaterial; it is enough for us to know that it is a very useful and admirable Institution. A coin may be considered valuable on account of its antiquity alone, but if gold it is gold after all, and whether a coin be old or new, the *real* value lies in the gold. I will notice now the objection that is continually made about ours being a secret society—that is, a monster which carries something under its wings that it would not expose to the light of day; now what is the fact? Why, that we have only secrets for the purpose of preventing imposition. Has not every family its secrets that it would not propound to the world? Have not every trade and community their own secrets? Even the common benefit societies have their secrets, and closer ones than ours, for at our Lodges we have no secrets that may not be learned by all who work their way in—by every Odd Fellow, come from whence he may. All societies are to a certain extent secret; even the House of Commons is so; they occasionally discuss questions with closed doors. Freemasonry is a secret society, which has pursued the even tenor of its way with honour and credit. Let us judge of a tree by its fruits; the quiet and charitable feelings of Odd Fellows shew us that theirs is a good society; and it has, therefore, almost lost its brand and odium of being a secret society. Our laws are open to the inspection of all, and they contain nothing but the purest morality, charity to the brotherhood, and loyalty to the sovereign. Having said thus much, I trust every visitor will be convinced that we are only secret for our own

safety; we have certain signs and pass-words, and being a national institution, unconfined to any particular locality, how can we prevent intrusion and imposition without them?

The worthy chairman then reviewed the various advantages attached to the Order, and concluded an eloquent and interesting speech.

Various other toasts were given and some excellent speeches were made, especially those which were delivered by P. G. James Wyatt, who is well known to the readers of the Magazine as a contributor to its pages.

The Odd Fellows in Alnwick also met to celebrate their anniversary in Whitsun-week, when the proceedings were of an exceedingly interesting nature. We regret that we have not space to particularize them. We are also prevented, by our limited room, from noticing the proceedings of several other anniversaries.

We are no advocates for a lavish expenditure of the funds of Lodges for mere show and festivity, but we think that annual meetings of a similar character to those which we have noticed cannot but have the most beneficial effects. Whilst they cultivate a good feeling amongst the members of the Order, they prove to the public at large that harmony, morality, and intelligence are the distinguishing characteristics of Odd Fellowship.

PLAGIARISM.

Beefeater.—Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!

Sneer.—Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff.—No, I fancy not.—Where, pray?

Dangle.—Yes, I think there is something like it in "Othello."

Puff.—Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence—all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.—*The Critic.*

WHEN a person who has read much takes up his pen, he has at times to pause and ponder whether the idea he is about to commit to paper is his own or some one else's. The fancies of others float on the surface of his mind and get so intermixed with his own that he finds it difficult to separate the original from the acquired. When, however, a writer not only makes use of the thoughts of an author who has written previously, but absolutely employs the same words, he cannot find fault if the world put him down as a plagiarist. It will be of no avail for him to set up a similar defence to *Puff*, in the Critic, and say that "two people happened to hit on the same thought;" the fact of another having "made use of it first" will be taken as conclusive evidence. With these few prefatory observations we lay before our readers the following letter:

To the Editor of the Odd Fellows' Magazine.

Dear Sir and Brother,

I beg to direct your particular attention to an article at page 310 of the last Magazine, entitled "The Working Classes and Odd Fellowship," by Mr. Lowry, Surgeon to the Lonsdale Lodge, Kirby Lonsdale. If you will read over this article attentively, and then turn to page 36 of the number for January, 1842, you will perceive that this gentleman has done me the favour to copy, with little exception, *verbatim et literatim*, a considerable portion of my Essay "On the Benevolence of Odd Fellowship." You will further discover that the concluding sentences of Mr. Lowry's article are as literally taken from the close of the Memoir which accompanied my Portrait in the same Number. That this gentleman should approve and admire my writings is of course gratifying to me; but I should be sorry for his own sake, that his admiration of them should reach the insane pitch of imagining them to be his own. I know that monomania is at present a very prevalent disease, and I must in charity suppose this modification of it to have affected Mr. Lowry at the time; for I cannot believe that an educated gentleman, holding the respectable office of Surgeon to the Lonsdale Lodge, would wilfully and knowingly, within fifteen months of its publication, take another man's production and bring it out in the same Magazine as his own.

Believe me, dear Sir and Brother,

Yours very truly,

ALFRED SMITH.

Ripon, May 9th, 1843.

We are spared the necessity of much comment, as Mr. Smith's letter speaks for itself. An editor of a periodical is peculiarly liable to be imposed upon in such instances as the one referred to. It is next to impossible that he should bear in mind the precise language of an article published fifteen months ago, especially when he is almost daily receiving and perusing compositions from various writers treating on similar subjects. Suspicion too is far more likely to be lulled when an article is received authenticated with the name of one occupying an onerous and respectable position in society. We leave to Mr. Lowry the task of making a satisfactory explanation to Mr. Smith, if the circumstance admit of one, which, for our own parts, we are somewhat inclined to doubt.

We now lay before our readers another letter on the subject of plagiarism :—

Mr. Editor,

Sir,

May 13th, 1843.

On opening an Odd Fellow's Magazine, I saw in the Number for January, 1840, some lines on "The Robin," with the signature of "John Bradley, P. Prov. C. S., St. Olave Lodge, South London District, February 14th 1830." Now, sir, I have lying before me "The Tent Methodist Magazine, for 1823," published in Bristol, in which the first twenty four lines on "The Robin" are inserted *verbatim*, with the exception of the first line, in which John Bradley has "Mitcham" instead of "Grange." I ask, why does J. B. wish persons to think him the author of those sweet lines? Is it not a gross act of plagiarism? The lines are anonymous in the book referred to, but I presume their author had a good share of that modesty of which J. B. is so destitute.

Yours. &c.

DETECTOR.

We thank Detector, and shall feel obliged to any correspondent who may point out to us cases of a like nature. We hold the productions of the mind to be as inviolable as any other property, and consider that the literary peculator is leniently dealt with, if he escape with mere exposure. In justice to themselves editors ought to make an example of detected plagiarists. Unless those connected with the press could read everything and possess a never-failing memory, they must always be open to the intrusion of literary pretenders. We are not disposed to pursue the subject further at present, or to make any particular mention of what only concerns ourselves personally; but we may just state that we feel highly complimented by the different individuals who have thought proper to convert certain of our leading articles into speeches for public dinners. Should such a practice become prevalent, we may take an opportunity of acknowledging the obligation more pointedly.

LYRICS FOR THE ORDER.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

No. VII.

THE DYING BROTHER.

Air,—“The Angels' Whisper.”

The dawn was returning, a taper was burning,
But its dim light no more the sick brother could see;
In low murmurs praying, these words he was saying—
“Be the light of that taper an emblem of me:—

The life I have cherish'd ere long will have perish'd,
Yet I hope that the dawn of a brighter I see,
And I pray that in dying my soul may be flying
Where glory and gladness its portion will be.”

His wife, who sat near him, had no words to cheer him,
The child of her bosom repos'd on her knee;
The tears she was weeping bedew'd its calm sleeping—
“Unfriended thy lot, my dear infant, will be.”

With accents beguiling, bright Hope, sweetly smiling,
Said—“Listen a moment, sad mother, to me;
Amid all thy sorrow thou comfort may'st borrow,—
Kind brethren will shelter thy infant and thee.”

PHENOMENA OF HEAT.

WITH FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY PROV. C. S. ALEXANDER MACNAB.

HEAT being one of those elements with which we are every moment of our lives in contact, and upon which we so much depend, even for our very existence, a few remarks upon its nature and laws may not be uninteresting to the general reader.

As to what heat really is—whether it is a substance, like air or other matter—no one can tell. It has none of the properties common to all other substances, namely, *weight*. Light and electricity also rank in the same class with heat, as neither of these have got any weight, nor any of those characteristics which distinguish substances in general; hence these three bodies, heat, light, and electricity, are called imponderable bodies.

What heat really is, we cannot tell—whether it exists by itself, or whether it is merely an effect of electricity, also a body we know little of. We know that heat is never developed (artificial heat,) but electricity is also developed; we can produce heat from electricity, and *vice versa*. It might, therefore, be readily supposed, that these two bodies are the same, from their close connexion with each other. It is quite true that in almost every point of view they are the same; but still there are differences of considerable magnitude to explain, before they can be recognized as the same body: among the many, the well-known experiment with charcoal, is one. Charcoal is one of the very best conductors of electricity. The electric fluid seems to pass along it without any obstruction. But try if you can force heat along charcoal, by putting a piece of it into the fire. No doubt the charcoal will take fire, and you may hold it in your hand until the fire is within half an inch of you, without feeling any serious inconvenience. This experiment shows that charcoal is a very bad conductor of heat, although an excellent conductor of electricity. Of course, it proves, that how close soever the connexion between the electric fluid and heat may be, the identity is not complete. Bearing therefore in mind, that the connexion between electricity and heat is very close, we shall now begin to describe the nature and properties of heat, which can only be studied from its effects on other substances. The most general effect of heat on every substance is to expand it.

EXPANSION OF SOLID BODIES.

All substances in nature, whether they belong to the solid, liquid, or gaseous state, expand by the application of heat. Gaseous bodies expand most, liquids next, and solids least of all. This expansion by means of heat can be easily shewn, and is taken advantage of in a thousand ways in the arts and manufactures. You may easily prove that solid bodies expand by the application of heat. Take and drill a hole in a metallic plate, and make an iron pin to fit the hole neatly: if you now apply heat to the pin, by making it red-hot, you will find it so much swelled (expanded) as not to go into the hole. But let it cool until all the excess of heat is gone, and you will find that it now goes into it as readily as at first. A very good practical illustration of this law is seen in the process of putting an iron ring on a cart-wheel. The ring is at first made rather less in diameter than the wooden wheel on which it is to be fitted, and to make the ring go on to the wheel it is made nearly red-hot; by which means the iron becomes *expanded*—of course its diameter is increased, and it now goes on easily. So soon as this is accomplished, cold water is thrown upon it, by which process the iron again contracts into its original diameter, and by this contraction the woodwork of the wheel is bound together with a force almost irresistible, and which could not be done in any other way. This is the reason why these rings seldom come off; indeed, they stick so firm, that the wood is often quite rotten before they show any signs of coming off.

It is well known that in the winter all ordinary clocks and watches go faster than in summer: the reason of this is the contraction of the metals of which the pendulums and balance-wheels of these instruments are made. By the cold contracting the metal, the stroke of the machine is shortened, and thus is quickened. Hence all watches and clocks that are intended for warm climates, where the difference of temperature is greater than in our country, are fitted up with what is called “compensation” balances, or pendulums, which is just an arrangement made to neutralise the effect of the expansion of the metals in these machines. The force of expansion must be attended to, when iron

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or any other expansible metal is to be used in the construction of any edifice, along with other materials not so expansible. The cope stones of bridges, walls, and of houses are often held together by clamps of cast or malleable iron; and during severe frosts, the contraction of the iron is so great as either to break the clamp, especially if it be of cast-iron, or to loosen the stones from their seat, or remove its grasp if of malleable iron.

When heat is applied suddenly to glass, it is almost sure to break, especially if it be plate glass, or if the glass be thick. This circumstance arises from that side of the glass to which the heat was suddenly applied expanding more rapidly than the other side: the one side is therefore bent, and of course cracked. But should you apply the heat *slowly and regularly* to every portion of the glass, you may make the glass red-hot, as is often done in the laboratory by putting glass vessels on the naked fire, without cracking or being damaged in any way. But to make sure in this matter, and to preserve your vessels, if intended to be heated, have them of thin glass; then the heat goes thorough to both sides of the glass at once, and thus no unequal expansion takes place, and of course no cracking.

This unequal expansion of glass by heat is taken advantage of in making watch glasses: these glasses are cracked, or cut out of a glass globe or sphere, by conducting a crack in the proper direction, by means of a red-hot iron, or the red-hot shank of a tobacco-pipe; and so carefully and completely is this done, and so perfectly under control is the process, that not one glass out of a hundred is lost.

EXPANSION OF FLUIDS.

We have the means in our power of changing all liquids (with very few exceptions) to the solid state, by abstracting a sufficient portion of heat from them. For example, we can change *water* into ice by this process; and again we can change *solid* bodies into liquids, by adding heat to them,—the process of melting lead or tallow, being examples of this second kind of change; so that when we speak of solids or liquids, we mean those bodies that are *solid* or liquid at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere. Water, when heated from 32 degrees (its freezing point) to 212 degrees (its boiling point) *expands* 1-22d part of its bulk. In the same way oil and alcohol expand 1-9th of their bulk, with such an addition of heat. The case of water is so well known by every housewife, that she never fills a vessel quite full of water, which is intended to go on the fire to boil; but invariably leaves plenty of room for this *expansion* of the fluid by heat, except she wishes the pot “to boil into the fire.” In the same way, those who have spirits (alcohol) or oil to sell, should, for their own interest, keep them moderately hot, since both of these liquids are sold by *measure*; and those who buy these liquids, ought, for their own interest, to buy them as *cold* as possible, as in that case they have more of the fluid. But to prevent any injustice being done to either party, these fluids ought to be sold by weight, and then all parties would be right; because, as *heat* weighs nothing, you would always have the same quantity, either hot or cold: at present, the buyer pays for the heat, or gains by the cold. While I have been speaking of expansion as a general effect of heat, there is one notable exception to this law,—where the *absence* of heat causes expansion. I refer to water at certain temperatures: the freezing point of water is marked 32 degrees, and its boiling point is marked 212 degrees on Fahrenheit’s thermometer, which is the one in general use in this country. Well, it is found that water has reached its greatest density at 40 degrees, or 8 degrees above its freezing point; or, in other words, if you *heat* water above 40 degrees, it expands; if you cool water below 40 degrees, it expands; so that you perceive the *cooling* process acts in this case the same part as the *heating* process. This is, so far as I am aware, the only instance of a *fluid* expanding by the loss of heat. That water *does* expand by the loss of heat has been long known to philosophers; and can easily be proven, by filling a bottle with water, corking it firmly, at the same time having no air between the cork and the water; then placing the bottle in such a position that the water may be frozen. In the act of freezing, the cork is either forcibly expelled from the mouth of the bottle, or, what is more likely, the bottle bursts with a loud report. This all arises from the increased bulk of the water within, which must have room. In the same way, a cannon being filled with water, having its muzzle and touch-hole plugged, has more than once been burst by the same means. But the fact that water expands by the loss of heat is daily seen during a severe frost; for we then find our exposed water pipes burst, whether they are of iron or lead. From the same cause, trees and rocks, having crevices filled

with water, are rent asunder with terrible violence. The powerful force of water in the act of freezing, is taken advantage of in the slate quarries, to split the slate. The workmen take the huge masses of rock, and place them in a vertical position, to allow the rain to penetrate the fissures; and when the first frost comes, the water is frozen in these fissures; and, acting with its accustomed force, splits the rock into thin layers. Another proof that water becomes specifically lighter when frozen, is afforded from the fact, that ice (which is just water frozen and expanded by the loss of heat) always floats on the surface of water. When tried, the weight of ice compared with water is as 92 to 100. Perceiving, then, that two-thirds of the surface of our globe is made up of water; and also noting that water is the only fluid which forms the exception to a great and universal law, is there not some reason in making an attempt to account for this peculiar property of water? In examining the reasons why water has been made an exception to the laws which regulate other fluids, we find in this arrangement, as in all the other arrangements of the great Artificer of the world, a beauty, harmony, and evidence of design, which forcibly show that all things were made for our accommodation and comfort; and regulated by unerring laws, which are so controlled as to be of the greatest service to His intelligent creatures.

If water had been subject to those laws which regulate other fluids, viz., to have become heavier by the loss of heat,—then the whole of the water of our ponds, rivers, lakes, and seas, in winter, would have been rapidly cooled down to the freezing point; because, as soon as one sheet of water had cooled, it would have fell down: the next exposed would have done so likewise; and this process would have gone on continuously until the water had reached the freezing point. When the first sheet of ice made its appearance, it also would be heavier, and sink to the bottom; another and another would have followed, until the whole mass of water was changed into ice. This mass would never have been melted by our summer's sun; because the sun, acting on the surface of the mass, could only have melted little of it, from the tendency that heated bodies have, of always keeping the surface or topmost strata. Of course, this upper melted strata would have protected the ice below from the action of the sun; and in this way our present comfortable climate would have been changed into the regions which surround the pole. How much then to be admired is that contrivance and wisdom that by subjecting water to a law different from all other fluids, the water, as it freezes, becomes specifically lighter, and swimming on the surface in the shape of ice, performs a most important office, in preserving an immense quantity of heat in the water below, from the effects of the surrounding cold; and from the ice being a bad conductor of heat, it never allows the cold to act beyond a few inches below the surface; and in consequence of it floating on the surface, it is ready, on the first change of the weather, to receive its own accustomed share of heat; and thus to appear, as we best like to see it, as liquid water. It is upon such beautiful and delicate adjustments that the entire harmony of the universe is maintained; and reflections of this sort point out to the student of nature, beauties of no ordinary description, which the ignorant and uninformed can never enjoy; but, above all, they afford

“One ray of light in this terrene abode.

To shew to man the goodness of his God”—DARWIN.

At the same time we may remark, that it is only *fresh* water that freezes at 32 degrees; sea water does not freeze until the cold reduces it to 28 degrees, which, from the mass of waters, it seldom or never does. Even in this arrangement there is a striking evidence of design: the sea being the pathway among nations; and if it had been closed by ordinary cold, that intercourse between nations, which tends so much to their civilization and refinement, would have been at an end. It is believed that all fluids would assume the solid state, if we had the means of abstracting from them a sufficient quantity of heat. All the fluids, so far as I am aware, have been rendered solid by this means, except “pure alcohol;” and it, as yet, has resisted all attempts to make it solid; or, in other words, to freeze it. For a long time it was supposed that mercury, (quicksilver) which exists in the fluid state, could not be rendered solid; and it, for a time, resisted repeated attempts to freeze it; but even this has been done long ago, by exposing it to a temperature 60 degrees below the freezing point of water. The rendering of mercury solid was one of the favourite pursuits of the alchemists; they thought by managing this, that they would be one step nearer the philosopher's stone; but, alas! even with this accomplishment, we find ourselves equally far from that grand desideratum.

From these remarks you may have an idea that we have not reached, what might be called, "absolute cold;" because we cannot abstract all the heat of fluidity from alcohol; even although it has been exposed to 150 degrees of heat below the freezing point of water, it still remains fluid; so that "the lecturer on heat was right, when he told his audience that there was a considerable portion of heat even in snow;" although the Irishman asked him "how many snow-balls it would take to boil a tea-kettle?"

EXPANSION OF GASEOUS SUBSTANCES.

We are all familiar with matter both in the solid, and in the liquid state; we all know something of wood, iron, or stone, or of oil, alcohol, or water; but we are not so familiar (popularly speaking) with matter in the *gaseous* state, it requires an effort of the mind even to be satisfied that such a substance as *air*, or other gaseous substances, have any existence. When we see a vessel standing on a table, with neither solid nor liquid substances in it, we are very apt to say, that such a vessel is *empty*, without at all considering that such a vessel is *full* of air; it is therefore evident that a little reasoning is required to satisfy the mind that such an invisible, tasteless, inodorous substance as air, has any existence. Air may be said to be everywhere present, and upon its purity we entirely depend for our existence.

I may say that atmospheric air is the only gaseous substance with which we are *familiarly* acquainted, except we step into the laboratory, where we find many other gaseous substances, besides air, possessing properties as distinct from each other as wood and iron, or as oil and water. With one or two exceptions they are all invisible, some are light, even lighter than air, and are used to fill balloons; some are heavy, heavier than air, and are sometimes found naturally at the lowest parts of the earth's surface; some will burn, like the gas which illuminates our streets; some will not burn, like the one which is found in opening a "soda water" bottle: some act like alcohol on the system, when breathed; some in the same circumstances are a deadly poison, and would most effectually destroy human life. In short, gaseous substances have all the variety of property which either solids or liquids have, and our not being so familiar with them arises from the greater portion of them being invisible, and their manipulation being more difficult than either solid or liquid substances.

Atmospheric air, like solid or liquid substances, *expands* by the application of heat, and, of course, *contracts* by the heat being taken away from it. This can easily be demonstrated by taking a bladder, or other flexible bag, and *partly* filling it with air. If heat be afterwards applied, the bag will appear quite full; and if a sufficient quantity of heat be added, and the mouth of it be kept close, the bag will burst: this experiment will shew that the air increases in bulk. Now, since heat weighs nothing, it is evident that such expanded air must be of less specific gravity, or in other words, will *weigh less* than air not heated. For if a certain quantity of air weigh one ounce at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, and if we expand it *twice* its bulk by means of heat, then it is evident that the first bulk of air used is only half as heavy; or, in other words, we have increased the bulk without increasing the weight. This fully explains the principles of the common "fire balloon." It ascends by means of heated air, produced by some combustible heating the air within it, and so soon as the combustible goes out, the balloon falls, in consequence of the air within *contracting* to its usual bulk, when the balloon becomes heavier by an additional quantity of air going in to fill up the contraction.

It can easily be perceived that air, *expanded* by heat, if left to the freedom of its own will, will invariably ascend. This explains the reason why, in all our public assemblies, churches, halls, theatres, &c., the galleries, or upper parts of the house, are much hotter than the lower. This arises from the air being heated from the lungs of the human body, and from the combustion of gas, &c., obeying the law I have been endeavouring to lay down, namely, that air, *expanded* by heat, invariably becomes lighter, and permit me to remark that heated air is not the only evil to contend against in such assemblies; the impure air coming from the lungs, is loaded with a deadly poison, a poison which is of a deceptive, but of a not less deadly nature. It seems strange that in the numerous public buildings which have of late been erected, so little attention has been paid to the removing of this heated noisome atmosphere; for although the buildings are sure to possess every other comfort and accommodation, this very essential and healthful one never seems worth a thought.

The principles of ventilation depend on the expansion of air by heat, for heated air ascends, and, of course, would escape, if not confined; or, if an opening were made for its escape, the partial vacuum thus left by its escape must be filled by fresh air coming in. In every house where there is a fire, the fire heats a column of air in the chimney, and *expands* it; the air thus expanded ascends, and thus a partial vacuum is produced in the apartment, which is supplied with fresh air from the chinks in the doors and windows, which can be easily proved by holding a lighted candle to the crevices when the doors and windows are shut; a strong current of air blowing inwards will invariably be found. In many cases where strong combustion is going on, and of course a great current ascending the chimney, the pressure of the air forcing admission to fill the vacuum is very great. This must strike every one who has been into a "glass manufactory," where all the doors of the house in which the furnace is situated are made to open "outwards," as the pressure of the air from without is so great, at all times, that it would keep the doors open. It takes a considerable force to open those doors, as you have to overcome the pressure of the air forcing against you. This is also the basis of Dr. Reid's mode of ventilating the "House of Commons," the "General Penitentiary," at Perth, &c. A sort of chimney is required to heat a column of air; a partial vacuum being in this way got, this vacuum is supplied by leading in impure air, that is to say, air after it has been breathed. In this way the impure air is got quit of, and the same force draws in fresh air for the purpose of respiration.

From what has now been stated, it might naturally be expected that the higher strata of our atmosphere would be much hotter than the lower, seeing that heated air ascends; but experience tells a very different tale, as every one knows who has ever ascended our own Scottish mountains, which must have told him very sensibly, that the air at the *top* of the "lofty Benlomond," is much colder than that at its *base*. But this circumstance arises from the action of a very different law, namely, from the *pressure* of the air. We shall endeavour to explain this as briefly as possible. Let us suppose that a cubic foot of air, at the level of the sea, weighs one pound, then it has been found by experiment, that a cubic foot of air, taken at the height of three miles above the level of the sea, would only weigh half a pound; that is to say, that there is only half the quantity of air, at the height of three miles in the same space, as what there is at the level of the sea. This fact will explain the cause of so much difficulty in breathing complained of by travellers in ascending high hills, because at the height of three miles the lungs have to take in a double quantity of air to produce the desired effect on the blood.

The reason of the cold may be thus explained. If the temperature of the air at the earth's surface be 60° , which is what is called temperate, we have here then a certain portion of heat, to a certain portion of air. But that certain portion of air, if carried up three miles, would be expanded to *twice* its bulk; of course the 60° of heat are also divided, so that the heat has to serve a double bulk, and in so doing it is reduced to 30° . Thus it will be perceived, that at the surface of the globe we can have the most genial climate, while in the upper strata of the air, it may be far below the freezing point. In many countries there are what is called "regions of eternal snow," countries which are much warmer than ours, but which have mountains much higher up, in order to reach the point when the density of the air is so little as to reduce the atmosphere always below the freezing point. Properly speaking, therefore, the cold in these cases arises from the *want of air*, and not from the air itself.

I have now to say only a few words on the *force* exerted by some gases, when expanded by heat. Heat is in many cases the sole means of generating gaseous substances; it is in this way that *coal gas*, and many others, are obtained. Gunpowder is a substance from which several gases are produced solely by heat, and it is to the instantaneous production and *expansion* of these gases alone, that it owes its terrible power. So soon as the spark is applied, the chemical ingredients produce immense volumes of gaseous matter, and the heat which is evolved augments their force considerably by *expanding* them. I need not refer to gunpowder as an engine of war, nor point out its achievements in the removing of mountains, and in thus clearing away those insurmountable hard rocks, which in every case so effectually retard the making of our railways, canals, or roads. All our mechanical powers without it would be ineffectual to the task; and thus, although we see it at one place an engine of war, causing devastation and misery to thousands—at the other we see it the herald of civilization, commerce, peace, and plenty. And yet, we can never forget that it is not

the gunpowder which does the work, it only contains these gases in a dormant state; and it is only when the spark is applied that these invisible substances are disengaged and suddenly called into life, and by the suddenness of their production and *expansion*, are produced those effects, which, whether they are intended for good or for evil, are terrible to behold.

Bellfield, Kirkintilloch, 1843.

THE WOULD-BE POET TO HIS LADYE-LOVE, THE MUSE.

"She smiled, and I could not but love."—SHENSTONE.

"Visions of disquietude and fame floated before me."—BULWER.

I wooed thee, my love, in the minstrel's May
 When my heart, like the year, was young;
 When hopes beat wild in the poet-child,
 That never found a tongue:
 Fond Nature fired my spirit free,
 Whilst fancy fixed my gaze on thee.
 And who shall paint the bliss that warms,
 Type of the sea, that mocks control,
 When first the rapt eye greets thy charms,
 Ethereal Hebe of the soul!
 What fairy forms entranced me then—
 When will such day-dreams live again?

'Twas then I view'd that minstrel band
 To whom perpetual youth is given;
 Who touch'd the grave with potent wand,
 Who bloom'd at once on earth—in heaven!
 And as I bless'd each dear-loved name,
 (Gems in the diadem of fame,)
 In wordless prayer I press'd their shrine;
 The mortal worshipp'd the divine,
 Till earth was into chaos thrown—
 My gods, my idols, lived alone!
 How shall my heart's deep joy be told,
 When fancy wrote my name in gold,
 And placed it 'midst that glittering throng,
 A magnet to the world of song?

Sweet children of thy teeming smile,
 Fair visions of a day,
 Bright sunflowers on life's desert isle,
 How soon they passed away;
 For truth has touch'd where fancy drew,
 And sere'd the bays my young hopes knew.
 Yet, when I hear the poet's power
 Extoll'd by wit in wisdom's hour—
 When beauty's lips pour forth his strain,
 And waken hope, or joy, or pain—
 When bright eyes gleam athwart each line,
 Till looks, and words, are both divine—
 And those high thoughts are all his own,
 Which love would claim, and love alone;
 What wonder if I yearn for fame,
 And envy each undying name,
 Though beaming forth from sainted ground,
 Creation-lost, but heaven-found!

Full oft old Time, with stately pride,
 Hath paced each mount and mead,
 With young Spring blushing by his side ;
 Since vainly, with my sylvan reed,
 I wooed thee for my bride.
 Yet still thine image fills my soul,
 Still burns that flame with fierce control ;
 And should I breathe through years untold,
 Thy beauty never will grow old ;
 But purer pride and rapture bring
 To me, a minstrel, than a king !
 Oh ! fleet, though fair, their fate must prove,
 Whose hopes, whose hearts, to flesh are given,
 Who build no ark of rest above ;
 Earth holds a grave for earthly love,
 But deathless is the love of heaven ;
 And, source of all things pure and free,
 The love of heaven is loving thee !

Great empress of the spirit-land,
 The sting of youth's best hour,
 The griefs that curst me like a brand,
 Were seeds of thy mute power.
 But high the rose o'ertops the thorn,
 The rainbow gilds the tempest-worn ;
 For hours of deep pure bosom-glee,
 A realm of beauty and of mind,
 A land where giftless eyes are blind,
 Thy bright brief smile bequeath'd to me,
 What blessings, nursed in Nature's lap,
 Burst forth from that sweet time ;
 What riches for the poor man's heart—
 Hail to the poet-clime !
 Where'er thy angel-foot doth fall,
 One holy passion tinctures all !

I'll laud thy lyre, still drink thy words,
 Though stranger fingers wake the chords ;
 And aye shall breathe these lips of mine,
 The nymph that spurns me is divine ;
 And years confirm thy bless'd control,—
 Ethereal Hebe of my soul !

Star of Hope.

SYLVAN.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY CHARLES B. GREATREX, JUNR.

Author of "*Leisure Hours*," &c. &c.

WHEN the nightingale is singing, •
 And the moon is in the sky,
 And the convent bells are ringing,
 As in days gone by,
 I will wander by the willow
 That looks into the stream,
 And stoops to kiss the billow
 Where the blue stars gleam.

Though two loving hearts be breaking,
 Though our bosoms may rebel,
 Ere the drowsy world be waking
 We must sigh farewell;
 But if on land or billow,
 Be a spot where we may rove,
 Let thy boat be near the willow
 And we will not cease to love.
 When the nightingale, &c. &c.

Liverpool, April 17th, 1843.

A YEAR IN THE WOODS.*

"Near where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 Which idly waving flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand."
 GOLDSMITH.

To those who, with observing eyes, have noticed the now too frequent recurrence of emigrants parting for ever from their native shores, the sentiment of the poet will not seem overstrained. It is a field in which the speculative mind might delight to indulge, as affording full scope to its powers; it is, indeed, an epitome of the ills of human life, its hopes, and its expectations. Could each narrate his tale of woe, and tell of his blighted hopes, and his unrewarded exertions, what an aggregate of sorrow and misery would be unfolded, teaching us by another sad lesson, that truth is indeed "stranger than fiction." What a motley group do they present! Scarcely a portion of society but seems to have sent here a representative—the ruined speculator, the unfortunate man of business, the debauched spendthrift, the unemployed artisan, and saddest sight of all, those, whom in spite of unceasing thrift and industry, fortune has at length overcome, and who have expended the last miserable remnant of their worldly means in this their final desperate effort. How easily you may distinguish the various characters, who are congregated on the quay beside the vessel which is so soon to bear them from their native home; whilst an air of indifference pervades some, there are others who seem to have wound themselves up, by a sort of dogged resolution to the effort, and beneath the assumption of reckless gaiety, you may discern the bitter and heart-corroding anguish, which tells of deferred hopes and ruined prospects.

There is one group, however, which you cannot pass by, without a more particular notice; their patched and threadbare clothing tells of the extreme of poverty, and yet, amidst it all, you must be struck with the perfect cleanness of their apparel, and the timid propriety of their demeanour. It is a family consisting of every age, from the grey-headed grandsire to the infant yet in its mother's arms; you at once perceive that they are from some of the rural districts of that which was once termed "merry England." Unused to the bustle and turmoil of populous cities, they seem to stand aloof and shrink from their fellow-beings. The elder children are assisting to get on board their trifling quantity of luggage, and their still smaller stock of stores; whilst the younger portion are gazing in fixed astonishment at the scene around them, their perceptions happily limited to the present moment. The wife, straining her infant still closer to her breast, looks up to her husband's face with timid and fearful eye, to seek comfort where she has placed all her trust; whilst he, struggling with his anxious forebodings, endeavours to return her glance, with a smile of hope, but the effort is painful, and he turns aside to hide the sensations which that mute appeal calls up, and which threaten to unman him.

* It is merely intended in the following sketch to give some slight idea of the life of a back woodsman, especially as it relates to timber making in North America. The tale refers to a period of twenty years since, and although experience must, since that time, have pointed out improvements in the details, yet the general mode of proceeding must necessarily be the same. It is only thrown into the form of a narrative for convenience.

The old man stands aloof from the group, his attention seemingly rapt in the unwonted bustle around him; but his dull and fixed eye shows that his thoughts are elsewhere—they are in the home of his childhood—amongst the scenes in which he delighted to sport in early youth—where the days of his manhood were passed, and where he trusted his last breath would be drawn, and his ashes mingle with those of his forefathers. It is such that feel this expatriation in all its bitterness—it is the old and gnarled oak which is most difficult to be riven; and it is when the habits of a life are confirmed that the disruption of all social ties is felt most acutely. To such as these the future can hold out no prospect of hope—in this life they have no future. Hard indeed is the measure meted out to them, when after having spent the prime of their days in painful and unceasing industry, now that their productive powers are exhausted, they are condemned to wander to another hemisphere to find—a grave.

The moment has at length arrived, the good ship sets her canvass, and they are hurried far over the waste of waters, to find beyond its boundary a new and an untried world.

* * * * *

It was a bright morning in the month of May, when a ship of the above description neared a port in New Brunswick. The passengers, animated with the news that they were now near their destined port, were clustered on deck to catch the first glimpse of their future home. It was to them an hour of intense interest as they viewed the shores where their future lot was to be cast, and amidst the joy which they felt at the termination of their voyage, would mingle doubts and fears as to their future success; and often would this feeling induce the elder portion to check the exuberant joy of the children, who were revelling in the hope of a change, and a merry romp ashore. Their feelings were, however, on the whole, of a pleasurable description. The passage had been a long one, and there were too many of them ill-fitted to endure such hardships, the worse to be borne as they were of a nature to which they had been unaccustomed. Emigrant ships also were not in those days subjected to such careful supervision as they are now, and they had, in addition to their other discomforts, been doomed to endure both hunger and thirst. The thoughts, therefore, that, freed from the crowded space to which they had for long and dreary weeks been confined, they should once more set foot on that which was to them their natural element, had spread amongst them a feeling of universal satisfaction, and they were not disposed to criticise, too fastidiously, the appearance of the country. In truth there was but little to object to in the line of coast they were now passing; rising almost regularly from the sea, and with the majestic woods for the back ground, the evidences of life and cultivation every where to be seen, although rough and unsightly to European eyes, yet spoke of comfort and plenty; and the breeze, as it wafted to them the odour from the land, inspired them with fresh hope and vigour. As they proceeded, however, the view changed; low sandy islets, bearing a thin crop of short and stunted grass, were the nearest objects which presented themselves; and the increased caution of the pilot spoke of dangers around them. Having fairly entered the estuary of the river, the prospect was not at all improved, the shores seemed covered with the primeval woods, to which distance gave a sombre and, to them, mournful appearance, save where, at very distant intervals, the rude log hut and the small strip of clearing showed where the hand of man had been.

As they advanced, and the river narrowing, it gave them an opportunity of a nearer view. The houses, raised from the rough logs of the forest, seemed strange and unsightly to their eyes; and the fields, in which cultivation was going on, seemed to be chiefly filled with blackened and rotten stumps. This view, so different from the almost garden-like appearance of the country they had left, gave but mournful promise of their future lot; and it was with gloomy and sad forebodings that they entered upon the first scene of their future existence. But there is no cause for despondency, this is at least a country where labour meets its due reward; and amidst those woods, apparently so gloomy, there is to be found many a sweet and tranquil spot, where honest and honourable industry may find independence and happiness.

Night closes on the scene, and amidst its approaching darkness the vessel glides on to her destined berth. We have now brought our emigrant to the port of his destination, and he will henceforth continue the story in his own words.

* * * * *

SUMMER.

It was with a feeling of desolation that I landed on this shore, everything around me looked so uncouth and strange, and a chill of isolation came over me as I felt that I stood alone amongst strangers. Yet, as I looked further on, and saw the busy and bustling energy which was everywhere displayed around me, my apprehensions vanished; and I cheered myself with the thought that I too might soon be as active as the rest. It was but little of this world's goods that I had in my possession, but I determined to remain for a few days at a tavern, that I might form some idea of the people amongst whom fortune had brought me. Everything was here in the same rough style which I had before observed; the landlord was independent and surly, but still hospitable; and the same spirit of rugged independence seemed to pervade all his guests. Meal times always occasioned a strong muster, and a strange group we were; men of all descriptions, he who probably employed a hundred or more, and the man whom he employed, (master is a term not allowed in their parlance), the day-labourer on board the shipping, and the confirmed idler, of whom there is always a goodly sample to be met with in such places, who having by some strange accident compassed sufficient cash to pay for a meal, was determined to use his advantage to the uttermost. Such was the heterogeneous mass which used to congregate upon such occasions, and all were upon a footing of the most perfect equality. Their conversation was entirely confined to feats of personal prowess, and boasts of the quantity of work performed by them at some stated period; and if their exploits at table were to be taken as any criterion, I do not think there was much exaggeration. This sort of life, however, neither suited the state of my finances, nor my disposition; nevertheless I had picked up a good deal of information, and acting upon it, I determined to endeavour to get into the woods as soon as possible.

Having got myself and my moveables transported higher up the river, I thought myself fortunate in being in a short time engaged for the year by a lumberer. The party was to proceed up to their station in two days, and the interim was spent in idleness; for your woodsman, like the sailor on shore, considers himself as privileged to do as little as possible, when removed from his own scene of action. We started at the time appointed, very shortly after the sun had risen, before the vapour had departed from the bosom of the river, and all around seemed wrapped as in a veil. As the sun began to show himself above the tops of the woods around, the mist was lifted slowly from the water, curling upwards in fantastic wreaths, until the opposite shores came full into view, and the bright green foliage of the woods, from which the heavy dew had not yet exhaled, glittered in that bright radiance like sparkling gems. Our party consisted of four canoes, with two men in each of them, and they also contained the provisions we were carrying up; there were also four more of us, who were to walk up, and assist in hauling the canoes over the rapids, where the water was low. We were doomed to this service, as being fresh caught we were not yet capable of managing a craft of this description; and indeed, when I looked at the elegant, yet apparently fragile-looking things, as they floated beside us, I wondered how they were to make good their way through the passage as it had been described to me.

Our first day's journey being principally through a settled country, it was comparatively easy, and I little expected how the next two days' walk would teach me to estimate the pleasure of travelling in the woods. We arrived at noon at what is called Indian Town, where the original lords of the country are allowed to remain on a limited space, graciously conceded to them, and which they are permitted to call their own. I had formed great anticipations from an interview with the red men, but I was doomed to be disappointed, no one being to be found amongst all the scattered huts around us. We proceeded onwards, and although we had now reached above the influence of the tides, the river was as yet but very little broken by rapids; and as we receded farther from the haunts of men, nature seemed to put on a more lovely appearance. The river would now wind round a bold bluff promontory, and having passed it, the scene would open into a wide expanse of meadow, formed of the richest alluvial, and blooming in all the glory of vegetation. We soon arrived at our halting place for the night; it was where the river had widened to a considerable extent, which, however, was filled up by a number of small islands, between which there only existed narrow channels: it was upon one of these islands that we chose our resting place.

All was now bustle and confusion to prepare the evening meal. The managers of the canoes having performed their task, they sunk into listless indifference; as they lay smoking around us, they might at times laugh at our awkward attempts at handling the axe, and would condescend now and then to impart to us some valuable suggestion as to the cookery of the woods. They did not deign to move until the meal was ready, teaching us that even here, amongst the wilds of nature, man was inclined to observe a distinction of caste; but happily it was only superior merit which here claimed distinction. It was the first night which I had spent under heaven's canopy, and amidst scenes where nature revelled in uncontrolled luxury; and dreamer that I was, I lay pondering upon the novelty of my situation until my companions' advice induced me to cover my head in the blanket, and compose myself to sleep. It was here I first made a particular acquaintance with those unsocial insects, the mosquitoes; and happy it was for us that the introduction took place in perfect unconsciousness on our parts; however, it was evident that they had made the best of the opportunity. Never shall I forget the roar of laughter which made the old woods around re-echo, as we each unveiled our beauties to the gaze of the morning; steeped in fatigue, we had slept in spite of all the insinuations of our active friends, and thus allowed them full scope for all their ingenuity in altering the human face divine; there was not an individual amongst us to be known, except by the voice, so swollen and distorted were our features. When we assembled at breakfast, we were the drollest set of caricatures of men that perhaps ever met together. The rough joke, and the boisterous merriment of each at the appearance of his neighbour, made it the most joyous meal of which I have ever partaken. It was here also that I learned my first lesson in the philosophy of the woods—that to laugh at our mishaps is the easiest way to bear them.

Our next portion of the journey was through a wilder region, and we who had to travel by land, unused to choose the paths through the woods, suffered severely; we had also to cross the river, perhaps fifty times in the course of the day, and as we generally happened to choose the worst places, we were several times very near making a swim back; and then when we had got on shore with our shoes saturated with wet, bursting through the thick underwood, and over ground encumbered with fallen trees, rocks, and everything else that could be brought together to add to the discomfort of the road, we were pretty near used up. Our shoes were rent from our feet like a piece of wet paper, and a pretty pickle we were in at times, until we could get up with the canoes, and get ourselves re-shod. However, the longest day will have an end, and although this appeared one of the longest I had ever passed, it at length reached its termination.

I had on this day the satisfaction of seeing what canoes are really capable of performing, when well handled. We had arrived at the worst rapid in the river, there was sufficient water to pass it, and therefore our assistance was not required; indeed, no man could have kept his footing for one moment in the midst of that torrent. We had, therefore, a full opportunity of observing them, and as such exploits were then a novelty to us, our attention was strongly engaged on what seemed an impossible feat. Imagine a rapid of above three hundred yards in length, and with a fall, as it appeared to us, of nearly one foot in four, and forming in the middle of its course a bend nearly amounting to a right angle; the other parts also tortuous through the intervention of huge masses of rocks; and if you add to this, that the bottom was rocky, and consequently afforded no firm hold to the poles, you may form some idea of the difficulty of the passage.

But see! the canoes are advancing, it is comparatively smooth water at the foot, but they come on slowly and steadily, as if husbanding their strength for the effort. The sternmost pause to let the headmost one have sufficient room in case of any disaster. Let us follow it in its course up, it has struck the foot of the rapid, and is now amongst the broken water; how steadily does that light thing with not more than eight inches of side, move through that boiling torrent. Look at her crew! they stand erect and steady as if they formed a portion of it; but mark the lightning-like rapidity of their movements, the poles are scarcely lifted from the bottom before they are again down, and forcing her through the rushing waters; they have passed the lower part of the rapid in safety, and are now at the bend. See! the one in the stern has missed his shove through the slipperiness of the bottom, and she does not strike the rapid fair—she must capsize—but no, the one forward has her—his pole seems fixed into the bottom like a bar of iron—it is too late, she must go—the current is running over her head

sheets—but still she holds on; the one aft has now caught her, and slowly and securely they twist her round, until her head is fair on the stream; and then, as if they had imbibed fresh vigour from that desperate struggle, they urge the gallant little craft through the remainder of the dangerous passage.

I stood for some minutes after the last canoe had passed, absorbed in the excitement of what I had witnessed, and with my attention strongly fixed on one object, I had no time to spare for a glance around me. When I did look up, I was instantly struck with the beauty of the scene; at my feet was the rapid boiling and foaming in its course, and as it seemed to me for the moment, howling as it were in impotent fury at the prey which had escaped it. Above, as is generally the case, the water was smooth; it was here about a quarter of a mile broad, and bounded on the opposite side by a huge perpendicular mass of bright red rock, (which gives its name to the rapid,) fringed on the top with lofty trees, and we were situated under the shade of the huge giants of the forest which only gave to our view a slight streak of the bright sky above. At the foot of the rock was a small belt of sand, and with the full glare of the noonday sun upon it, and the ruddy reflection of the rock behind, it shone in the bright light like the fairy beach of some enchanted island. Here the canoes were hauled ashore, and we saw from the smoke that was rising, that they were preparing for the noonday meal; we crossed over, happy to share in that refreshment and short period of rest, which was so necessary to us all; and which was not the less welcome that it was taken in a spot of such delightful beauty.

The afternoon of the third day saw our arrival at our destination; and as we had performed the distance in a shorter time by several hours than it had ever before been done in, it was made a matter of no small boast amongst us. There was a party already on the spot; some of us were to join them, whilst the remainder were to encamp on the other side of the river, about half a mile higher up. The new arrivals were busily employed grinding axes, and getting all our gear in order for our exploits amongst the timber, to which I began to look forward with some anxiety.

It was the second night of our arrival, and as there was not room enough for the whole of us in the shed which the former party had occupied, we had dispersed in parties of two, in search of a comfortable spot for a nap. There were plenty of soft mossy couches to be found, and we, not being very fastidious in the choice of our lodgings, were quickly satisfied; having raised a smoke near us in hopes of banishing the mosquitoes, we were soon asleep. It must have been about midnight, when we were awakened by a dismal noise, which proceeded from our dog; it was neither a bark nor a howl, but seemed forced from him in the extremity of fear; I could make nothing of it, but my companion at once comprehended the matter. "Hurra," he cried, "there is a bear amongst us—now for some fun." I could not imagine there was much fun to be got out of such a visitor, but however I jumped up, and was quickly at the scene of action. The whole camp was astir, each one was armed with an axe, and Master Bruin seemed likely to pay the penalty of hankering after sweets; for the present he had the best of it, as he had taken care to secure his rear by getting between the shed and the fire, which had now burnt low, and which gave him an advantage. Some of our party perceiving this, threw on the fire the cook's store of birch bark, and feeding it with dry wood, there was soon a fierce blaze. This did not suit our friend, who drew back from the glare, and seemed to meditate a retreat; but his enemies were too numerous for him, and he was fairly at bay. Right well did he bestir himself, and with strokes like lightning, he dashed aside the axes, although wielded with the full force of vigorous arms, and not a blow did he receive in front. It was a stirring sight to see him like some grim champion of old, disdaining retreat, although pressed by odds, whilst the axes gleaming in the bright light of the fire in every direction, seemed to threaten more damage to the "humans" than the brute; but they were in hands well accustomed to use them, and no mishap took place. Brownie had calculated his mode of retreat well, and although backing from the fire, he still kept close to the side of the shed, so that not more than three or four could get a chance to strike at him; at last one who had got inside made a blow at him through the open side of the shed; he half turned to this fresh opponent, but the movement was fatal to him; one moment an axe was seen to flash through the air, in the next it had gone in with a crash right between his shoulders, and he fell like a log—the blow had been well struck home, it had divided the spine. This had driven away all thoughts of sleep; the cook was summoned to

prepare a meal, and we were soon seated round the fire commenting upon our late adventure, and listening to many tales of similar exploits, which were related for the especial benefit of the novices.

That day was to witness my first attempt at wood-pecking, and I imagined it would not be very difficult to play my part; but I was doomed to sad disappointment, although I struck with all my might, and jarred my arms up to the very shoulder-blade, I could make very little impression on the timber. I looked at my companions, whose easy and graceful motions, performed with scarcely any apparent effort, sent the axe as it were gliding deep into the tree, and took the side off with a celerity that appeared like magic. I determined to watch closely and learn, for I did not at all like the idea of driving my arms out of the sockets. I soon reaped the benefit of my observations, and as I acquired skill, I found the work comparatively easy. It is a cheering and heartsome life, that of a woodsman, although at work from sunrise to sunset, yet with a plentiful supply of provisions, no one complains of the length of the hours of labour. The cheering ringing noise of the axes, which even in those thick woods may be heard for half-a-mile, sounds like music, and seems to incite you to action. The mosquitoes are the worst annoyance, and especially to new comers; however, in the day time it is not so bad, the constant and active motion in which you are engaged serves to keep them off. The night is their time for action;—if they would only be kind enough to be satisfied with gorging themselves with your blood, it might be borne with; but that incessant humming with which it is their good pleasure to announce their presence and tantalize their victims, does indeed murder sleep. When the other party left us, we raised a wigwam, a dozen poles were soon cut, placed in a circle, and joined at the top, a sufficient number of sheets of bark were then got, and the frame covered with them, every crevice was carefully filled with moss, and by filling it with smoke towards the evening, driving the varmint out, and then carefully closing the entrance with a blanket, we hoped to get some respite from those fell-destroyers of our repose.

But, hark! that is the signal for breakfast—we are up in an instant, for here every one strives to be foremost. A wash in the clear stream that runs past our camp, sends us refreshed to our meal, and well can we all play our parts: it is the usual fare of the woods,—there is the constant mess of salt fish and potatoes, but with the assistance of cold beef and pork, added to bread and tea, there are ample materials on which a hungry man may break his fast. After stowing away a good cargo—for we shall not feed again until noon, and it is now only four o'clock—we divide into our several parties, and are off. How cool and refreshing is that walk; there is no appearance of the sun, except that golden reflection on the tops of the highest pines; the dew hangs heavy on the foliage around us, and everything speaks of the brightness and freshness of morning. We walk under the magnificent arches of nature's own formation, here where she seems to have revelled in her wildest luxury; the hare hops leisurely past us, as it seeks its retreat for the day, and as we pass under that spruce, the squirrel sits chattering at us on its lowest branch, too lazy to move higher, all its motions seeming to proclaim, that here the face of man has seldom been seen. Nought else is to be heard in that vast solitude, save the woodpecker, as he makes the forest resound with his sharp loud taps.

There is a chilliness in the air, for it is only in the hottest period of summer that the woods are free from some slight touch of frost; we are therefore inclined for a little sharp motion, to help the circulation of our blood. There is something ready for us—that magnificent tree, which we had before marked out, for our first attack in the morning. It will line for about sixty feet, and there is probably as much more above that height. But its race is run—there are two at the foot who will quickly bring it down, a quarter of an hour will see it prostrate. They are already at their work. At first their strokes are slow and careless, but as they warm to it they increase in rapidity, and the chips fly in showers around them. At once they pause, as by mutual consent—it is time to cut the “bedding.” Three or four small trees are then cut down, and fallen across the direction where the tree is to lay. They are again at its foot, and after another glance upward, to see that there is no obstacle to its falling in the direction they have already determined, they again commence the attack; it now begins to vibrate, and he who is on the side on which it is to fall retires to a safe distance. The one who is now left puts in a few sharp and crashing blows—it is done—it has taken the right direction, and now it is time that he also should make a speedy retreat. Slowly does the huge mass move, as if reluctant to quit that root which had nourished it for a cen-

tury; but as it yields to the inclination, it increases in velocity at every inch it moves through the air, and soon it comes down, like an avalanche, bearing all before it; either tearing away the branches from the trees which lay in its path, or bringing down the trees themselves uprooted and prostrate beside it. One thundering recoil, and all is still; and the sun shines upon spots which had never felt his beams before, until man came to destroy the pride of the forest.

We rush upon our prey. One hasty glance, and a calculation as to the quantity of timber it will make, and we fall to work. The brush and rubbish which are beside it are cleared away, the lines are struck, and our party of three jump upon it; each cuts a notch or two "scores" down to the line, and then two go off, leaving the "scorer in" to continue his work; the "beater off" then commences, and beats off the huge round blocks in a rough manner, reducing it to a flat side; he is followed by the "broad axeman," who, with his powerful tool, about eleven inches broad in the bitt, and its short crooked handle eighteen inches long, hews it smooth, and puts it in the condition in which it is brought to market. The two first sides are finished, the tree is cut off at the top, canted, and the lines being struck upon it, the same process is gone through, the butt is cut off square, and there it lies—that which a short time since stood a goodly tree, now a stick of timber of full three tons, contrasting strangely in its glaring rawness with the green livery of nature, appearing like some huge cold carcass amidst the bright and living forest. Hurra! for another like it, and we will finish it before dinner. A similar one is soon down, and our task is performed, before the cook's signal is heard; he has brought us the welcome refreshment, and we hasten to partake of it with the appetite which healthy and active labour has procured; after a short period of repose we are again ready to resume our employ, until the deepening shadows of twilight warn us that it is time to return home. Our supper, which is a counterpart of our breakfast (unless the cook in his generosity has thought fit "to fix us a mess of fried victuals,") awaits our return, and meets with the usual reception at our hands. Then after a short time spent in comparing and boasting of the work each party has performed, we retire to that repose we have so well earned. Thus passes the life of the woodsman, day by day in the same cheerful and hearty manner, and amidst ever-varying scenery; and few there are, once accustomed to the woods, who have ever wished to leave them.

Our oxen had now come up, and with them the "teamster," a very important personage in a camp. I was anxious to see them begin, as it appeared a mystery to me how the timber was to be got out of those thick woods. I was soon, however, enlightened on the subject. After choosing a proper place on the banks of the river for a "landing," as the spot is called where the timber is piled when it is hauled out, we proceeded to cut a main road into the middle of the timber, and a strange sort of road it was, being only cleared of the trees, the stumps of which were cut close to the ground, leaving all the roughness and inequalities of the surface; but these obstacles were as nothing in their way. Hauling in summer is generally performed with four yoke of oxen, unless the timber is very light, when three yoke may be sufficient. The teamster certainly deserves the place he holds in a camp; for, independently of the difficulty of driving over such rugged roads, it often happens that the sled gets fast to a stump when he is far from assistance. On these occasions it is necessary that he should be fertile in expedients, as well as no niggard of his own powers of exertion to get himself clear of the difficulty. Although timber hauled in summer is often much damaged by the roughness of the road, as well as requiring double the number of oxen, which would be sufficient in winter, yet the lumberer never neglects the opportunity of getting out all he can in the summer, as at that season the oxen require but little, a feed of Indian meal at noon being sufficient for them, the luxuriant pasture to be found along the banks of the river keeping them in good heart. The mode in which they manage their cattle seems at variance with all the ideas we entertain upon such subjects; instead of endeavouring to rule them by skill and mild treatment, a teamster never considers he can do anything with a yoke of oxen, until he has made them completely afraid of him. Considering that the animals are, for a large period of the year, allowed to run wild in the woods, whilst with us the beasts of draught are always as it were in training, it is perhaps the best method that could be adopted. Indeed after a yoke of oxen are fairly mastered, the goad is seldom used upon them, a word being sufficient; and nothing which it is in the power of flesh and muscle to bring away, can stop a good team when fairly broken to their work.

Some of our party had begun to get tired of salt provisions, and although the river which ran past our camp abounded in trout, which were very easily caught, yet we had no time to spare for the sport, nor when taken did such small game go far with hungry men. Two of our party therefore, enticed by the hopes of a fresh mess, agreed one night that they would show their skill in salmon-spearing; as I much wished to see the sport, I prevailed upon another to accompany me in a canoe to witness it. Birch bark was prepared in suitable bundles, which were to be stuck in a cleft-stick at the bow of the canoe, and lighted; the spear consisted of an iron prong, between two elastic jaws of wood, so that if fairly struck the fish could never escape. All being ready, we started off; the night was very dark, and therefore in favour of the sportsmen, allowing the blaze greater effect, and thus enabling them the better to distinguish their prey. We descended the river for a few miles until we had arrived at a spot which was noted for fish, here after a strict caution to us to keep close, our companions lighted their fire, and the canoe darted off down the stream. They soon found a fish, as was evident from their again turning up, and now the fun of the chase began; one while the canoe would be struggling against the current, and in a moment she would be whirled round and speeding down the rapid, passing before our eyes like a fire-flash. Again she would be stationary, as the cunning fish attempted to hide himself beneath the shade of a rock; the dull canopy of smoke which then settled over their heads, lighted up from the fierce glare below, and the ruddy reflection on the glancing waters beneath, made them appear like demons floating in their own fiery element. Again they are off—and the speed with which they rush along causes the blaze to stream like a fiery pendant above them—now they have passed round yon island, and are for awhile hidden from us—but again they come round the upper point of it, appearing but as a speck in the distance; but as they approach in their headlong race, rock, wood, and water seem glowing with ever-varying shade, reflecting back the glare like the changing colours of the kaleidoscope. But hark to that shout! they have struck their prey—and see where they hold him aloft, glittering in the light of the fire like a huge wedge of gold. Their sport was pursued until three fine fish had rewarded their labours; and whilst we rejoiced over them next morning at breakfast, our heroes had full opportunity given them of boasting of their prowess, and fighting their battles over again.

H. B.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A RHYMESTER'S RHAPSODY.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

(Author of "*Hours with the Muses.*")

'Twas Saturn's night, dark, silent, chill, and late,
 My exhausted fire was dying in the grate;
 My taper's wick was waxing large and long,
 While I sat musing on the gift of song,
 With all its soul-born influences and power
 To sooth or strengthen in the varying hour.
 Upon my table, in promiscuous crowd,
 Lay the great minds to whom my spirit bowed;—
 Shakspeare, the universal, and the bard
 Who Gloriana sang without reward,
 Save that which Fame accorded him for ever.
 Dryden, the child of change, whose best endeavour
 Was aye beset with troubles, though his string
 Rang in the praise of Commonwealth and King;
 Milton, the mighty, dignified, and pure,
 Born with a soul to battle, or endure;
 Pope, the euphonious, whose every theme
 Is smooth and flowing as a summer stream;

The cold and caustic Swift, whose loveless heart
 Knew not the pangs he laboured to impart ;
 Goldsmith, whose muse is ever undefiled,
 "In wit a man, simplicity a child ;"
 The grave, sarcastic Cowper, best of men !
 And Crabbe, the moral Hogarth of the pen ;
 Calm Campbell—dazzling Moore, to fancy dear,
 The erratic ploughman, and the wayward peer ;
 Southey, the sorcerer ; whose wizard strain,
 Alas ! is silent, ne'er to sound again ;
 Wordsworth, now full of honourable years,
 " Whose thoughts do often lie too deep for tears ;"
 Coleridge, of dreamy lore—(who shall excel
 His wild and wondrous fragment, *Christabel* ?)
 Baronial Scott, the heir of deathless glory,
 And him who sang *Kilmeny's* fearful story ;
 Ideal Shelley, and ethereal Keats,
 With their fine gathering of luxurious sweets ;
 Leigh Hunt, who loves a quaint, but cheerful lore,
 And Lamb, as gentle as the name he bore ;
 Elliott, the iron-like, but sweetly strong,
 And *the* Montgomery of sacred song ;
 The fervid Hemans, of the magic spell,
 And that lorn nightingale, sweet L. E. L.
 These are a glorious number, yet not all
 Whose words have held me in delicious thrall.

Wearied with many thoughts, I went to sleep,
 (Perchance my reader may do ;) calm and deep
 My slumbers came upon me, while my dreams,
 Tinged with the beauty of a thousand themes
 From childhood cherished, crowded through my brain—
 Bright things a waking eye might seek in vain.
 Freed from its daily struggles with the real,
 My spirit sought the infinite ideal,
 And revell'd in its regions for a time,
 Where all was pure, extatic, and sublime.
 With clear, unbounded intellect, and tongue
 To utter at my will undying song,
 My lips dropped poesy, like flakes of light,
 As though some wandering angel in his flight
 Had waved his radiant pinions o'er my head
 And shaken plumage off. Forth from my bed,
 When the spring morning shed its radiant rain,
 I leapt in joy, and seized my pen to chain
 A thousand splendid visions which had crept
 Through my delighted being as I slept ;
 But, like a breath upon a mirror's face,
 They lapsed away, nor left a lingering trace.
 Finding my muse had crippled both her wings,
 And fluttered earthward, back to common things,
 I went to breakfast, wrapt in thoughtful gloom,
 While Sabbath sunshine pouring in my room,
 Hung brightly upon ceiling, wall, and floor,
 And laid a golden bar across my door ;
 I could not choose but own its silent power,
 And feel in calm accordance with the hour.
 The scribbling fit was on me, but in lieu
 Of soaring into regions high and new
 Of perfect poesy, I strove to climb
 The little molehill of imperfect rhyme.

The ample table-cover droop'd adown
 In graceful folds, white as a bridal gown,
 Or cygnet's breast, or those fair clouds that lie
 Hovering in beauty in a summer sky,
 Or snow on alpine summits, (thus you see
 We get at poetry by simile.)
 The bread suggested corn-fields broad and yellow,
 Touched by the autumn sunbeams mild and mellow,
 The rustle of full sheaves, the laugh and song
 Of jolly reapers, sickle-armed and strong,
 And all the loud hilarities that come
 To swell the triumph of a harvest home.
 And then the restless and secluded mill,
 Moved by the gushings of a mountain rill,
 With its moss-grown and ever dripping wheel,
 Churning the waters till they flash and reel,
 Came up distinct before my mental gaze,
 A well remembered picture of old days.
 The unctuous butter, and the cooling cream,
 Though simple in themselves, inspired a dream
 Of quiet granges seated far away
 From towns and cities, and of meadows gay
 With Spring's innumerable flowers; of kine
 Feeding in healthful pastures; (how I pine
 To rush into the fields!) of dairies sweet,
 Where buxom damsels, rosy-lip'd and neat,
 Have pleasant toils, and last, the ingle side,
 Scene of the farmer's solacement and pride.
 The juicy lettuce, and the pungent cress,
 At least in fancy's hearing, spoke no less
 Of trim-laid gardens, and complaining brooks,
 Winding away through green romantic nooks,
 To schoolboys and to lovers only known,
 Or poets wandering in their joy alone;
 And then the coffee, with its amber shine,
 In aromatic richness half divine—
 Brought Araby, and Araby the "Nights,"
 Which in my boyhood filled me with delights
 Which linger yet. To memory how dear
 The generous Caliph, and the good Vizier;
 The silent city with its forms of stone,
 Its crowded streets so wonderfully lone.
 Sinbad, of eastern travellers the *great*,
 Aladdin's potent lamp, and splendid state,
 And all that dreamy mystery, whose power
 Hath kept one wakeful till the morning hour.
 Alas! that Time's remorseless hand should raze
 Those magic mansions of our early days,
 Wherein we dwelt in quietude and joy,
 As yet unconscious of the world's annoy;
 But still, though time, and even truth, be stern,
 'Tis well if we can meditate, and learn
 To gather solace from the meanest springs,
 And see some beauty in the humblest things;
 For to the willing heart and thoughtful mind,
 To eyes with pride and prejudice unblind,
 Germs of enjoyment are for ever rife,
 Even on the waste of unromantic life!

TURTON TOWER;

A TALE OF HUMPHREY CHETHAM'S DAYS.

BY GEORGE RICHMOND, G. M.

CHAPTER IV.

— Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?

MACBETH.

THE wounded soldier was immediately conveyed to an apartment in the Tower, generally appropriated to the accommodation of any unexpected visitor, and which, owing to the Lord of Turton's unbounded hospitality, afforded sufficient room for any respectable stranger, who, owing to the difficulty of obtaining accommodation on these hills, was frequently thrown upon him for a night's shelter. Every attention was paid to the wounded man. The only surgical practitioner in the neighbourhood was called in, and used every effort his limited knowledge and experience in such matters would allow to assuage his patient's sufferings, and if possible, avert the threatened danger. For some time the wounded man remained insensible, and several hours elapsed before he appeared in the least conscious of his situation; he then raised his head, and with languid eye looked round the apartment, as if in search of some particular object. With an expression of countenance betraying the keenest disappointment, his head again sunk on the pillow, and with a faltering voice he ejaculated, "I have been mistaken."

The surgeon having administered some medicine requested the soldier to compose himself, and directing the attendants to withdraw, took his station by the bedside, for the purpose of observing any change that might take place in his patient.

Mr. Chetham received frequent intelligence of the state of his guest, and was at length gladdened by the information that he slept.

"Thank God," said he to Edith, who sat near musing over a book she had just been reading aloud, "the poor fellow sleeps—it may possibly be the means of restoring him."

"I fear not," said Edith, calling to mind the languid eye and dying look of the soldier; "his restoration will not be to this life. Would his kindred and friends were by to sooth his passage to a better world."

"Perhaps he has no near relatives," said the Lord of Turton, "and therefore his sufferings may not be aggravated by his feelings on that score."

"I think he has," said Edith, "a wife—or daughter—or——"

"What induces you to think so, Edith?" said Mr. Chetham, interrupting her, with an inquiring look.

She then related what had passed in the vestibule, and concluded by asking his opinion.

"I cannot tell," said he; but, as if struck with some sudden idea, he started from his chair, and walked with an air of embarrassment several times across the floor without further remark. At length he stopped at a window fronting the west, and which now received the glowing rays of the setting sun. "I think, my dear girl," said he, "you had better take a short walk, it will revive your spirits after the bustle of this eventful day: the sun is now sinking behind the Heights, and if you delay much longer the air will be too cold; but don't go far, my child, there may be danger lurking in these times, even on our sequestered hills."

Edith was roused from her reverie by this address, which was delivered in a manner more than usually kind and affectionate. She looked up, and the workings of some deep emotion were visible on the countenance of her adopted parent.

"I fear you are not well, my dear father," said she, addressing him by a title he generally delighted to hear; on the present occasion, however, it touched upon a very tender chord.

"I am well, my dear girl," said he, "only I feel perhaps a little nervous. In a few moments I shall be better: meanwhile walk out into the air, it will be serviceable to you, and on your return you will find me quite recovered."

Edith wrapped a shawl around her and descended into the vestibule, the folding doors of which were closed, and a small wicket in them alone stood open for the pur-

pose of affording egress and ingress, and at the same time admitted a scanty supply of light into the apartment. It was, however, too feeble to enable a cursory observer to distinguish objects in the room, especially when, as at present, the rays of the sun were withdrawn from this side of the Tower. Edith was just stepping out at the wicket when she heard the voice of Gilbert calling behind her.

"What do you want, Gilbert?" she inquired.

"I wished to know if master would have his supper yet."

"Not yet, Gilbert," said she, "he does not appear very well, and as I shall not be long before I return I will attend to it myself."

"If you are going to the Close, Miss Edith," said the old man, as she prepared to proceed, "you will perhaps be kind enough to call and see old dame Orrell; she has been taken very ill to-day, and she wished me to ask you to step so far and see her. But, God help my poor old brains, this day's work has almost driven everything out of them, or I would have mentioned it sooner."

"Poor thing," said Edith, "I will go now, and see her," and hurried on her kind errand. Gilbert stood gazing through the open wicket, and as the last sound of her footsteps died away, he ejaculated, "God bless you for a little angel, and may happiness attend your steps wherever you go." Satisfied with the fervent benediction he had bestowed he hurried away to resume his duties, but found the cavalier officer close at his elbow.

"A fine night, my old friend," said the soldier.

"Very fine," said Gilbert, startled at the appearance of this unexpected auditor, and at the same time hurrying on.

"Is that a daughter of Mr. Chetham's who has just gone out," he inquired.

"No," was the reply of the old domestic.

"Perhaps some near relative?" again inquired the officer.

"No," responded old Gilbert.

Finding this mode of interrogation was likely to obtain negatives alone, the cavalier altered his mode of attack:

"She appears a very amiable young lady," said he.

Now this changed the face of things at once: it touched upon a subject on which Gilbert could have expatiated for ever.

"Aye," said the old man, "she is amiable, if any creature in this world is amiable; there is not her equal within many a good mile of Turton. Aye, aye, you may call her amiable—or kind—or good—or affectionate—or what you will; but you will not find a good word good enough for her. If ever an angel descended on this earth in its own likeness, she is one."

"Your opinion of the young lady carries you a long way, my good fellow," said the officer; "were it not that difference of years sets the supposition at rest, I might be inclined to think you were downright in love with her."

Gilbert was about to reply in rather sharp terms to these apparently slighting observations upon his young mistress, when his eye encountered Mr. Chetham, just entering the vestibule, who addressed the young cavalier, inquiring after the health of his commander, and also as to whether it would be proper for him to have an interview.

The young officer bowed politely and led the way to the chamber of the wounded soldier. On entering the room it appeared that he was suffering the most excruciating agony, so much so as to render him utterly insensible to all outward objects, and the surgeon privately informed Mr. Chetham, that unless some very favourable symptoms shewed themselves in a short time, from the nature of the wound, which was caused by a ball from a musketoon, that had entered his side and lodged near a vital part, and baffled all his skill to extract it, he could not live many hours.

During the time the wounded officer remained in this state of insensibility, his mind was continually wandering, and he talked incoherently of the vision he had seen, as he supposed it to be, of his dead wife, mistaking Edith for her.

After some time, feeling less pain, he recovered the use of his senses, and became aware of the presence of Mr. Chetham in the room, whom he immediately addressed, and breathlessly inquired who the lady was he met as they were carrying him into the Tower, and whether she was his daughter.

Mr. Chetham replied in the negative, and then briefly related the whole of the incident by which she had been thrown upon his care and protection, during the recital

of which the Royalist commander seemed to be suffering greatly in mind as well as in body.

After Mr. Chetham had finished his plain and unpretending narrative, the wounded officer grasped him warmly by the hand, exclaiming,—“My long lost child!” and fainted away. Some restoratives being given to him he gradually recovered, and then informed Mr. Chetham of his name and rank, and earnestly desired to see his long-sought-after daughter.

Mr. Chetham retired, and shortly after again entered the room, accompanied by Edith, who had returned from visiting Dame Orrell, and whom he had, in the meantime, briefly informed of the near relation in which she stood to the wounded officer. Immediately on her entrance she rushed into his arms, overpowered by emotion. This had such effect upon him, together with endeavouring to raise himself up to embrace his daughter, that he fell back instantly, and before any assistance could be rendered him, he expired. Thus it fell to the mournful lot of Mr. Chetham to take the now insensible Edith from the arms of her newly-found, but dying father, as he had before taken her from the arms of her dying mother.

Little remains to add, in conclusion, but shortly to relate that the Count Louis de Tremouille, the father of Edith, had accompanied the high-spirited Countess of Derby, to whom he was related, to this country, on her marriage with the noble but unfortunate Earl of Derby, who was afterwards beheaded in Bolton-le-Moors; and during a sojourn at the family house in Preston, became acquainted and fell violently in love with a young lady of the name of Rigby, whom he afterwards privately married, but fearful of the displeasure of his proud relatives he had never made it public, and shortly after left the country. He afterwards returned, and immediately sought out his long-neglected lady, but who, it appeared, a few days previous to his arrival, had secretly left her father's house, taking her child along with her, and though every inquiry had been made she had not been heard of since.

It is supposed, after what has occurred, that hearing of the Count's arrival, and probably thinking he might be staying at Lathom House, she had set off with the intention of soliciting his acknowledgment of their marriage and protection of his innocent child, when she was overtaken by the snow-storm, which might have caused her to stray slightly out of her proper course, and terminated so fatally to herself, but at the same time procured for her child so noble and benevolent a protector.

Edith, now Countess de Tremouille, still clung to Mr. Chetham, whom she deeply revered, and for whom she entertained all the feelings of a daughter, and remained with him till his death, which occurred a few years after the events previously related had taken place, full of years, and deeply regretted and beloved by all his numerous dependants.

[NOTE.—It perhaps may be as well that a few words should be said, by way of explanation, as to who Humphrey Chetham (whose name stands at the head of these pages) was, or in what manner he was distinguished when living, and what he has left behind him, that at this distance of time, his name should be thought so highly of. I may be allowed to observe, that during his life, he was greatly distinguished for his piety and benevolence, no less so than for his great wealth, which he dispensed with a liberal and unparing hand to every distressed object who claimed his assistance; no matter of what creed in religion, or politics, although those two heating subjects were very rife in his times, and frequently were the cause of setting father against son, and son against father. His name also stands pre-eminent as a lover of the poor and indigent youth of this locality, and for the education of whom, together with in some measure finding the funds necessary for their entrance into life, he has munificently provided, by endowing that magnificent specimen of ancient architecture in this town, called the College, where a number of poor children (although *quaintly dressed*,) are clothed, fed, educated, and afterwards apprenticed to useful trades, the funds necessary for which have been bequeathed by him; and which will long stand as a proud monument of the charity and public spirit of this noble “merchant prince.” It is, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at, that his name should at all times raise feelings of deep interest in the breast of every lover of his fellow-man, more especially in this neighbourhood; and that every incident, in the remotest degree bearing upon his life or times, and which has a tendency to display the piety and benevolence of his character, is looked up to here not only with respect, but almost veneration.]

Manchester.

THE BANKS OF THE OUSE.

WHEREVER I wander, wherever I roam,
My heart fondly clings to its childhood's bright home,
And tears of deep sorrow my eyes oft suffuse,
When I think of the lovely sweet banks of the Ouse.

I've seen rapid Severn careering along,
And dark flowing Thames, the majestic and strong;
The Cam and the Isis, those haunts of the Muse,
But to me none surpass the fair banks of the Ouse.

Old Ebor I love thee—the sound of thy name
Wakes a transport of rapture that thrills through my frame,
And reason must leave me ere I can refuse
To sing of the lovely green banks of the Ouse.

How blest were the hours when, light-hearted and gay,
By thy clear-rolling stream I could carelessly stray,
When the future appeared in the brightest of hues,
And hope spoke of bliss on the banks of the Ouse.

They are past—they are gone—like a dream they are fled,
Misfortune now chequers the path I must tread,
And the visions of boyhood no longer amuse,
For I am a wanderer far from the Ouse.

The hare when close hunted returns to its form,
And birds seek their nests from the wild-rushing storm;
So I would return, had I power but to choose,
And would live and would die on the banks of the Ouse.

W. C. NEWSAM.

Moston.

THE CONVERT; OR, ODD FELLOWSHIP TRIUMPHANT.

BY MRS. CHARLES DEWING TYLER.

(Authoress of "*St. James's*," "*The Broken Heart*," &c. &c.)

"NAY, nay, Mrs. Wilton, your reasoning will all be lost; argue as you will I shall never countenance "Odd Fellowship;" you smile, but I tell you candidly, I never shall,—I am more inveterate against it than ever."

"But why so, my dear Mrs. Goodwin? I thought it had been impossible for you to have been more opposed than you were. What new cause for dislike can you allege?"

"Why, it was but yesterday they were parading the town with their nonsensical regalia, with music, flags, and banners, bedecked with sashes, medals, and favors, as if they were performers in some theatrical spectacle, instead of a band of serious, sober men, going to God's house to return Him thanks for His blessings bestowed upon them during the past year. And then to think my husband should be one amongst them! Oh! it is past all bearing, that he should have belonged to them too so long, and I, his wife, know nothing of it; I verily think I can never forgive him for it. Oh dear! oh dear! that ever a respectable woman, like me, should live to be the wife of an "Odd Fellow!" Had he been a journeyman, or labourer, it would have been rather different; but even then the very name itself is odious."

"Well, my dear friend, you have exhausted your volubility to no purpose; you have not told me now why you so dislike the Order; I like to have a reason for everything."

"'Order'—aye there you are again: 'Order'—why it's my belief they spread nothing but disorder. I wish the word was expunged from the vocabulary, never tell me again that

"Order is heaven's first law,"—

I hate the very name of 'order!'"

"At any rate, my dear, I don't think that you can complain that Mr. Goodwin has become disorderly since he became one of the Or—I beg your pardon, one of the fraternity."

"Why, to speak the truth, I certainly have no room to complain of him—a better or a kinder husband cannot be; he may be equalled, but not surpassed. That is the only thing I can allege against him during our marriage, his becoming an "Odd Fellow" (my greatest aversion) without my knowledge: but I must confess he bore my anger, when I found it out, astonishingly; for I was in a most vehement passion—he was provokingly cool. He merely replied to all my storming once, and that was only,— "Well, my dear Sophia, when judgment resumes her sway, I will endeavour to reason with you upon the absurdity of your prejudices," and left the room. I have scarcely seen him alone since; for yesterday he was at their anniversary dinner—and to-day we had company both to breakfast and dinner, somewhat unexpectedly; this evening he has been particularly engaged in the counting-house, so that we have had no time for a domestic "tete a tete" since the disclosure. And I must confess I rather dread it, for I am somewhat warm in temper, and Augustus quite the contrary; and although we seldom differ on any topic, I feel assured we shall on this, for love him as I may, he will never bring me round to approve of 'Odd Fellowship.'"

"His bearing your anger so patiently was one of its good effects; I assure you, dear Mrs. Goodwin, it makes men better husbands, better fathers, kinder neighbours; its wide-spreading philanthropy causes them to view each other as brothers."

"Another of its ill effects, it knows no equality; then again—its secrecy—oh! the evils of those secret organized societies; witness their direful effects in our manufacturing districts this last summer. All such societies, Mrs. Wilton, are, in my opinion, unconstitutional, opposed to all good order and government; calculated to disseminate no other principles but those of anarchy, democracy, riot, and republicanism."

"A truce with such ridiculous fantasies. Her Majesty has not a more loyal body of men in her dominions than the "Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows," and I feel somewhat proud that my dear lamented husband was one of their body."

"Dear Mr. Wilton an 'Odd Fellow?' why you astonish me; I thought he was always a man piously inclined."

"And nothing will make a man more so than being an Odd Fellow, provided he but follow up its precepts. I was once as averse to it as you are, and now it has not a more zealous advocate. Why, I derive some portion of my little income from the 'Manchester Unity,' and as soon as my son is old enough, I shall wish him to become one of its members; but for that body he would never have been apprenticed."

"You derive a portion of your income from the 'Odd Fellows?' My dear friend, you astonish me! I have always understood you were born and educated in affluence; but disobeying your father by your marriage, he left you but a slender annuity of forty or fifty pounds per year. In fact, it has been always a matter of surprise to me how you could command such a genteel appearance out of so poor an income."

"It is too late this evening, Mrs. Goodwin, or I would relate to you the history of my early life, and my conversion to 'Odd Fellowship;' besides, I hear Mr. G. leaving the counting-house—to-morrow evening I will bring in my work after tea, and by your cheerful fireside once more retrace my life of sunshine and storm; even if time would permit to-night, I feel unequal to the effort, the remembrance of past days again opens wounds I had thought well nigh healed. Your husband's step is on the stair, receive him with a smile; if you feel your anger rising, try the old-fashioned method of counting one hundred; and if that will not succeed, try the other one of holding your mouth full of cold water. Depend upon it that it is an infallible cure; do that, and I prognosticate that between Mr. Goodwin's arguments and mine, we shall yet make a convert of you. Good night."

"Your rhetoric will all be expended in vain, rely upon it. But come time enough to-morrow for a dish of tea; there's no one Goodwin likes to see here so well as

yourself; he always says you are a sensible—but you'll say I flatter, I know. Good night, dear Mrs. Wilton."

The next evening, the tea equipage removed, the hearth swept, an extra candle lighted, Mrs. Wilton's worsted-work taken from her bag, Mrs. Goodwin's knitting from her basket, the curtains drawn, and the room quiet, warm, and comfortable, Mrs. Goodwin raised her eyes to her friend's face, when Mrs. Wilton instantly exclaimed, "Your eyes, dear Sophia, do not plead in vain, I have not forgotten my promise; I have schooled my throbbing heart, and feel now quite nerved for the task; but my story will not be a long one remember."

"Nor would I have you utter a syllable of it, if it will cause you a moment's regret."

"Quite the contrary. I shall take a pleasure in relating it, particularly if I can but succeed in removing your prejudices—prejudices which I am sure originate not in the heart, but the head."

"Proceed, I am all attention, but on one subject adamant."

"I was born in the 'Metropolis of the British Empire,' and the same moment that I beheld the light, my mother died; consequently, a mother's tenderness I never knew. My father was a wealthy citizen—I, the undoubted heiress to all his wealth. The affection which he bore my mother was lavished upon me threefold; no expense was spared, nothing thought too good, or too great for a motherless child. Our relatives were few, and our meetings like 'angel's visits, few and far between,' consequently I felt for them no affection, and the only love I knew was for my fond, my doating father. As I increased in years, masters of every kind were procured to render me well versed in all accomplishments; fulsome adulation was heaped upon me with an unsparring hand, and I was taught to believe that Nature had been as lavish upon my person as upon my mind. My father positively idolized me, (and as I verged on womanhood, he formed golden visions for my future happiness, as he, poor misguided man, fondly imagined. At the age of seventeen I was, as it is technically called, brought out, and became that season, the 'star of attraction,'—the admired of all admirers. My father's almost unbounded wealth, and great respectability of character, paved the way for our admission amongst the titled of the land; whilst he, dazzled by the attention lavished upon me, in fancy's eye already beheld me the bride of some titled scion of nobility, whose decaying fortunes needed a prop which would countenance an alliance with the only child of a wealthy cit."

"But you deceived his expectations."

"Do not anticipate my tale. That same year there came to reside with us, as confidential clerk, a young man, of polished exterior, and of fascinating manners; to see him was to admire. He took his meals with us, excepting when we had company. As for myself, how empty, how insipid was the conversation I heard in our crowded rooms. The few months Mr. Wilton had been with us, he had given me far different ideas, far more interesting, lofty topics to ruminate upon than I had been used to listen to. He was well read, having devoted all his spare time to the higher branches of literature; he was an excellent French scholar, and a most able mathematician. As I expressed a desire to become more versed in the French language—to express was but to have my wish fulfilled—my ever indulgent father requested Wilton to devote some time each day to my instruction, little dreaming, good easy soul, of the net he was spreading for us. My father was generally with us, but at times we were alone. Oh! what blissful hours they were to me—company lost all its charms,—the intoxicating waltz, the gallopade and quadrille, the opera or the theatre grew tasteless and vapid—I would forego the most brilliant assembly for an evening's sober, rational conversation with Eustace. Our tell-tale eyes had long told each other that we loved, and one evening my father being called away upon some business, we were left for nearly an hour together ere he returned, I had learned the pleasing truth that I was dear to Eustace, and unused to deception of any kind, unskilled in the arts of coquetry, with no mother to counsel me, I openly avowed my preference for him. Had you seen him in his youthful days, Mrs. Goodwin, you would not have wondered at my infatuation, for his person was as faultless as his mind."

"He was a very handsome man when I first had the pleasure of his acquaintance; I should think he was not then more than five or six and thirty?"

"About that age. Months glided by like weeks, we lived in an elysium of love, with no anticipations for the future. The first alloy we experienced was the accidental

discovery of my father's views for myself, though as yet I had been allowed to reject indiscriminately all who had offered for my hand. Alarmed at the discovery of my parent's intentions, Wilton suggested a private marriage, which imprudent step I listened to with avidity rather than become another's bride. We calculated upon my father's dotage for me, and his partiality for Eustace to forgive us, after the storm of disappointment had somewhat evaporated; alas! 'we reckoned without our host,' as the issue will show."

"Then he did not yield you his forgiveness?"

"You shall hear. After a union of about three months, my dear father received an offer of marriage for me, from the eldest son of the poor but proud Earl of Singleton, Lord Fitzharris, a young man of no intellectual powers, having a mind still plainer than his person. But no matter, he was a member of the aristocracy, and that was sufficient for my poor misguided parent; to see me a lady by title was all his aim, all his ambition. Entreaties were of no use, all the excuses I could allege to account for my rejection of Lord Fitzharris were of no avail; his empty title my parent thought quite an equivalent for his empty purse, and still more empty head. Urged almost to frenzy, I fell upon my knees, and avowed my clandestine marriage. Never shall I forget that moment should I live to the longest span allotted to humankind. My father's countenance assumed an almost deathlike appearance at the total annihilation of his air-drawn visions of my future greatness."

"My poor friend."

"As soon as his almost ungovernable rage allowed him to give utterance to his passion, he raised his hands to curse me—me, his only, his idolized child, and desired us to quit his house and his presence for ever. Eustace he upbraided as a fortune-hunter, and as the scorpion who had given him his death-sting. In vain my husband pleaded and urged that my fortune was the last object of his consideration—that it was myself alone he sought. Alas! my father was inexorable, and he raised his hands to curse me a second time, when I fell senseless at his feet. Wilton bore me to his own apartment, and with frantic grief he summoned an old and faithful domestic to me; fit succeeded fit till my life was despaired of. Eustace never quitted me by day nor night, he administered my medicine, smoothed my pillow, and with fondest endearments strove to make me forget the past. But oh! that curse—a father's curse rang like a knell in my ears."

"But where was your father?"

"I should have said the instant my husband bore me from the room, he ordered his carriage, penned a few lines, requested that as I had made my own choice, so I would take the consequence, and insisted that we should leave the house as soon as we could collect our things together, adding, that he should absent himself until we had left, and desiring us never to trouble him more, as he should endeavour to forget there were such beings in existence. After remaining a week in a precarious state, youth and a good constitution enabled me to bear the fatigue of being removed to a private lodging Eustace had caused to be taken for us at Hampstead, where for weeks I remained in a weak and low condition, attended with the most delicate attention and care by my beloved husband, who seldom quitted me for an hour, and then but to make inquiries after a situation amongst his friends. I observed that every Monday evening after I got better he was absent for an hour or two, but I did not feel lonely, as he always solicited our landlord's daughter, an amiable girl of about my own age, to bear me company until his return."

"Did you hear nothing from your father?"

"No, I made several efforts towards a reconciliation, but all my letters after the first one were returned unopened. It has been truly said, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," for as I began to recover my health, I observed my dear partner's spirits flagged—his piercing eyes lacked their lustre, and his beautiful face became colourless; still he fondly strove to hide it from me, and whispered hope, when his own heart was sickening at the name. One morning, (I shall never forget it,) he essayed to rise and fell back fainting,—from that bed he rose no more for twelve weeks. Oh, Mrs. Goodwin, the anguish of that time, to see that manly form enfeebled like an infant, and myself too with the prospect of becoming in a few months a mother; to add to my horror our money was all expended, and I was obliged to part with some articles of dress, which I also knew were too splendid for me ever to wear again: the sum so raised was

soon exhausted where sickness reigned, and then one by one my jewellery also disappeared to purchase necessities for the dear one, for whose comfort I would have parted with even life itself."

"Poor creature! you must be unhappy indeed."

"The people with whom we resided were worthy creatures; they were former acquaintances of Wilton's, and shewed us every kindness humanity could suggest. One day after I had paid them for our lodgings, (for up to that time I had punctually discharged every little debt,) our landlord delicately hinted as to the state of our finances. I candidly told him the truth, for I always scorned a lie; 'Poor young lady,' he exclaimed, 'I wish I had known it before,—you who have been used to every comfort affluence could command, to sell your clothes and trinkets for the common necessities of life! Whilst you are under my roof not another farthing will I receive till your husband is quite recovered and in some situation of respectability.' 'Oh!' I exclaimed, (bursting into tears, for his kindness quite overcame me,) 'that I shall never see again, Eustace will never recover.' 'Come, my dear madam,' said the good man, 'you must not despair thus, 'whilst there is life, there is hope,' and pardon me if I suggest to you the expediency of laying your troubles at the footstool of him who has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Come to him by prayer, lay your wants before him with faith; for he hath said, 'Knock, and it shall be opened; ask, and ye shall receive.'"

"He was a pious man, I surmise."

"He was a christian in word and deed; language like that was new to me indeed, amidst all my splendour, amidst all my sorrow, God had been forgotten; it is true I had attended church as a matter of form, or fashion, and said my prayers at night, as mechanically as the clock strikes; but to my shame be it spoken, God was not in all my thoughts. Well, this good Samaritan visited my Eustace in his sick room, talked, read and prayed with him, till he became interested in the ways of salvation; from being a listener, I also became a learner of those sacred truths, (and what am I but a learner still,) he visited my father, laid before him our condition, but of no avail were his visits, my father was inexorable. Every week he brought to our room a sum of money, small indeed to what I had been used to, but sufficient to procure the necessities of life when used with economy, (which his kind wife strove to teach me,) he told me that it came from some brothers of Wilton's; I poor novice, understood the term literally, and eagerly enquired why they did not visit him. I observed a faint smile pass over my dear husband's face, and as both remained silent, I did not press the subject further, through delicacy, thinking some family misunderstanding might cause the alienation between them."

"And were they not his brothers who sent the supplies?"

"Nominally so, but not affirmatively. Our kind host suggested that it would be as well to discharge our medical attendant and procure another, for he thought the one employed did not understand Mr. Wilton's complaint. Good soul, I afterwards found the complaint he meant was want of cash. He took upon himself to discharge the doctor, and in the course of the day introduced another, under whom, through God's blessing, my beloved Eustace began to recover rapidly; though but the shadow of his former self. One day I spoke about payment to Dr. Sims, 'Madam,' he courteously replied, 'I am already paid by the pleasure of your and Mr. Wilton's acquaintance, besides he and I are brothers.' 'Brothers!' I exclaimed with astonishment, 'that cannot be, you are joking!' 'Nothing was ever further from my thoughts than joking at this moment,' said he, 'Mr. Wilton and myself, and also our worthy host here, are brothers of one Order; we are Odd Fellows, madam, of whom no doubt you have heard; brethren who visit each other in sickness and adversity, administer pecuniary and medicinal relief where required, and alleviate as far as possible, the ill mankind are prone to.' 'Is it possible,' I rejoined, 'that Odd Fellows profess such principles as those? I had always looked upon them with abhorrence, as a society of secret disaffected demagogues, who wanted nothing more than a leader to stir them into open rebellion.'"

"My opinions exactly, Mrs. Wilton."

"I shall be most happy, madam," replied Mr. Sims, 'to remove such erroneous impressions from your mind;—as to being disaffected, there is not a more loyal body of men in these realms; I am sure they would rally round their sovereign if danger threatened, ay to a man: as to their secrecy, there is no more than is necessary. How

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should we be able to detect imposters, were it not for a few secret words; or, to speak technically, the pass-word and signs?—we should not know a brother. Then we have fines for swearing—for drunkenness—for indecent conversation; neither do we allow any political arguments to be discussed in any of our Lodges. I assure you, madam, we endeavour as much as possible to promulgate principles of the soundest morality; and I shall be most happy, if I have been the humble means of removing your false impressions, and proving to you that we can act to each other, although strangers, as brothers.’ ‘Sir,’ I answered, ‘I cannot, after what I have witnessed of your and our kind host’s conduct towards us; I should be ungrateful indeed to doubt any longer, though I will candidly acknowledge, had I known before my marriage that Eustace had been an Odd Fellow, I should have shrunk from an alliance with him; but with such principles as these I am proud that my beloved husband is one of their Order.’”

“My dear friend, I am surprised indeed; I little thought they professed such principles as those.”

“Nor I, my dear, till then. Besides finding a medical attendant in sickness, they allow a really munificent sum per week, if the case require it; in cases of death a very good sum is paid for a husband’s funeral expenses, and also a smaller one at the death of a wife. Then again, by a man paying but a trifle extra per week towards the widows’ fund, it secures a small annuity to his wife, provided she is the survivor. Some Lodges provide for the children also; my son was placed apprentice through those means.”

“My mind really begins to waver.”

“I shall yet bring the structure to the ground, dear Sophia, depend on it, although you said on that subject you were adamant. But to conclude my tale. After the lapse of a few weeks, through the instrumentality of Dr. Sims, my beloved Wilton procured the situation of chief clerk to your husband’s predecessor and uncle, the first Mr. Goodwin, which led to the acquaintance between our two husbands, and which continued inviolate till my dear Eustace’s lamented death.”

“Did your father never become reconciled to you?”

“You shall hear. Years rolled on, my boy was getting near ten years old, and was almost idolized by us, for I had only him. I should observe, I repeatedly in that time wrote to my dear father, for my heart yearned to behold him once more—it was my only care, for a happier couple never lived. On a new year’s eve, after eleven year’s silence, a letter arrived from my parent, bearing his forgiveness, and expressing a desire that we should dine with him on the morrow, thereby commencing the new year happily, and to make arrangements for our residence with him, as he could no longer bear his lonely, childless hearth. Sleep that night was banished from our eyes; never did child count on the morrow as I did. Alas, alas! when that morning dawned, my father was found in his bed a corpse. An apoplectic fit had seized him, brought on no doubt by excitement and over joy at the prospects of our meeting. To add to our grief he had died intestate, and his immense fortune went to a distant relative, who had not the kindness nor gratitude to present us with a single shilling.”

“My poor friend, what troubles you have known.”

“‘He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,’ enabled me to bear them. The next I knew was my dear partner’s loss—oh, the heaviest trial of all; but even that God has enabled me to bear. Whatever afflictions he may have in store for me, I trust that I shall be enabled to bow meekly to his decrees. Out of my beloved Eustace’s income, by strict economy, he saved sufficient to purchase me a small annuity, which, with what I derive from the ‘Manchester Unity,’ enables me to pass my days, if not in affluence, in comfort.”

“But still, Mrs. Wilton, there are some things connected with Odd Fellows, which I think I never could countenance; for instance, their wearing aprons,—sashes I do not like, but aprons are unbearable.”

“Both of which, take my word for it, have some religious meaning attached to them, as have all their rites and ceremonies, believe me.”

“I never knew you to utter an untruth yet; and as such really is the case, take my hand—there, you have made a convert of me. Aye, laugh on, I can bear it. My motto always was, that it was better to confess an error than remain in one.”

“Assuredly my adamant friend. But there is one more incident in favour of Odd Fellowship, which I forgot to name, and which convinced me more than ever of the good they did. Of course, amidst such a large body of men we cannot expect all

to be perfect, there are some scape-goats undoubtedly; besides, to look for true perfection of character is wrong, when we know there never was but one perfect: but to my little tale. Shortly after my Eustace became in Mr. Goodwin's service, in one of his commercial journeys, when within a few miles of home, he was attacked with a violent fit of the spasms, to which he was subject at times. The pain was so severe that he drew up to a small roadside public-house, and requested some warm brandy and water; the good woman of the house, (for her husband it seems was absent) was alarmed at her visitor's condition, and aroused a young man, who was lodging there for the night, with the account that she feared a gentleman below was dying. He instantly arose, proffered his assistance, and after my dear husband had partially recovered, he jumped into the gig with him, although a very wet night, and drove him to his own door. Struck with such unusual humanity, after he had taken some refreshment, I ventured to thank him for the great kindness he had shewn an entire stranger, and to offer, if I should not offend him, some little remuneration. 'Put up your purse, madam,' said the young man, 'I should scorn to receive a farthing for having done my duty; we are not strangers, as you may imagine, we are brethren, the tie of Odd Fellowship unites us, and in rendering Mr. Wilton this trifling service, it is no more than any other brother of the Order would have done.* I suppose, Sophia, I may use the word now?'

"As much as you please, dear Mrs. Wilton, and I will exclaim once again, that 'Order is Heaven's first law.' But here comes Augustus."

"Let him hear your recantation; nay, make it now, and let me be witness of your reconciliation."

"Dear Augustus, behold in me a convert. Pardon, I beseech you, the warmth I shewed yesterday. Mrs. Wilton has this evening removed all my scruples; be as much of an "Odd Fellow" as you please, provided you are not odd to your Sophia."

"That, dearest, I shall never be, whilst you so sweetly acknowledge your errors. I was a true prophet—I knew those prejudices originated in the head, not the heart. Mrs. Wilton, I proffer you my thanks for the conquest you've achieved."

"None, Mr. Goodwin, are my due. I am so convinced of the utility of the Order that I am always ready to become its advocate; and I only wish a society of odd females was formed, with our gracious Queen for its patroness, and I prognosticate "Odd Fellowship" would become triumphant the globe around.

Thretford, Norfolk.

THE FAIRY FLOWERS.

BRIGHT on high the moon was shining,
O'er the landscape, wide and clear,
Lofty trees, their arms entwining,
Streams pursuing swift career.
Lawn and wood, and dale and hill,
Beneath its rays lay calm and still.

A fountain glisten'd 'neath its light,
A single jet sprang from the ground,
As diamonds, beautiful and bright,
Were all the drops it flung around;
It yielded forth a murmur sweet
Of music, in that lone retreat.

A gay array of tiny creatures,
Small as youngest children are,
Beauty blooming on their features,
Mix'd in merry pastime there;
Now around the fountain dancing,—
Now receding, now advancing.

*A fact,

A moss-grown stone beside the water,
 Rose above the emerald grass;
 There, taller than each fairy-daughter,
 Sits a form, whose charms surpass
 All others of her tribe—whose mien
 Proclaims at once the fairy queen!

“Cease! cease, my children, cease your play,
 And listen while the moon is high,
 I have a task to do ere day
 Tinge the far portals of the sky.”
 In silence, then, before her throne,
 Her subjects on the grass sat down.

“Approach, my Dahlia! and come thou,
 My Daisy—and come thou, my Rose!
 I would decide your contest now,—
 Your rivalry bring to its close:
 Support your claims, that all may see,
 And I the victor’s palm decree.

“Ye pledg’d yourselves with rival mind,
 When last we held our revels here,
 With skill to form, or search to find,
 A flower more beauteous than the year
 Hath yielded yet to mortal eye!
 Have ye succeeded? Did ye try?”

“If ye have search’d some distant vale
 Where foot before hath never been,—
 If ye have found on hill or dale
 A flower by fairies never seen,—
 Or if by skill have form’d one,—now
 Let glory wreath the victor’s brow!”

Up Dahlia rose—“Oh, Queen! ’tis mine
 The prize by thee in love propos’d—
 For never yet the sun did shine
 Upon an open flower, or clos’d,
 Blooming beneath the summer-sky,
 That may with mine pretend to vie!

“I have not roam’d o’er hill and dale,
 I search’d no distant kingdom through,
 Untrod by me each verdant vale,—
 That I shall offer to the view,
 By potent charm and well-tried skill,
 Came forth in beauty at my will!”

Her sisters rose from off the grass,
 As from beneath her vest she drew
 A flower, none blooming might surpass,
 Or equal, in its gorgeous hue!
 Its colour was a crimson, bright
 And blushing in the moon’s pale light.

Oh! well ’twas form’d to please the eye!
 And long the fairies on it gaz’d,
 Admir’d its size, form, brilliancy;
 Yet each, while gazing, felt amaz’d,
 One that could please the sight so well,
 Should yield no odour to the smell.

Then forth stood Rose—without a word
 A flower of smaller size held high;
 And one long murmur round her heard,
 And pleasure beam'd from ev'ry eye,
 As through the throng the whisper went,
 "How fair the flower—how sweet the scent!"

'Twas not a dazzling, glaring red,
 But of a soft and modest cast;
 And ev'ry breeze which onward sped,
 Tasted its odour as it pass'd.
 Yet Dahlia gaz'd with scornful eyes,
 Deeming full surely her's the prize.

Daisy, last of the three, arose,—
 "Perchance, 'tis vain," she said, "to try
 The scent and splendour to oppose
 Of those just offer'd to the eye;
 Mine is so mild, so unassuming,
 I think not of the prize assuming!

"Alone I found it flourishing,
 Beside the margin of a stream,
 Whose waters ever nourishing,
 Gave it upon the earth to beam!
 I pluck'd it, and I brought it here,
 For though 'tis humble, yet 'tis fair!"

She held it forth,—a tiny thing!
 Like a tiara in its form,—
 So small its petals, naught might fling
 Destruction on them in the storm!
 With crimson tipp'd, all white they roll'd,
 Like pearls around a globe of gold!

The Fairy Queen had gaz'd on all,
 While not a whisper from her broke;
 No other word or sound did fall
 Upon the ear as thus she spoke:
 And the fair rivals for the prize
 Beam'd expectation from their eyes:—

"Thine, Dahlia, princely men shall prize,
 In palaces and marble halls,
 To please the greats' luxurious eyes,
 In vases shall it deck their walls;
 A flower of price and beauty, thou
 Shalt see rich men before it bow!

"Thine, Rose, may not such splendour boast,
 So much it may not strike the eye,—
 So much of time and labour cost,
 Yet hundreds who will pass that by
 With but a glance, shall deem thine, sure,
 The emblem of each thing that's pure!

"Thine, Daisy, lowly though it be,
 In humble beauty, free and wild,
 Shall bloom, in every age to see
 The rural poet and the child,
 A full and heartfelt homage yield,
 In every grass-bestudded field!

"The prize alike to all is due,
 For each hath brought a flower to light
 That coming years and ages through
 Shall flourish, whatso'er would blight.
 And this the prize—its champion's name
 Each flower shall give to endless fame!"

And thus the Dablia and the Rose
 Are tended carefully and well,
 O'er each that in the garden grows,
 As many a jealous flower might tell;
 The one is cherish'd for its bloom,
 The other for its sweet perfume!

And wheresoe'er the foot hath trod,
 The first to bloom, the last to fade,
 The lowly Daisy decks the sod,
 And smiles upon each peaceful glade;
 While children in their youngest days,
 Love it, and poets sing its praise!

C. UTTING.

Ouse Lodge, Lynn.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING.

BY JAMES WYATT.

(Author of "*Scenes in the Civil Wars.*")

PART III.

THE third portion of our article brings us to that extraordinary epoch, the reign of Charles I.

A vast alteration in the general style of penmanship took place at this period; and, in fact, writing became much more common. There were a thousand reasons for this; there were a thousand extra occasions for it; and there is no doubt that in this reign more ink was spilt and more paper spoilt by writers, good, bad, and indifferent, than in any previous one. In the bloody scenes which followed, it became a case of absolute necessity that every handful of men should possess a good scribe among them, to record the daily manœuvres to the court or parliament; and beside this, a shoal of political writers was spawned—authors sprang up like mushrooms, and many of them lived about as long. Pamphlets, reports, speeches, addresses, songs, and hymns, were penned and published by wholesale; and where they failed in quality they made up by quantity. Then the schoolmaster walked abroad, and it was time he did; for the pamphlets and "notable reports" were crude enough. Among this chaos there shone out a few brilliant stars that rose above the mass; they still keep in the meridian, and will never set so long as the world exists. Milton, Butler, Clarendon, Otway, Waller, &c. &c.—imperishable names.

The increased intercourse with other nations had the additional effect of introducing much of the continental style of penmanship; and, by mingling this with the cramped hand indigenous to England, a good plain writing was produced. Charles himself wrote a fine easy hand with rather more freedom in it than was contained in the general writing of the day. There are some specimens of his writing possessing a considerable degree of elegance. To join issue with him, we next instance the caligraphy of that very extraordinary man, that great mainspring of civil and religious liberty, Cromwell! It is not in our province to give a detail of particulars relative to this remarkable man, whose character is daily criticised. We merely notice his writing, and that possesses the appearance of having been done with a very heavy hand, and performed by hasty

jerks ; most of the letters were sharp and pointed at the top and bottom. The small *r* was made like the *n*, and the *o* like the *u* ; but few people wrote plainer than Cromwell. John Hampden the incorruptible patriot, of whom all spoke well, and whose memory will ever be revered as one of the most virtuous of public characters, was a man who wrote much more than the class of country gentlemen of his time, and was a penman rather above the average. There was a remarkable perspicuity about the letters, and they were much more easy to decipher than most of the writing of his contemporaries. Much of Hampden's writing still exists, particularly his private correspondence with Sir John Elliott, and some members of his own family. We have seen some letters that were in the possession of the late Sir R. G. Russell, which are alike superior for their composition and penmanship. His writing was remarkably plain and evidently done with much care. His contemporary, John Pym, wrote less plain, and his characters were scratched over with expedition ; the up-strokes and down-strokes were of the same thickness, and little attention seemed to be paid to the formation of any of the letters. Pym's writings may fairly be taken as a strong index to his character, "With a courage that never quailed, a vigilance that never slept, a severity, sharp as the sunbeam to penetrate, and rapid as the thunderbolt to consume. Pym was the undaunted, indefatigable, implacable foe, of every measure and of every man, that threatened to assail the power of the parliament, or to destroy the great work which was in hand for the people and posterity."* Nathaniel Fieunes was another moving spirit, who joined Vane and Lord Kimbolton in urging the abolition of Episcopacy. From his great learning and activity he was considered second to none after Hampden's death. His writing was very similar to Pym's, but rather more finished. Their friend Sir Bevil Grenville surpassed them both in penmanship as he did in refinements and elegancies, and was, perhaps, little inferior to them in bravery ; even in the interpolated memoirs of Clarendon his character is thus described, "A brighter courage and a gentler disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation ;" and we believe none can be found who have cast a slur upon the character of this accomplished individual.

The boldest act upon record, perhaps, occurred at this period, namely, the appointment of a high court of justice by the people from their leaders, for trying their own king ; and one of the most extraordinary collection of autographs is the warrant signed by the members of that court for the execution of Charles. This is one of the finest examples to prove the theory that the handwriting is an index to character. The action was bold as anything could be, and so are the signatures. Out of the whole number attached to this document, fifty-nine, there is not one written with a trembling or faltering hand ; and if there is any difference at all, those men who were most responsible have written most firmly. The body of the warrant itself is a beautiful specimen of the legal writing of the day. Another great character of the age was John Bunyan, the far-famed author of "Pilgrim's Progress," &c. &c., described by the court party as "the brawling tinker of Elstow." His was a most peculiar genius, which, having lain dormant for a considerable period, burst out with such unqualified splendour, that his friends regarded him little short of an inspired being. He ministered in the old meeting-house at Bedford, where there are some relics of him. There are several specimens of his writing in the register-books in a small quaint hand. Some interesting pieces of his writing exist in the books which were his constant companions during his long imprisonment in Bedford gaol for non-conformity. These books were his Bible and Fox's "Acts and Monuments ;" the former is in the possession of the Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, the latter has passed through several hands as an inestimable relic, till it came in the hands of Mr. James Bohn, from whom it was purchased at the price of forty guineas for the Bedford library. It is the 1641 edition, in 3 vols. folio, and contains honest John's autograph, penned in Roman capitals on the title page, and several verses on the margins of different parts of the volumes. These specimens vary in quality of handwriting considerably ; from the uncouth scrawl to the neat Italian, although the same character is preserved all along ; from which it may be inferred that imprisonment caused an improvement in his writing as well as his composition. We cannot, however, say much for his *verses* either before or after imprisonment.

* Nugent.

"Charles II. wrote a little fair running hand, as if he wrote in haste, or were uneasy till he had done." To this description by Oldys, the author of the "*Curiosities of Literature*" adds,—“Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness and vivacity!” One thing is certain, his autographs, preserved in the Harleian Library and the Record Office, are the most decidedly careless specimens of the royal sign-manual extant. This indifference to neatness is equally visible in the handwriting of many other of the *choice* spirits of this feverish reign.

"James II." (we quote again from these authorities,) "wrote a large fair hand. It is characterized by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer."

Queen Anne was in no degree remarkable as a brilliant writer, but conveyed her thoughts to paper in a plain ordinary round-hand. Writing however became still more general among the people, and caligraphic advantages were more numerous and more accessible.

In the following reign writing professors started up and introduced a great deal of the florid, into their broad-sheet productions, and some curious specimens of their minute writing still exist. Many of them are so small that they can only be read by means of a powerful lens. A remarkable specimen is preserved in the Fitzwilliam museum, where there is a portrait of the monarch, (George,) the entire outlines of which are composed of rows of writing, and a transcript of the contents of the king's *wig*, would almost fill an octavo volume. The grand secret of this "man of words" is not discovered, until a strong magnifying glass is applied, when the royal gentlemen can easily be seen through and read through. Whilst on the subject of small writing we will just allude to some splendid specimens lately exhibited at the Adelaide Gallery, in London, the productions of Mr. Louis Glück Rosenthal, a Polish Refugee. There are three large specimens, containing an infinity of most exquisite designs, performed with the pen, interspersed with elegant water-colour drawings of landscapes and portraits. One of them is an equestrian portrait of the Duke of Wellington, which is shaded with lines. On applying a glass, the observer then discovers that the whole of the picture is composed of minute writing, and if he be a person of some patience, he will find that it is the life and history of the Duke, copied from a work of nearly 400 pages. The artist was about six years performing this extraordinary work, and by very close application, he so completely injured his health and sight, that he was compelled to seek admission into the London Hospital. Mr. Rosenthal is the most extraordinary genius in this line, of the present age; and it is pitiable to find that a man with so much talent, should be compelled thus to tax his powers to procure a livelihood. The three specimens alluded to are valued at 200 guineas, and we learn that they have been disposed of by lottery. The possessor has certainly cause of congratulation. We will close our remarks on minute writing by quoting a paragraph which lately appeared in a public journal; we give it verbatim, leaving our readers to make what comment they please upon it:—

In the sixteenth century, an Italian monk, named Peter Almunus, wrote the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospel of St. John within the circumference of a farthing. The Iliad of Homer was once written on vellum so small that a nut shell contained it. A writing-master presented to Queen Elizabeth a bit of paper of the size of a finger-nail, containing the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, together with her name and the date of the year. The whole was legible with spectacles which he himself had made.

Writing, of course, with other arts, continued to improve in the two following reigns. In that of George III. some very fine specimens were produced. The king himself wrote uncommonly well. His signature was a very careful and accurate performance, and every letter is formed with as much care as if he had been "setting a copy" for a pupil. We have one now lying before us attached to a warrant, which, as a sign-manual, is faultless. It is large, and the initial letter, G, is particularly firm, and accurately made. His writing altogether was remarkably studied, and executed with great care. In the writing of the two royal brothers, the Dukes of York and Kent, there was an amazing contrast; the former wrote a stylish slanting running-hand, the latter a large upright round-hand, and his signature was not unlike a schoolboy's. Lord North was a slovenly writer, and the Earl of Sandwich, Lord Melville, and Lord Stormont, were not much better. Canning's writing was distinguished for ease, elegance, and expedition. Lord Erskine's was small and very slanting; but the writing of the

two rival sons of that political hemisphere, Pitt and Fox, are fine specimens of the character of the men. It is impossible to look at William Pitt's writing without being convinced of the great nervous rapidity with which it was executed. In some parts the strokes are as light as a fine-pointed pen could make them, and show the brisk, dashing writer, one who tried hard to get over the paper fast enough to keep up with his ideas. The writing of Fox was also expeditious, but more finished; as may be seen on comparing together either their signatures, or a bulk of their writing. Dr. Parr, in his character of the Hon. C. J. Fox, says,—“He hopes to put some check upon the boyish heedlessness or petty vanity of those who are disposed to slight good penmanship, as below the notice of a scholar, by reminding them, that in the art of writing, Mr. Fox was eminently distinguished by the clearness and firmness; Mr. Professor Porson by the correctness and elegance; and Sir William Jones by the ease, beauty, and variety of the characters which they respectively employed.” General Washington was an expeditious, but not a handsome writer. The characters were plain, but not elegant. His signatures bear a striking uniformity; we have seen two or three of them which appeared absolutely copied from each other. President Jefferson was a much better writer; one of the most elegant pieces of penmanship we ever saw is the double *f* in his signature, which is at all times a difficult character to form well. Warren Hastings was a bad writer. Dr. Adam Smith wrote large schoolboy characters. Malthus, Jenner, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart, were very good writers; the former had something of the woman's style. Edmund Kean, the prince of tragedy, wrote a sad scrawl, full of harsh twists and sharp turns. James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, wrote very precisely, and well enough for a banker's clerk. The writing of David Wilkie, the painter, was light, hasty, and tolerably good. That of the Duke de Richelieu, the prime minister of France, was remarkably small and elegant, and the characters would become the most delicate and refined lady. This is singularly in accordance with the elegant manners and polished address for which the Duke was remarkable. One of the worst writers of the day was the famous Admiral the Comte Alexis D'Orlov Csemenskôy; if he had not guided a fleet better than he did his pen, he would have made a sorry figure indeed. Prince Esterhazy and the Count Zingendorf write small and neatly. Prince Polignac was a rapid, but by no means a good writer; his characters are slanting and of inelegant form. Paoli, the Corsican general, was an expeditious writer, and appeared perfectly careless as to what kind of pen he laid hands upon.

George IV. wrote well, but not so neatly as his father. In the album at Shakspere's house, the signature of George IV., whilst Prince Regent, is pointed out to the admiring visitors; but as it is very much unlike all other signatures and pieces of writing of his Majesty, we beg leave to doubt the authenticity of it. It was probably written by Colonel Mahon, who accompanied him thither. In another volume of the album is the autograph of the Countess Guiccioli, in a very plain, bold hand; and, not a little singular, it is in company with that of Dr. Dionysius Lardner. This is rather an appropriate companionship, but they were written some years before the Heavyside affair.

The great spirit of the age, Buonaparte, wrote, as he did everything else, promptly, and upon the first impulse. Hardly a scrap in later days can be produced wherein immense rapidity is not strikingly manifest. It is plain that it was dashed off with no ordinary degree of determination and vehemence. If Henry VIII. split many a good quill, Napoleon must have split many scores. It has been said by some that Napoleon scribbled badly on purpose to hide his faulty orthography: out upon such rubbish!—it was the most unlikely course in the world for such a man to take, in our opinion. The real cause of his writing so was, that he had no time to spare in forming choice letters; and we doubt very much indeed if any of those nice critics could have caught him tripping if they had given him a spelling lesson; and we doubt still further, whether he would not bother them very nicely on more points than one if pitted against them: the very words which they say he spelt wrong, perhaps they had not ingenuity enough to read, and therefore laid the fault on the writer. His antagonist, Wellington, like him, is a remarkably rapid writer; but here the similarity ceases. The Duke's writing is small and slanting, but the capital letters are large, the bowed letters long, and all are dashed off with freedom. Louis Philippe, the French king, writes a small neat hand, with large capitals carefully penned. Wilberforce wrote large, and with a heavy hand. Sir Walter Scott wrote uniformly rapidly and well, though sometimes a little indistinctly,

from the circumstance of his expeditious habit of running letters and words together. Lord Byron wrote a totally different hand, much smaller, and much worse. The letters fell from the pen with rapidity, half-finished, and some of them were mere scratches. In a body his writing bears the impress of remarkable carelessness; perhaps his best specimens are his franks, over which he took a little more pains. Jeremy Bentham was a rapid writer; his characters were small, neat, and slanting, and exhibit a great contrast with those of Dr. Adam Smith, which were as large as round-hand. Sir Humphrey Davy was an easy, plain, and free writer. Dr. Priestley, Samuel Whitbread, and Sir Samuel Romilly, each wrote a small, quick hand, and very much alike.

William IV. wrote amazingly different to his predecessor; his sign-manual was large and slanting, without much style, but apparently quickly made. Of the writing of our little Queen Victoria—God bless her!—we have been gratified with a sight of only two or three specimens; they rather differ in style, and were penned under different circumstances. Her signature is of a smaller hand than that usually written by kings and queens; but her general writing, like her speaking, is elegant and lady-like. Prince Albert's writing is firm, but does not bear the appearance of studied neatness, nor is it the plainest in the world to read. Lord Brougham's cannot be seen by the most common-place observer without being noticed as a remarkable specimen of rapid execution with the pen. It is a type of the man—dashed off in a tangent, and full of character. Where there is a possibility of a whole word or even two being rattled off without removing pen from paper, Lord Brougham does it. It would give him pain to be obliged to write his name at twice. The writing of Dr. Chalmers is very curious; it is peculiarly upright, and indeed some of it almost leans backwards; in most of the letters the thickening is not in the downstrokes, but at the top and bottom turns. Miss Edgeworth, the novelist, writes small and rapidly, and gets through a great deal without taking her pen off; few men write faster and better. Lord Melbourne writes an expeditious and stylish hand; before he became quite so much involved in state affairs his writing was very beautiful. Sir Robert Peel is also a very good, as well as very expeditious writer; but, like Lord Melbourne, he writes no better for being obliged to write so much. Lord John Russell's style is larger and more upright; his letters do not exhibit so much rapidity of execution as the last. The Bishop of Lincoln is a very pretty writer; his Lordship of Bath and Wells is not so finished a penman; the Bishop of Ely is a very neat, and the Bishop of Durham a very plain writer. But of course our limits will not allow us to follow the peerage book, nor the list of the House of Commons, nor yet to canvass the merits and demerits of the Lords and M. Ps., even to the extent of those whose writing we have had an opportunity of seeing. Some of them write very well, and some of them very badly. Without prejudice of any kind, we should say that the present Marquis of Tavistock is one of the most elegant, finished, and graceful writers among the titled persons. The House of Commons exhibits a much greater number of good writers than the House of Peers, and upon taking a quantity of specimens, it is not a little singular that in the majority of cases the "men of business" can be easily detected by *their superior writing*.

The Shaksperian albums at Stratford-on-Avon, already alluded to, are a rich harvest for admirers of autographs, and so are the walls of Shakspeare's house; the former contain some very valuable relics of some very illustrious men, second only to the glorious bard at whose shrine they have worshipped, and "whom they delighted to honour." Rank, wealth, and distinction have there traced their names in the books and on the walls to do homage to genius; some from fashion, but, we trust, the bulk from pure enthusiasm and admiration. Immense sums have been offered for these albums by different collectors of autographs, but the possessors very properly look upon them as heir-looms, and retain them at their legitimate resting-place. In these books there are two or three specimens of Washington Irving's writing, all beautifully neat, small and precise. N. P. Willis, the amusing author, who "pencils by the way," has also subscribed his name among the million; he writes like a merchant's clerk. Schiller has put his name on the walls in great ugly Roman letters, and it is difficult to say whether he did it with the nib or the feather of the pen; suffice it to say, it is black enough, and very much unlike one's idea of a poet's writing. It has completely swamped the small fry of pencilled names on that particular piece of wall. Leigh Hunt's writing is almost as interesting as his composition; every line bears the impress of refinement. Charles Mathews wrote larger, rounder, and bolder, and of the style

usually designated a *gentleman's hand*—a superior upright scribble. Miss Landon, the gifted, the romantic, the unfortunate L. E. L., wrote a little, quick, feverish hand. The pen just touched the paper, and did not wait to finish the letters. We have seen some of her manuscripts which are not unlike Byron's. Charles Dickens, the irresistible and inimitable *Boz*, is a good as well as rattling writer. His signature is a curious specimen of autographic flourishing, and the pen is twirled about like an Oxonian tandem-whip, and drollery and sly roguery lurk in every twist. It is, perhaps, equalled by the signature of George Cruickshank, the very celebrated artist, who makes a flourish after his name which invariably contains a droll face or two. Sir John Sinclair says that the most uncommon signatures are the easiest to forge. We should like to catch anybody forging George Cruickshank's. The far-famed Paganini scratched his slight scribbling characters with amazing quickness; not that he is what is usually called an expeditious writer, because, although he scratched his letters in half the time that some people would take to think when, how, and where they should begin, there was no continuation or connection of the characters; and his pen was on and off the paper as often as his bow from the fiddle-string. His penning was as rapid as his fingering, though not half so pleasing, nor half so graceful.

Like many other fashions, autograph-collecting at one period became quite a mania, and the most extraordinary pieces of petty larceny have been perpetrated by collectors to possess themselves of scraps of writing; and, like all other collectors, they have, in many instances, been imposed upon in a very cruel degree. We have known many instances of parties undertaking to procure the autograph of some great man, and who have then gone home and written the thing themselves; and in some cases the wags, have even gone so far as to frank a letter in the name of some important statesman, well knowing that the collector prized it too much to let it go by post as directed otherwise they might be overhauled for forgery.

Whilst on the subject of autograph collecting, it may not be amiss to cite a curious anecdote in relation thereto. A few years back, there was a celebrated pugilist and boxer, who had gained the belt, became the "Champion of England," and bore his blushing honours thick upon him. As is not uncommon with gentlemen in that high station, he became rather free in his cups, and "lived for to lave his clay." He usually ran up a score at a public house, and upon his credit wearing a little threadbare, the landlord invented a scheme for indemnifying himself. When the veteran came for his pot of half-and-half and a Welsh rabbit, or his daffy of dog's-nose and a cigar, Boniface made him write an "I. O. U." for "value received;" and the moment this was done, he used to sell it to some autograph-collector for a shilling. This was the only plan of bleeding the veteran, but it succeeded in paying the bill in the long run, and realizing a good profit besides. And many a fair collection contains a genuine signature of the illustrious bruiser.

The "character" noticeable in handwriting was not overlooked by the Admiral Lord Collingwood, who made some pertinent remarks on the subject in an admirable letter to his daughters. Respecting their writing, he concludes the letter by informing them, that "He thinks he can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her handwriting; the *dashers* all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the scribblers flatter themselves with the vain hope that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense."

We all have our hobbies—that is quite clear. It is generally clear that we are all wedded to them, and deem them superior to our neighbour's. We ourselves have a peculiar crotchet in the subject of museums and collections of all kinds. We are ardent admirers of all these, but for the real worth none come up to fancy so much as collections of autographs, assuming, of course, that they are genuine. A coin, as a coin, is valuable it is true; first, it has its intrinsic value, then, if antique, comes its historical value; then it is of worth as it forms a link in the collection; but still it was made, perhaps, by a rough, ill-conditioned coiner, for whom nobody cares, or ever cared, a groat. There are certain drawbacks upon all other matters, the subjects of collections, but with autographs there is a much higher value. If you possess the signature of an illustrious individual, you have not only something that belonged to him, but you have positively part and parcel of the very individual himself. Besides all the valuable, historical, and interesting associations that may be attached to other relics alike with this, you have the work of the man's own hands, the offspring of his thoughts, the product of his

brain; you know that in this very relic, traced with his own fingers, he has given a portion of those thoughts which have perhaps become delightful to thousands.

We have now gone through the "History of Hand-writing," from early ages down to the nineteenth century; and if we have succeeded in attaching a little more interest to caligraphy in the minds of our readers, than existed before the perusal of this series of articles, the pleasure is ours. Numberless specimens have necessarily been omitted, and many authorities and theories left unnoticed simply, that if touched upon, our articles would have been extended perhaps *ad nauseam* to our readers, who, we fear, would start back at the verbose bulk by the time they had waded half through, and cry "hold! enough."

Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.

DEPARTED HOURS.

BY ROBERT ROSE, THE BARD OF COLOUR.

LONELY I stand upon the mountain's site,
And gaze around me with intense delight;
What crowded visions, urged by fancy, rise,
Fantastically wrought in varied dies,
Then with the trembling twilight melt away,
As momentary vivid lightning's play—
The fiery pinion sped, 'twere vain to trace
A vestige left in all the boundless space.
So 'tis with thoughts wing'd from the human mind,
Recall or trace their flight 'tis undefined,
Except dear memory lends her gentle aid,
And darts her radiance on the lengthening shade;
Swift as Aurora flings her cheering light,
At the prompt summons of this pleasing sprite,
They burst again upon the ravish'd sight.

But most her influence works when left alone
'Mid scenes of early youth—the enchanting tone
Of merry minstrels in the summer-morn,
Among the trees, and on the well-known thorn,
Beneath whose shade, ere mingling in life's care,
We welcom'd happiness with friends to share,
Is sweet and blissful, as the trees' spread boughs,
Recall the fervour of love's sacred vows,
Impressed upon young hearts when free from pain,
Which guileless deem'd such ties would firm remain,
As when their souls far from the mocking throng,
Caroll'd in unison love's mutual song!

What a brief space of time seems fled its round,
Since last I view'd those mountain-summits crown'd
With all the terrors of the storm's dread power!
Well I remember here my parting hour,—
What contrast now, as each calm whisp'ring breeze
Sounds sympathetic of what once could please,
When every sprightly hour that fondly smiled,
Each miser glance of hoary Time beguiled—
When little prattlers join'd in games around;—
Ah! will e'er more their mirthsome tones resound!
And each gay opening scene, once careless view'd,
Lends wings of gladness to bright Hope renew'd;
At the fair glimpse of yon refreshing rill,
The chords of early life e'en vibrate still.
I cannot gaze beneath a glowing sky,
On mountain, hill, and dale, without a sigh;

All seem reproaching that I e'er could leave
 A scene so pure for life's paths that deceive.
 Blest age of boyhood! with our hearts at ease,
 And every thing around each sense to please,
 When the world open'd on us, as a lake
 Which widens on the sight in gradual break,—
 When warbling vales, and hills alive with light,
 Seem'd to salute our rapture-wondering sight;
 And sacred innocence of modest flowers,
 With the rich, dear delights of boyhood's hours;
 When all was new, and beautiful to our gaze,
 We ask'd not how, or why, it won our praise—
 When we made joy our friend while life was young,
 And each pulse-chord to happiness was strung,
 And up were stirring with the lark at morn,
 All lively as the bird upon the thorn.
 Much wiser in such playfulness were we,
 Springing along in our unbounded glee,
 Than those amid their splendid guilty ways,
 The roar of faction, and men's envious gaze,
 Who, while they hear the clarion's sound of fame,
 With hearts oft burning with some secret shame,
 Would gladly drop their wreaths for the pure hours
 Of innocence and joy—e'en such as ours.
 I marvel now how I was once so gay,
 And envy every child I see at play;
 Ne'er prized till lost—then wish we to live e'er
 Youth's golden age—alas! it comes no more!

A shadow even here enshrouds my joy,—
 Ah, me! to find myself no more a boy—
 To think how different is life's varied game,
 How much I'm altered, yet how like the same—
 To think how friends are scatter'd, and some dead,
 Who once roam'd here with an elastic tread.
 Of a once merry train I wander lone,
 With smiles and tears unrecognized, unknown;
 Strangers are revelling in these bowers of bliss,
 I might be dead for aught my name they miss,—
 Perhaps they deem me rather stern of mood,
 Upon their hallowed precincts to intrude:
 They too will yield their places in their turn,
 And seek the scenes of youth, like me, to mourn—
 No pause—they too the impartial doom must trace,
 And still move on till death shall stop their race.

But what a lofty view as round I turn!
 Mind, soul, heart, feelings, swift enraptur'd turn—
 Mountains on mountains in wild chaos hurled—
 Oh, grandeur terrible, distorted world!
 There where yon wide ravines stern cliffs disclose,
 Rocks peer o'er rocks in horrible repose;
 Where not a sunbeam e'er could access find,
 So densely dark their shadows are combined.
 Those Nature's structures scarce show change from time,
 In giant form rear'd awfully sublime,—
 Unshapen masses far as reach the eyes,
 Tower from the earth embracing the vast skies;
 Big torrents headlong fall—the eagle wings
 His flight o'er the wide universe of things.
 I feel a mountain-being from my soul,
 Breaking beyond the bonds of clay's control,—

My spirit now would soar sublimely forth,
To scan the wonders of the spacious earth !

But heights too daring ! Let my genial muse
Descend the vale, and pleasing calmness choose—
Let converse win new charms from scenes above,
While lavish flowers give essence to the grove ;
Each live-long day shall some fresh rapture bring—
Here Eden is, here friendship bath no sting—
Here happiness ne'er plumes her wings for flight,
But bathes her fairy bowers in calm delight—
Here wisdom spreads her couch of soft repose,
And genius here with fresher vigour glows—
Here merry hunter's horn shakes woods and dells,
Here sweetly chime the tones of village bells,
And far away along the pebbled shore,
The river's waves in gentle cadence pour—
Faint as the music from some fairy land
My sorrows pass—a visionary band.
Here pensive anchorite might love to roam,
Waiting in peace for his appointed home,
Seeking to sooth, where all with beauty's rife,
Each care and sorrow that had gloom'd his life.

I'll woo thee, lovely vale, some other day,
When jarring grief with inharmonious sway
Grates on my ear, and tired of this vain coil
I pant impatient for a happier soil,
Where care, and toil, and grief come never nigh,—
Some other day I'll roam the mountains high
That rear their heads 'mid desolation drear,
Warring with tempests in their wild career !
Communing in the desert track profound,
And echoing passion in each stormy sound ;
While on the startled soul they seem to call
To shun ambition's heights or foaming fall ;
While outward tempests I shall gladly find
Congenial to the inward war of mind ;
Then as the shafts of grief my bosom sear,
I'll hie me there, and let the rude rocks hear
My plaintive tale, and in my strife of mind
Forget I vent my sorrows to the wind !

Yes ! I will woo the vale in quiet mood,
To meditate upon the wise and good,
Where the young streamlet, quivering into light,
In serpent-winding gleams upon the sight,—
Like life, still wending to eternity,
On, on, its unimprisoned waters flee,—
As mortals moving to their final sleep,
'Tis hastening to the ever rolling deep.
Visiting low cottages pranked round with flowers,
Where dwells Content that dreams away the hours,
Feeling no fiery impulse hence to stray,
Knowing no wish beyond the present day,
With pilgrim steps that wander forth at morn,
To mark what splendours the wide earth adorn,
And feel from all the blessings spread around,
The love of God to man which knows no bound,
But will outlive all time, and when he's past
This earth, will fix him safe in heaven at last.

CONTINGENT FUND FOR OUR SUPERANNUATED MEMBERS.

IN the last number of the Magazine appears a letter from Mr. Ball, of Salford, (P. P. G. M. I believe,) in which he reads me a severe lecture for not having replied to an article of his, which, bearing the signature of *Frater*, appeared in the previous number; and accusing me of ostentation, pride, (heaven save the mark!) and a heavy catalogue of heinous offences for such omission.

I should at all times be very reluctant to make our Magazine the vehicle of controversy of any description, and having given to the subject of contingent funds an impetus by the publicity of my first article, which had drawn towards it the attention, not alone of *Frater*, but of hundreds of other able and well disposed brothers, I received his epistle as only the recorded dissent of one member among our vast number; and although I did regret to find my poetical brother opposed to me, I did not yet feel justified in again intruding upon your valuable space, but thought it better, as we both so publicly expressed our opinions, to leave it for the brotherhood to decide with whom the truth might lay, contenting myself meanwhile by lending all the aid in my power to further this truly important cause in a private manner.

The appearance however, of the second letter from Mr. Ball, implying, as it does, a wish on the part of the conductors of the Magazine, to elicit all possible information for the good and welfare of the Order, has led me, at the request of some able supporters of the principle of superannuated funds, to again intrude upon you, lest the cause should suffer by the continued silence of its advocate; and I hope, in so doing, to appease the ire of my brother Ball, which appears to me somewhat inconsistent.

P. P. G. M. Ball says, he has been informed, from credible authority, that I will not answer an anonymous correspondent. I could wish to know his authority, for certainly his information is incorrect. I have never made any such assertion; and although upon principle I would wish every man to authenticate his words with his name, still I would have replied to him, had I conceived that it would have been productive of any good; but actuated by the feelings I have before alluded to, I did not do it. It is, however, somewhat flattering to find my humble letter the cause of so much correspondence, as P. P. G. M. Ball states has been occasioned by it, and his reply to it.

For the errors (if any) of the former, I, of course, am not responsible; and our brother is really fighting with a giant of his own creation when he takes so much pains to prove that I am not the first one who has spoken of superannuated funds. I never said or thought I was so, being fully aware that, long before the time Mr. Ball has fixed upon as that of my entrance into the Order, the minds of many must have been impressed with the want of some provision for aged and unfortunate brethren. I am willing to give to any that are entitled to it, the honour of first talking of it, only claiming for myself the less remote and time-honoured merit of being one of the first to put their plans and wishes into actual operation.

P. P. G. M. Ball, after charging me with ostentation in not replying to a nameless man, appears by some miraculous change to have become a warm supporter of the cause, and then proceeds to implore some better and wiser men to come forward that so desirable a feature in the Order may not be lost through the lukewarmness of its champion. I regret much that his experience had not taught him to apply to me privately for that information which I am happy to find he so much requires, (as upwards of a hundred other brethren have done,) for he should have remembered that the limited space of a periodical like this could not be reasonably expected to give the full statistics of all matters brought forward by its contributors.

A better proof (if proof were needed) of the utility of our Magazine could not be given, than the good results that have followed the appearance of that article which first gained for me the honour of P. P. G. M. Ball's notice. Attention being called to the subject by the publicity given to it, application followed application to me, and to my Lodge, for copies of laws and for advice, until the Lodge had scarcely a by-law to give, and I myself scarcely an hour to spare to answer my opponent, (for so I considered him) or aught beside. Coming as these applications did from all quarters of our Unity, it gives me much pleasure to learn, as I do from time to time, by the kindness of my friendly correspondents, that the cause prospers well; that many superannuated funds are either formed, or being formed, in various Districts or Lodges; and I hope they will all prosper, at least as well as the one is doing from which they have taken the

example; and, in my opinion, we never need fear that they will, as the *soi-disant* Frater predicted, prove the downfall of the Order, unless, like some of those funds of which he speaks, they are based upon insecure foundations.

I will now, in compliance with the wish of my good friend and brother Ball, give a few general ideas of the plan, upon which I think superannuation funds may be safely established by any District or Lodge; although I am led by experience to think that, at their first projection, they may be more safely established by Lodges than by Districts, from the obvious fact of the members of each Lodge being better acquainted with its own statistics and affairs than any other body of men can be. But my wish would be, that after our individual efforts had been crowned with success, we should become consolidated into District or other funds; and what splendid success might we not anticipate, when sanctioned by the A. M. C., the talent of our Order was called into requisition to find profitable employment for those funds during the time they must, of necessity, be allowed to accumulate, ere we could by contributing our individual atoms, erect the perfect structure that I in my former letter alluded to.

Nothing appears to me more simple, or more certain, than for any Lodge of one hundred members, who are desirous of raising this fund, to proceed in something like this manner:—First, calculate, taking into due consideration the age, occupation, or station in life of the brother, how many at a given time, or age, would, in all reasonable probability, require the aid of such pension; in doing so, all due allowance must be made for the important items of life and death, for removals, for expulsions, for those fortunate few, who, though living, would not from better fortune need our aid; for a proper regard to the pecuniary means of the majority of our brothers must convince us, that they could not afford to pay sufficient to form an annuity fund, which all might claim, but only a pension fund for *poor and aged*, which (as the *sick* fund is open to none but those who are *sick*) would be open to none but those who were *poor and aged*.

Having made the calculation I have spoken of, which I contend could be done, if not with certainty, at least with reasonable probability, by any man of average talent in any Lodge, such Lodge would then be aware how many pensions they would require; let them then fix the amount of the pension, and decide how much they can afford to pay extra for obtaining it, (for an extra payment there must be, or the evil predicted by Frater will surely overtake us.) Having done this, it will be only a schoolboy calculation to fix the time when, by continuing these payments, and the addition of interest, compound or simple, with the aid of such extraneous assistance of benefits or donations as a really good cause will always gain in charitable England, they will be in possession of an amount, the interest of which added to the annual income, will produce the sum they require for their payment of pensions. Let such Lodge then defer the commencement of the grant until the expiration of such time as they find will be requisite for the above accumulation; and, let me say, this time may be materially shortened by the exertions of the members, as individuals, in procuring support to an annual ball, or benefit, instead of a useless and often expensive dinner, which is the usual mode of celebrating a Lodge anniversary.

A superannuation fund, thus formed by the members of any Lodge, must be certain of success; in fact, the only drawback I can see, will be the time they would be compelled to wait to render it so. But let the brothers reflect, that their payment to it would be but trifling; that if they survived and required relief they would be sure to receive it, and should death unfortunately claim them as his own before such time, or should they never require the pension, then will *posterity* have cause to bless their names; and further, they will, as all good Odd Fellows should do, have contributed to place our noble Institution upon a foundation and basis, so secure that time itself would never shake it.

I have said that the above calculations must, and will differ with the different calculations of a Lodge, the age of their members, and the amount of their pensions. As one instance of my meaning I will state, that in my Lodge, we pay an entrance fee, and one penny per week contribution; and calculating as I have mentioned, of the age, &c., of our members, we estimate the probable amount of pensions required, will be three or four per cent. (each 100.) We fix our pensions at seven shillings, and feel sure that in fifteen years we shall have a sufficient sum in hand to carry out this, depending upon our exertion to supply any little deficiency, and the result of two years experience has fully confirmed our conviction; and, I would ask any unprejudiced

reader, whether, supposing even that our calculations are wrong, and instead of four, we have six or eight applicants at one time,—whether, I would say, it will not be far better, if they only receive half the pension, than it would be to go on as at present, and leave them totally unprovided for.

An objection may be raised to any plan of this sort, that our Order is continually fluctuating, and that the man who has paid to this fund for ten years might at any time be obliged to leave his Lodge, and forfeit all claim on it; but this is easily obviated by allowing such brother to remain a member of the superannuated fund, by simply keeping up his payments.

I have now explained, as far as space will admit, the general feature of the plan. I feel that more might be said, but I think the reflection of any brother may supply the deficiency; if not, information may be gained. I am not vain enough to suppose my plan a perfect one; on the contrary, I should like to see it much improved. My object is not, and never was, the gratification of personal vanity, but a desire to do something where much is required.

To P. P. G. M. Ball, and to all my brethren, I would say, bear in mind that to will is to do. Let us set about the work with a determination to accomplish, and it will surely be accomplished; but let us never join the absurd, the idle cry—it can't be done.

THOMAS LANCASTER, Prov. D. G. M.

Lord Portman Lodge, North London District.

AMERICA.

BY J. P. DOUGLAS.

(Author of "*A Dream of Youth*.")

THERE is a glorious and devoted land,
The throne of power—the home of liberty;
The wailing surges of the Atlantic sea,
For ever roll on its eternal strand;
And the wild breezes, as they onward flee
To waft its odours, like a winged band,
Breathe not on aught more beautiful than *thee*,
Immortal masterpiece of Nature's hand!
Oh! broad and proudly on thy burning shore
The striped and star-embazon'd banner waves;
That banner hath been reared in patriots' gore,
And its deep root implanted in their graves;
Thy sons are monarchs, and their subjects we—
Our hearts the badges of their royalty!

Maryport.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO FRANCE.

BY HENRY WHAITE, D. G. M.

(Continued from our last.)

WE left Boulogne about nine o'clock in the morning, in high spirits, for Paris, and having a fellow-passenger who had travelled the road often, I had the advantages of his description of the different places we passed. The first thing worthy of notice was a remarkably fine house, which had been the head quarters of Napoleon during his inspection of the troops intended to invade England. Montreuil was the first town of any con-

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sequence that we came to. It is of a goodly size, and fortified. It stands very high, and the fortifications appear very extensive and strong; indeed the French consider it impregnable. We were told that we should be asked for our passports here, or rather to shew them, but such, however, was not the case. Abbeville was the next place that we came to of any note, and here we dined. Before the diligence stopped at the hotel, we passed the church, and were determined to dispatch our dinner as soon as possible, in order that we might take a hasty view. We did so, and were fully repaid for our pains. The lofty tower and architecture were grand in the extreme. My attention was directed to the stuffed skin of an enormous lizard, which is placed on one of the walls of the church. This lizard, it is said, was found alive in the belfry, and subsisted by catching mice. "As poor as a church mouse" is a common saying, and, if it had no better catering than this, it could hardly be the fat monster it appears to have been when destroyed. From Abbeville to Beaumont, the night intervening, there was nothing worthy of remark; but here it was that I first beheld the vineyards. The vines grow in rows, not unlike the raspberry-trees in this country, and are supported by sticks. They are cut down every year nearly to the ground. In spring they shoot afresh, and grow to about the height of a man. The vineyards, like the corn-fields, appear in some parts to extend for miles all round, without any apparent division. When getting in sight of St. Dennis I was amused at the odd style in which the coachmen kept cracking their whips. They hurl them round their heads in a very singular manner, and continue the practice for a length of time, appearing highly delighted with their feats, particularly if they are noticed much. When we arrived at the "barrier," the diligence stopped to take up a sort of custom-house officer, who accompanied it to the office in Paris, which was the end of its journey. It was then drawn into a court-yard, the gates of which were closed upon it. All the passengers had to open their trunks, &c. for the inspection of the officer. This inspection appears to be a matter of form, but is very annoying to a traveller who has been out all night and is anxious to get to his hotel.

The inspection was no sooner over than we were beset by the agents of the different hotels, and had nearly a dozen different cards presented to us, but we at once called out for a hackney-coach, and gave directions to be driven to an hotel which had been strongly recommended to us. The coach-fare is the same to any part of Paris, no matter what distance, viz: one franc, though a charge is made for luggage, and the drivers are for the most part ready to impose upon you, unless you make a separate bargain. As a general rule, you need not fear offering them about half, or one-third, less than they ask. I found the same rule to apply not only to coachmen, but to the majority of shopkeepers and tradesmen. Having arrived at our destination, viz: Hotel St. Honoré, in Faubourg St. Honoré, and made a good breakfast, I was shewn my domicile. I may here remark that hotels in Paris do not generally partake of the character of our English inns. They have no public rooms, and, with a few exceptions, do not supply refreshments. They are mostly large buildings, averaging from four to ten stories high—some even higher, and are let off in apartments. The keys of these apartments are left with a porter, or the keeper of the hotel, who is responsible for what may be lost. The English office of chamber-maid is here principally performed by men.

Having parted with my Irish friends, I sallied out to the "Champs Elysées," it being only a few minutes walk from my hotel. Never shall I forget the splendour of this spot. Here is placed the obelisk which was brought from Egypt by command of Napoleon, and it is raised on a noble pedestal. Around it the extent of some acres is laid out in coloured marbles, forming various devices, as a public promenade. There are also carriage-ways taking circuitous routes, and in the centre of the marble pavements there is either a splendid candelabra supporting gas lamps richly gilt, or an immense fountain, with dolphins, mermaids, &c., spouting forth water to a great height. In the distance is the Chamber of Deputies, or what we should call the House of Commons; and on the left are the truly magnificent gardens of the Tuilleries, with the palace at the end, and various avenues leading to it, on each side of which are rows of orange and lemon-trees sending forth their rich fragrance. Between the avenues are park-like trees, under which are seen hundreds of light-hearted Parisians and others, either lounging on chairs out of the heat of the sun, or sitting reading newspapers, books, &c., which, as well as the chairs, are, for a trifling remuneration, lent out by parties having little offices under the trees. Thus the weary loungee has an opportunity

afforded him of gaining information or amusement for the mind whilst he obtains rest for the body. Others are collected together listening to music. There are nurses with children, and ladies sewing, knitting, chatting, and laughing, whilst some are seen roaming about viewing the splendid marble figures that are to be seen at every turn of the road. On the right I beheld a large avenue of trees extending for about half-a-mile, and filled with carriages with rich equipages, and vehicles of every description moving in rapid succession. I saw at a distance a most stupendous arch, towards which I bent my steps. Wherever I turned my gaze it appeared like the scattered scene of some Eastern city, with towers, domes, palaces, theatres, and the hotels of the nobles, the splendour of which was lost in the general view. The arch exceeded all I had ever beheld. It was raised by Napoleon in the height of his glory, and is called the Arch of Triumph. It will be long ere I lose the memory of the gigantic figures of stone that seem shooting out of this immense arch. I was occupied in looking over the names of the battles here enumerated, in which the French arms had been victorious, when a number of carriages passed with horses at full gallop. From all the people taking off their hats, I presumed it must be the king and his suite, which proved to be the case. The first carriage, which was drawn by six horses, had a very long body to it, and, as it passed over the ground, made a rumbling noise like a heavily loaded waggon. Louis Philippe, and another party, in military costume, were seated with their backs to the horses; before them sat some ladies, and on a third row of seats were some other ladies. On each side of the carriage, and also in the front and behind, were a number of soldiers, as the king's body guard, all at full gallop. Behind followed four or five other carriages. This, I was informed, was the king's usual mode of travelling, since so many attempts had been made upon his life. I was also told that his carriage was rendered ball-proof with iron, which will account for its moving so heavily. He is in the habit, too, of being accompanied by ladies. Finding a general movement towards the palace, I retraced my steps, and soon discovered that the populace, of which I saw some thousands, thronging all the streets in the neighbourhood of the Tuilleries, were in expectation of a grand sight. I made one amongst the rest, and was informed by an Englishman that the army, amounting to 8000 men, which had been in Africa three years under the command of the Duke D'Amule, was expected to make a public entry into Paris that day; and that the king had come to town, together with his daughters, to meet his son, the Duke, at the palace, after his long campaign. I found the situation in which I had placed myself a very good one, being close to the palace; and when the army, headed by the young duke, who was only about twenty-two years of age, came up, I could plainly discover from his emotions that he saw some of his royal relatives in the palace. What, thought I, must be his feelings—after an absence of three years from his royal parent and relatives—after having braved the dangers of the sea and the burning regions of Africa—after having encountered the perils of a battle-field, and obtained various victories—now that he returns to the fond embrace of all he holds most dear to him. Those whom he had so ardently longed to meet were before me, and were waving their handkerchiefs from the windows of the palace, as though to welcome the wanderer home. But, oh! little did they think, at this time, that only a few minutes previously, and at the moment he entered the barrier gate, some foul villain, who had been the dupe of a set of conspirators, had made a most daring attempt upon his life, merely because he was a son of the king. What must have been his emotions on beholding his fellow-citizens, his home, his relatives, and his friends, when he had found amongst them a wretch so utterly destitute of reason as to raise a loaded pistol against his life. The ball fired at the young duke fortunately missed him, but wounded his horse, and killed the one next to him. The wretch, Quinsett, was immediately surrounded, and would have been torn to pieces by the populace, had not the police interfered, and saved him from their fury. This event naturally caused a great sensation in Paris, and it was expected by many that there would be some other disturbance at night; but every precaution being taken, such as having the streets well guarded by soldiers and police, it was prevented.

The weather being exceedingly hot, I was amused at the appearance of the soldiers, who were evidently much fatigued with their long march and the extreme heat. They had on great woollen top-coats, which reached down to their ankles, and seemed remarkably inconsistent with the state of the weather, unless they wore them on the principle that what keeps out the cold will also keep away the heat. The soldiers were

regaled the day following with a bottle of wine each, and the streets in the evening were consequently pretty well filled with drunkenness.

Having but an imperfect knowledge of the French language, I felt myself at a great loss for information, and engaged an interpreter, whom I afterwards found to be a very agreeable companion. He was an Englishman by birth, but had been in Paris forty years, and had, therefore, witnessed many changes there. He paid me every attention, and would not leave me for a minute. I was only to give him three francs per day and his meals, and I believe he saved me more than twenty times the amount in bargaining for the various articles I wanted, as he was well acquainted with the French system of asking so very much more for things than they ought, especially in their dealings with the English. The first place he took me to was Notre Dame, and by a great favour I was taken into an inner chapel, and shewn the costly coronation robes of Napoleon, and also the robes provided for the Pope for the same ceremony. There appeared in both the robes an overabundance of gold, but in every other respect they were truly splendid. The cathedral is a fine gothic pile of vast extent. A great number of nuns and sisters of charity are always in and about it, administering relief and consolation to those who need them. Their dress is formed of plain coarse black stuff, and they wear a head-dress of the same material that partly covers the face. Near here is La Morgue, a building where dead bodies are taken in order to be identified. I went in and saw three lying with their clothes on, whilst water was freely spouting on them to wash away the smell. I was filled with horror on hearing that murder was no uncommon thing here, particularly in going over the bridges at night, when a party would receive a stunning blow; be robbed and thrown over into the river; and then the villains who had perpetrated the deed would extricate the body from the water, take it to this building, and claim a reward.

The generality of the streets are lighted with oil lamps, and the manner of hanging them is somewhat singular. There is a long cord fastened about the third story of a building, and extended to one on the opposite side of the street of a similar height. Here is a case in which there is as much spare cord as will almost reach to the ground; the lamp is fastened to this, cleaned, trimmed, and lighted, and then drawn up sufficiently high to prevent its being touched by vehicles. The lamps hang in the centre of the street, and give but a faint glimmer compared to gas, which they are now getting in all the new streets and squares. But coal is an article of too expensive a nature in Paris for gas to be ever very commonly made from it. Wood is the principal fuel here, and it would appear that whole forests are cultivated solely for it, for timber is sawn up in logs about a yard long, and piled up on the quays, in the summer, to dry for winter, in great quantities.

The Palais Royal appears the most fashionable out-door resort in the evenings. Here are numerous, cafés and hotels with their musical and other attractions. The large plate glass windows shew the interiors, the walls abounding with gilding and gilt ornaments, looking more like palaces of fairy-land than coffee-houses or inns. Here are displayed ices, jellies, and fruits of every description; and coffee, supper, or what you please, may be had at a minute's notice. Tables are set out in the gardens in the open air, where you see parties smoking, or drinking their light wines, whilst other groups of this cheerful people are collected to render the heat tolerable with lemonade, sugar-water, ices, and such like agreeable palliatives. Here are also seen thousands of the most fashionably-dressed and lovely women, decked out in the gayest manner possible, and shewing their coquetry and flirtation; but the greatest precaution is taken by the police to prevent all improper females and others from entering the gates. The place is indescribably gay and brilliant. The beauty of the spot—the fountains sending forth their volumes of water to cool and refresh the air—the taste and splendour of the shops, which are under a sort of piazza, and form squares, arcades, and also a shelter in wet and sunny weather—the groups of various classes listening to the finest strains of the most celebrated masters, and the joyous faces of those who are thus assembled under the broad blue sky to hear, to see, and be seen—all combine to make the scene appear like a romantic and magical creation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Temperance Lodge, Manchester,

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

My father's grave—how cold the sound !
 Back from my heart the words rebound ;
 My mind by grief is clouded o'er,
 With thoughts of him who is no more.
 How oft he fondled on his knee
 His child while in its infancy ;
 What chilling thoughts then must I have
 In weeping o'er my father's grave.
 He watch'd my footsteps with delight,
 And loved to have me in his sight,
 And save me from each troubling wave,
 But now I weep above his grave.
 He saw me in the prime of youth,
 And pointed out the way of truth,
 Which would my soul from sinking save,
 When he was mould'ring in his grave.
 He bade me turn from paths of sin,
 And try the love of Christ to win,
 And keep in view the Lamb of God,
 Who seals our pardon with his blood.
 Thus time flew on, until at length
 My father's frame and manly strength
 Began to fail, and Death, grim Death
 Came to deprive him of his breath.
 Death hovered round his pillow'd head,
 And closely watched his dying bed,
 And poised the dart with fatal aim
 At him whose corse he soon would claim.
 Now hush ! I hear the dread command
 For terror's king to raise his hand,
 And strike at once the fated mark,
 And free from earth the vital spark.
 What tongue can tell, what heart divine,
 Or who imagine what was mine
 To feel, yea feel with painful force
 The loss of him who steered my course !
 My mother ! name for ever dear,
 How oft she shed the burning tear,
 And kissed that cheek now cold as clay,
 Whilst in his snowy shroud he lay.
 A widow now, who was a wife
 Some days before in blooming life.
 A crowd of orphans at her feet,
 With all the frowns of life to meet.
 With weary steps and tearful eyes,
 And bursting with heart-rending sighs,
 His corse I followed to the clay,
 Its resting place till judgment day.
 And oft upon that dreary place,
 To God in prayer I turn my face,
 And always there of Him I crave
 To rest me in my father's grave.

TITUS LEWIS, P. G. (1)

Briton's Mechanic Lodge, Llanellay District.

PRESENTATIONS.

March 29, 1843, a splendid Silver Salver, value £60, to Host Joseph Timperley, by the Rock of Hope Lodge, Manchester District: April 3, 1843, a Silver Watch and Appendages, to P. G. J. W. Ogden, by the same Lodge.—Dec. 6, 1842, a valuable Gold Watch to P. G. Thomas Moss, by the Wellington Lodge, Manchester District.—March 20, 1843, a handsome Silver Watch and Guard to P. G. H. Farrer, by the Star of Hope Lodge, Manchester.—Feb. 2, a handsome Medal and Collar by the Duchess of Bedford Lodge, Bedford District, to Prov. G. M. William Blower.—April 1, 1843, a handsome Silver Guard and Gold Key to V. G. John Spiers, of the Highland Mary Lodge, Greenock, by the John Francis Campbell Lodge, Bowmore, Islay.—1840, A splendid Silver Snuff Box to brother Alexander Leitch, by the members of the Lodges in Greenock, value £6 6s.—1840, a splendid Silver Medal to Prov. D. G. M. Park, by the New Ark Lodge, Port Glasgow.—1840, an Emblem, handsomely framed in Rosewood, to brother John Scott, by the Highland Mary Lodge, Greenock.—1841, a splendid set of Regalia to the Greenock District, by Dr. Charles Auld, Prov. G. M., value £30.—1841, a beautifully framed Emblem to brother William Lindsay, one of the bailies of Greenock, by the Banks of Clyde Lodge.—1841, an elegant Patent Lever Silver Watch, with Silver Guard and Gold Appendages, value £16, to P. Prov. G. M. Muir, by the Lodges in Greenock.—1840, a valuable Silver Snuff Box, value £5 5s., to brother A. Monteith, Provost of Helersburgh.—1841, a highly-finished and elegant set of Silver Knives and Forks, and Silk Umbrella, value £8 10s., to P. G. George J. Ireland, by the Lodges in Greenock.—1842, a handsome Silver Watch and Appendages, value £10 10s., to C. S. Cooper, by the Lodges in Greenock.—1842, a beautiful Silver Watch to P. G. John Davis, value £7 7s., by the Banks of the Clyde Lodge.—March 6, 1843, a handsome Silver-mounted Teapot to P. G. Thomas Midgley, by the Rose and Thistle Lodge, of the Tadcaster District.—June 6, a handsome Silver Watch, by the Mountain Pride Lodge, and a splendid Gold Chain, Seal, Key, and Silver Guard, to Prov. G. M. Cleator, of the Whitehaven District.—April 8, 1842, a valuable Silver Medal to P. G. Thomas Fairlamb Faister, by the Wentworth Beaumont Lodge, Newcastle-on-Tyne District.—Feb. 25, 1843, a splendid Silver Medal, by the Flower of the Tees Lodge, Yarm, Stokesley District, and a large Jug, by the potters belonging to the Rose of England Lodge, Middlesborough-on-Tees District, to P. Prov. G. M. Harrison Row.—May 15, 1843, a handsome Silver Medal, with gold centre, to Prov. D. G. M. Moses Stone, by the Humanity Lodge, Bristol District.—March 7, 1843, a beautiful Patent Lever Watch, value £8 8s., to P. P. G. M. Thomas Humphreys, by the Northampton District.—Oct. 8, 1842, a handsome Patent Lever Watch, value £7 7s., to P. Prov. G. M. Joseph Emblein, by the Oswestry District.—Jan. 2, 1843, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Joseph Edward Clarke; also, a handsome Silver Medal to J. G. John Bythell Tatton, by the Queen Victoria Lodge.—A handsome Silver Medal to P. G. and C. S. Joseph Chadwin, by the Industry Lodge, Mansfield.—April 10, 1841, a handsome Silver Medal to P. P. G. M. John Swift, of the Industry Lodge, by the Mansfield District.—March 26, 1842, a handsome Silver Medal to P. P. G. M. G. Brown, of the Industry Lodge, by the Mansfield District.—Feb. 8, 1843, a Silver Medal to P. Prov. C. S. Thomas Roberts, by the Widows' Protection Lodge, Colleshill: Feb. 30, 1843, a Silver Medal to P. G. John Jones, by the Welcome Home Lodge, Polesworth: April 18, 1843, a Silver Cup, value £5 13s. 6d., to P. G. George Parker, by the Philanthropic Lodge, Fazeley; all in the Fazeley District.—A Silver Snuff Box to P. P. G. M. John Francis, by the Llanelltyd District.—Oct. 1842, a beautiful pair of Silver Spectacles to P. P. C. S. James Vickers, by the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Hull.—March 23, 1843, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Frederick Nicholls, of the Hanbury Lodge, by the Hospitality Lodge; both in the Ponty Pool District.—March 20, 1843, a handsome Silver Snuff Box to P. G. W. Hatfield, by the Craven Lodge, North London District.—July, 1842, a handsome Silver Medal to P. Prov. D. G. M. Thomas Mabon; also, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Robert Bond, by the Wellington Lodge, Blackpool.—April 17, 1843, a Silver Medal to P. G. Edward Huddart, by the Foresters' Lodge, Wakefield District.—March 26, 1843, a handsome Patent Lever Watch, value £7, to P. P. C. S. Samuel Grimerce, by the Edmondscote District.—May 8, 1843, a very handsome Silver Snuff Box to P. P. G. M. Richard Lewis, by the Earl of Warwick Lodge, Edmondscote District.—Feb. 21, 1843,

a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. William Sandford, by the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, Edmondsoote District.—Jan. 14, 1843, an exceedingly chaste and beautiful Silver Snuff Box to P. G. James Isherwood, by the Wellington Lodge, Huddersfield District.

Marriages.

Jan. 9, 1843, P. G. James Wyatt, reporter to the press, of the Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford, to Augusta Sophia Lavinia, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Coleman, of the same town.—Nov. 12, 1842, at Cannock, P. G. Joseph Parsonage, of the Gilpin Lodge, Stafford District, to Miss Caroline Ganderton, daughter of the late J. L. Ganderton, Pershore, Worcester-shire.—Brother William Hughes, of the Whitehaven Lodge, to Mrs. McDonald.—April 15, 1843, brother Timothy Schofield, of the Good Intent Lodge, Wakefield District, to Miss Ann Houlder, of Stanley.—July 31, 1842, P. Prov. G. M. James Squire, of the Offspring of Peace Lodge, Clifton, Brighouse District, to Miss Ellen Pratt, of Clifton.—April 1, 1843, brother Thomas Groves, of the Earl of Durham Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District, (late of the Star of Benevolence Lodge, Newcastle District) to Miss Elizabeth Henderson.—May 14, 1843, brother John Leithhead, of the Sarah Losh Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District, to Miss Isabella Askew; both of St. Anthony's Pottery.—Dec. 8, 1842, brother Henry Ramsbotham, of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, Ackworth Moor, to Martha, third daughter of Mr. George Pickup.—Feb. 24, P. V. G. Thomas Duel, of the True Friendship Lodge, Stokesley District, to Miss Susannah Ventres, of Easington.—Jan. 12, 1843, brother James Bolwell, of the Independent Lodge, Devizes, to Miss Jane Ellen, of the same place: Jan. 25, brother Charles Taylor, of the same Lodge, to Miss Mary Farr.—Dec. 2, 1842, brother John Fowler, of the St. John Lodge, Northampton District, to Miss Martha Dickens, of the former place.—Brother Ralph Foden, of the Herculean Lodge, Liverpool, to Elizabeth, daughter of brother George Speakman, of the Navigation Lodge, Warrington District.—March 27, 1843, P. S. Charles Berry, of the Hill of Glory Lodge, Huddersfield District, to Esther, youngest daughter of Mr. David Addy Shelley.—Dec. 10, 1842, brother Thomas Spence, of the Bruce Lodge, Tanfield, to Miss Sarah Wray, of North Stainley: Dec. 10, brother John Walker, of the same Lodge,

to Miss Jane Scaife, of Tanfield: Dec. 12, brother William Todd, of the same Lodge, to Harriet Rayner, of Carlton-in-Coverdale: Dec. 22, P. G. George Todd, of the same Lodge, to Mary Rayner, of Tanfield: March 2, 1843, brother John Smith, of the same Lodge, to Harriet Chandler, of Tanfield: also, P. S. James Weatherald, of the Victoria Lodge, to Miss Betty Preston, of the same place; both in the Masham District.—Brother John Haw, of the Mineral Spring Lodge, Tadcaster District, to Miss Mary Ann Marson.—Jan. 10, 1840, brother C. Earl, of the Richmond Castle Lodge, Richmond District, to Miss Catherine Bulmer, of Catterick.—Jan. 30, P. G. George Reynolds, of the Crown Lodge, Richmond District, to Miss Jane Peacock, of Richmond.—Dec. 4, 1842, brother William Winspere, of the Hermit Lodge, Warkworth, to Miss Mary Ann Anderson; both of Warkworth: also, Jan. 7, 1843, brother Richard Wake, of the same Lodge, to Miss Jane Wake.—Dec. 25, 1842, Sec. Atkinson, of the Commercial Lodge, Chorley, to Miss Martha Ainsworth Alker, youngest daughter of William Alker, of Preston.—Jan. 20, brother David Lawson, of the Shepherd Lodge, Carlisle District, to Miss Jane Lawson: Jan. 30, brother Thomas Thomson, of the same Lodge, to Agnes Irving: March 7, brother Thomas Jackson, Esq., of the same Lodge, to Helen Blacklock, daughter of Thomas Blacklock, Esq.—May 29, P. G. George Wright, of the Briton's Pride Lodge, Birmingham, to Eliza, daughter of Mr. Francis Hall, of Birmingham.—April 9, P. G. J. Thomas, of the Cleddy Lodge, Haverfordwest, to Miss Maria Miller, of Pembroke.—Dec. 26, 1841, P. G. Thomas Farrington, of the Mount Pleasant Lodge, Stayleybridge District, to Miss Mary Booth, of Broad-bottom.—Dec. 30, 1842, N. G. James Smith, of the Bud of Hope Lodge, Stayleybridge, to Miss Mary Butterworth, third daughter of Mr. John Butterworth, of Stayleybridge.—April 15, 1843, brother William White, of the Bath City Lodge, to Miss Mary Bull.—April 15, 1843, brother Job Pearce, of the Bath City

Lodge, to Miss Mary Ann White, sister to brother William White, of the same Lodge.—May 2, 1843, P. S. Robert Heywood Johnson, of the Victoria Lodge, Isle of Man District, to Miss Isabella Heywood; both of Douglas.—April 12, 1843, brother John Conway, of the Benevolent Lodge, West Derby District, to Miss Sarah Ann Jones.—Brother James Plumkit, of the Ulster Lodge, to Miss Jane Thompson Cunningham.—April 7, 1842, brother Charles Baker, of the True Briton Lodge, Northampton District, to Sarah Moore.—Feb. 22, 1843, John Brindley, of the Earl of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District, to Miss Martha Helliwell, of Broughton.—April 17, 1843, Sec. James Saunders, of the Humanity Lodge, Bristol, to Miss Harriet Warn.—April 25, brother Thomas Sheriff, of the Perseverance Lodge, Leintwardine, Leominster

District, to Charlotte, daughter of John Steadman, Esq., of Bucknell.—March 8, 1843, brother Joseph Roseintall, of the Marquis of Anglesea Lodge, Burton-upon-Trent, to the youngest daughter of Morris Moses, of Houndsditch, London.—Jan. 21, 1843, brother Thomas Lamb, of the St. Peter Lodge, Beverley District, to Miss Dalton, daughter of Mr. R. Dalton, of Kilnwick.—March 26, 1843, brother Wm. Stinter, of the Prospect Lodge, North Shields District, to Ann, third daughter of Mr. Barnes, of Backworth Village.—April 10, 1843, brother William Winter, of the Andrew Marvel Lodge, Hull, to Miss Ann Newlove, daughter of the late Mr. Newlove, Mappleton-in-Holderness.—Nov. 1, 1842, N. G. John Horton, of the Queen Victoria Lodge, to Miss Ann Rawlinson, of Didsbury.

Deaths.

Feb. 4, 1843, Elizabeth, wife of P. G. John Ransford, of the Duke of Devonshire Lodge, Salford District, aged 29.—In January, brother Hensman Wootten, of the Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.—Feb. 25, 1843, aged 40, P. G. Robert Wheatley, of the Sir William Milner Lodge, Tadcaster District.—Nov. 5, 1842, the wife of Jacob Thompson, Esq., honorary member and permanent Sec. of the Earl of Egremont Lodge, Whitehaven District.—March 8, 1843, N. G. Christopher Ingram, aged 29 years, of the Bruce Lodge, Tanfield.—March 9, the wife of brother Edmund Barker, of the Nelson Lodge, Masham: March 16, P. P. G. M. Christopher Raper, of the same Lodge.—March 10, 1843, P. P. G. M. John Buckler, of the Northampton District, aged 36 years.—Nov. 10, 1842, aged 44, P. G. Thomas Masters, of the Armitt's Well Wisher Lodge, Birmingham District.—1843, brother Matthew Brodwick, of the Queen Victoria Lodge.—1843, brother Robert Potts, of consumption, of the Brutus Lodge: also, the wife of brother Robert Potts, of consumption.—March 19, 1843, aged 44, brother Thomas Beach, host of the Jacknield Lodge, Birmingham District. Jan., brother John Little, of the Burgh Marsh Lodge, Carlisle District, aged 23: Feb. 11, brother Alexander Reid, of the Shepherd Lodge, aged 23: March, brother Robert Welsh, of the City of Carlisle

Lodge, aged 36: brother George Haining, of the Thistle Lodge, Dumfries; all of the Carlisle District.—April 17, 1843, brother William Knowles, aged 44, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Fazeley.—April 27, 1843, the wife of brother Moore, of the Widows' Protection Lodge, Coleshill.—March 30, P. G. John Hobson, of the Heaton's Hope Lodge, Stockport District.—Dec. 28, 1843, brother Ambrose Clements, surgeon to the Crown Lodge, aged 34: Feb. 17, 1842, brother Henry Barker, of the Richmond Castle Lodge; both of the Richmond District.—Jan. 6, 1843, the wife of P. S. Charles, of the St. John Lodge, Northampton District.—Feb. 14, 1843, P. G. William Williamson, aged 53, of the Unity Lodge, Stockport.—Aged 32, Ann, wife of brother Thomas Greed, of the Humanity Lodge, Bristol.—Jan. 26, 1843, brother Joseph Clarke, aged 38, of the Welcome Home Lodge, Birmingham District.—Feb. 2, 1841, P. V. Joseph Henery: also, April 20, 1843, P. G. Thomas Harding; both of the Heart of Oak Lodge, Wigton District.—May 16, 1843, aged 27, Mary Ann, wife of P. W. Sweeney, of the Wellington Lodge, Hull.—Feb. 24, 1843, Jemima, wife of P. G. Samuel Wright, of the Humber Lodge, Hull.—March 4, 1843, P. G. Robert Wise, of the Good Intent Lodge, Hull.—March 31, 1843, P. G. Joseph Edmund Clarke, of the Queen Victoria Lodge, aged 22.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

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Saml. Rawson Prov. C. S.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

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OCTOBER.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1843.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL RAWSON, PROV. C. S.

MR. SAMUEL RAWSON is the son of Mr. John Rawson, who formerly carried on the business of a builder, at Sheffield, in Yorkshire, at which place the subject of the present memoir was born, on the 1st of June, 1802. After receiving an education suitable to his station in life, he was apprenticed at the usual age to his father, and on the termination of his apprenticeship he removed to Glossop Dale, where he commenced business on his own account as a cabinet maker. Whilst he resided at Glossop Dale he married his present wife, by whom he has a numerous family. Trade not answering his expectations at Glossop, he returned to Sheffield, where he has continued to reside up to the present time, and where he now carries on a most respectable business. He is also Government Contractor for the barracks there; a situation which his father filled for many years, and which has been held by Mr. Rawson from his commencement in business at Sheffield.

Mr. Rawson's life has been one of a purely domestic character, and his history consequently furnishes but few incidents to interest the general reader; the circumstances, however, attending his initiation into the Order are very curious, and deserving of notice: they are as follows:—

Previously to becoming an Odd Fellow, Mr. Rawson, in common with many others, had imbibed a strong feeling of prejudice against the Order and its principles, although totally unacquainted with what those principles were. He viewed the Order as established for convivial purposes only, and its members as the decided votaries of Bacchus. These opinions daily gained strength in his mind, backed as they were by the persuasions of his wife, who belonged to the Methodist connexion. On the 26th of December, 1827, he had, together with some musical friends, been assisting at a Christmas festivity, held at a neighbouring chapel, and as they were proceeding homewards they overtook a procession, headed by a band of music, which was going to open the Lily of the Valley Lodge, at Hill Foot, near to Mr. Rawson's house. Being attracted partly by the music, and partly by the novelty of the scene, Mr. Rawson and his friends followed the procession, and, without intending it, found themselves in the house where the Lodge was about to be opened, in the midst of the party assembled for the purpose of performing the opening ceremony. Being known to the host, the latter pressed them to allow him to introduce them, as members, into the new Lodge. This, of course, they stoutly refused, urging all their previously-conceived opinions on the Order as objections. These objections were as strenuously combatted by the host, and he finally succeeded in persuading Mr. Rawson, and one of his friends, to become members, and judge for themselves whether the character of the Order was such as they believed it to be; and before leaving the house they were proposed in the new

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Lodge, as members of that Order which, an hour before, they looked upon as an irreligious and immoral society.

Mr. Rawson's friend, who was made along with him, was in consequence expelled the Methodist connexion; but on the principles and objects of the Order becoming better known, he was re-admitted into the society. A short period sufficed to convince Mr. Rawson, after his initiation, how erroneous and unfounded were the opinions he formerly entertained of our most excellent Institution, and he has since testified his admiration of the system by assiduously promoting the spread of Odd Fellowship whenever an opportunity for doing so presented itself. Thus another was added to the many existing proofs that the principles of the Order require only to be known to command the respect and esteem of even its bitterest opponents. It would be well indeed if others, who entertain opinions injurious to the character of Odd Fellowship, would follow Mr. Rawson's example, and practically satisfy themselves of the truth of their suspicions, before setting themselves so industriously at work to propagate slanderous reports relative to a society with which they are totally unacquainted.

After serving successively the various offices in his Lodge, Mr. Rawson was elected the Corresponding Secretary of the Sheffield District, on the 25th of August, 1831, from which time to the present he has continued uninterruptedly to discharge the duties of that situation with great credit to himself, and in a manner beneficial and satisfactory to the District at large. Indeed, so satisfied were the members of this District with his conduct in that respect, that they determined unanimously to testify their admiration of his character as a man and an Odd Fellow, by causing his portrait to be painted, which was accordingly done, and the same, being a full-sized bust, enclosed in a handsome gilt frame, was publicly presented to him on the 9th of October, 1836.

In the month of May, 1833, Mr. Rawson was elected to represent his District at the A. M. C. held that year at Bury; and he has also been elected and has attended every A. M. C. since that time, with the exception of the one held at York, in the year 1840. At the Wigan A. M. C. he was chosen one of that most important body, the Appeal Committee.

In addition to the office of Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Rawson also holds the office of President of the Widow and Orphans' Fund in the Sheffield District, which Fund he was mainly instrumental in establishing, and has steadily laboured to support.

We have above simply narrated the principal events of Mr. Rawson's life, which, as we said before, has been mostly passed within the quiet retirement of his family circle, and our task consequently now draws to a close, and it only remains for us to add our testimony to his character, which stands unrivalled as a man, and as an Odd Fellow, whilst as a husband, a father and a friend, his conduct is most exemplary. His quiet, unassuming manner, the amiableness of his disposition, and the gentlemanly bearing evinced by him in the discharge of his duties, as a District Officer, and the cheerfulness with which he affords all the information in his power to those who seek his advice, render him a general favourite amongst his brethren; and it would be difficult to find one man amongst us who would not heartily join us in the wish that he may live long and die happy, and that, in the words of the immortal Burns,—

When bending down with auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
And views beyent the grave comfort him,—
His worthy family far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

THE MAGAZINE AND THE ORDER.

THE importance which our periodical has attained is sufficiently attested by its vast circulation; and the responsibility which devolves upon its conductors is necessarily of a correspondent degree. If we calculate upon only four individuals perusing each number of the Magazine, we shall see that no less than one hundred and eight thousand minds are to be provided with

intellectual food: and though it is a task which requires no small share of moral courage to make an oral address to so large a multitude, more consideration and soundness of reflection are expected from the writer. The speaker trusts to the enthusiasm which his manner and subject may create in the minds of his hearers, and impassioned words have commonly more effect upon large masses of men than solid arguments; but with the writer the case is widely different. The reader sits down and calmly weighs an author's productions without being led away by anything of an extraneous character, and the fallacies which might have passed undetected in a well-delivered oration become glaringly obvious on the printed page. If many of those who venture to commit their thoughts to paper were to view the matter in this light, we should no doubt be spared the necessity of declining many communications, whilst the authors of them would, by consulting with some judicious friend, be saved the mortification arising from a refusal of their articles. We by no means wish to discountenance our brethren from committing their ideas to paper; on the contrary, we call upon all those who prize the Institution to mature their thoughts upon such subjects as it may occur to them they are competent to give advice upon; but we would in all cases counsel the young literary aspirant, where practicable, to take the advice of some experienced party, whose corrections and suggestions may in after years be appreciated at their true value.

In looking over the old numbers of the Magazine and comparing them with those of a later date, we cannot but be struck with the great advancement which has been made by the Order intellectually as well as numerically. The conductors of the Magazine in its early years availed themselves doubtlessly of all the resources which were at their command, and are entitled to our warm thanks. Too much credit, indeed, cannot be given to them for their strenuous and persevering exertions, as no one but those who have had the benefit of experience can adequately appreciate the great labours which are required to establish a literary undertaking, especially when the conductors of it are dependant upon gratuitous contributions. Much of the matter in the early Magazines is evidently written by men who have had the good of the Institution at heart, but who have had few opportunities of studying the art of composition, and consequently sound thoughts are frequently marred and rendered ineffective by an awkward and infelicitous style of expression. There are numerous complaints, too, of the paucity of original communications, and the Committee have to make many and urgent calls upon the members of the Order to lend their aid as contributors. A great proportion of the pages is occupied either with selections or reports of anniversaries, sermons, presentations, &c. The Order itself was suffering from an unfounded prejudice which prevailed against it, and which was mainly attributable to the curious and unaccountable designation which the founders of our Society had adopted; and the members consisted almost entirely of provident working-men, who had the shrewdness to perceive that the Order was most admirably calculated to afford a provision for the sickness and death of its members, such as no similar society possessed the means of offering. People at length became accustomed to the name, habit reconciled them to it, and they began to inquire into the nature of Odd Fellowship; its beneficial effects upon all those who joined its ranks were strikingly apparent in cases of poverty and disease, nor was the morality of a man found to be tainted by becoming an Odd Fellow. Those of a higher

walk in life saw that it had a tendency to bind men together as the children of one common family, and gradually the ranks of our Order were swelled by those who had previously looked upon it with contempt. Men eminent for their intellect and position were not ashamed to enrol themselves as brethren, until in the course of a very few years we numbered upwards of two hundred thousand individuals, comprising persons of every station from the peasant to the peer, all having to undergo the same ordeal, and the moral characters of the wealthy and great being as rigidly investigated as those of the poor and lowly. As the Order changed, so the Magazine changed, until the articles became such as to make our periodical worthy of being classed with those which depended solely on public support, and were composed of the writings of those distinguished for their literary attainments, and who were realizing the means of existence from the labours of their mind. Let any one calmly and without prejudice examine the volume which this number brings to a termination, and we think we may venture to assert without being accused of presumption, that there are few periodicals which can compete with our own in cheapness, interest, and utility. The general reader will find the volume to contain eight finely-engraved portraits, and four hundred and forty-eight dense pages of original matter, comprising history, philosophy, statistics, essays, tales, biography, poetry, and a great variety of other subjects; whilst our brethren will perceive the pure stream of Odd Fellowship running through the whole, and refreshing and invigorating with its waters the bright flowers of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The tenor and nature of a literary organ must always be such as assimilate with the character of those for whom it is designed, and whose opinions in fact it is intended to represent; and we challenge those who are yet doubtful of the excellence of the Order, to find in our pages one sentiment which is opposed to virtue, morality, or religion.

It is no small gratification to us to hear from so many quarters reports of the prosperity and harmony which prevail in the Institution, and which every succeeding year seems to increase. We briefly noticed in our last the interesting proceedings which had taken place at one or two anniversaries, and we shall occasionally devote a small portion of our space to a similar purpose, as a means of shewing the pleasant and intellectual manner in which our brethren pass their occasions of festivity. We purpose, on this occasion, to turn our thoughts from England to Australia, where Odd Fellowship appears to be making rapid advances in public estimation. We have been favoured with some copies of the *Southern Australian*, one of which contains a report of the proceedings at the annual festival of the "Adelaide branch of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows," when between 200 and 300 sat down to dinner. The chairman said—

The Adelaide branch of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows originated on the 23rd of November, 1840, by a meeting of four persons, three of whom had been members of the Order in England. On the 1st of January, 1841, ten members met together, on which occasion the sum of £10 was subscribed and forwarded to the parent Lodge in England, in payment for the Dispensation. At present the Adelaide Lodge numbers upwards of 200; this rapid increase will, however, cease to excite surprise when it is known that the primary objects of the Order are the cultivation of friendship, the enjoyment of good company, and the improvement of morals; that the fraternity bind themselves firmly to unite, sincerely to love, and inflexibly to stand by each other in sickness and in health, in poverty or in competence, in prosperity or in affliction, and that they not only maintain their brethren in times of distress, but each brother has the consolation to know that when he dies he will leave behind him a fund for the support

and education of his orphan children, and the maintenance of her who is dearer to him than even them, the partner of the happiest period of his past life.

In responding to the toast of "The Grand Master, Board of Directors, Officers, and Brothers of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in England," brother Hughes concluded his speech by saying—

There is something in Odd Fellowship more than the name: its principles are good, and although it is a secret Order, yet when we reflect that it has for its object the good and welfare of mankind, does it not, and ought it not, to demand the assistance of every one to enable its managers to carry out the great principle upon which it is based. A common Benefit Society (good I admit in itself) can never be compared to Odd Fellowship. A Benefit Society relieves only its own immediate members in its own immediate neighbourhood. The benefits of Odd Fellowship may be felt by a brother though he may travel a distance of 16,000 miles, even from England to Australia.

Brother Burford, the Secretary, responded to the toast of "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows in America with the cause of Odd Fellowship over the world." The following were his remarks upon the subject:—

Odd Fellow, is a term synonymous with a "Good Fellow." Probably in times of general persecution, many benevolent and philosophic minds, desirous of carrying out the temporal good at least which religion proposes, while they wished to avoid the persecution which a profession of religion was sure to entail, would be termed Odd Fellows, since it was difficult to avoid taking side with one party or another in the profession of religion; and, in that case, the better the man the more sure was he of being a mark for persecution by the opposite party. They would be thus enabled to effect their benevolent intentions in peace, protected by philosophy, much in the same way as the American Missionaries are protected from the cruelty and persecution consequent on the edict of the Emperor of China, against all who should attempt to propagate the Christian religion, by qualifying themselves to act as medical men. Such fellows would indeed be "odd fellows," while they acted their part as good fellows amongst a prejudiced and ignorant race of people. At any rate, I know no better interpretation of the word "odd fellow," than that he is benevolent among the mass who are selfish—commercially honest among men commercially base—loyal among the disloyal—happy among surrounding wretchedness—and independent in the midst of surrounding pauperism. Such are the objects which are pursued by our Independent Lodges of Odd Fellows of the M. U. But now let us look a little at the naturally looked-for results of this kind of fellowship in common. At the foundation of all is independence, combined with benevolence. I say combined with benevolence, because our Order proposes to its end universal charity, which invests the mere self-seeking independence of a selfish man with the character of all that is despicable, unworthy, and sordid. The independence of a true Odd Fellow is seen equally in his circumstances and character. He has resolved to lay up from his daily earnings a portion which shall enable him to secure a sufficiency of attendance, of medicine, and of comforts in the evil day. He knows, and is proved to know, that he shall neither run the risk of having to solicit from the hand of the haughty, nor have occasion to take for himself in his distress from the hand of the benevolent, and that, consequently, he will be saving to some object of necessity what otherwise would have been expended on himself. He was proud to say that, wherever the flag of Britain waved, there likewise would be found the banner of Odd Fellowship, with its motto of Friendship, Love, and Truth, giving grace and ornament to British power and British influence.

An excellent speech on the Widow and Orphans' Fund was delivered by brother Nonnus, which we regret not being able to give, and several other speeches were made in the course of the meeting, which was continued throughout in harmony, order, and good-fellowship.

A deputation waited upon His Excellency the Governor, in November last, with an address to Her Majesty the Queen, upon her escape from the hand of the assassin Francis. His Excellency replied, by saying he felt gratified at the loyal sentiments contained in the Address, and was much pleased with the explanation given, with regard to the rules and objects of the Institution; it certainly removed all doubts from his mind, and he trusted a Society of such

a nature which had for its object, the good and welfare of mankind, would meet with that encouragement it merited.

The Editor of the *Southern Australian*, noticed the circumstance in the following terms :—

We have great pleasure in acceding to the request of several members of this numerous and interesting body, by publishing the foregoing notice of the interview between his Excellency and the deputation appointed to wait upon him, with the address to her Majesty, on her providential escape from the second attempt upon a life so deservedly dear to all her subjects, and which, we pray God, may be continued in uninterrupted health and happiness, until filled with age and honours, she sinks down into her grave, from which even the mightiest of the land have no escape.

We take shame to ourselves that we did not sooner become acquainted with the objects of this exceedingly valuable institution. We fell into the common mistake of believing them to be a mere convivial society, and were not therefore prepared for the statements made by the deputation, and which we find strictly in accordance with the rules and orders of the society. This society, it appears, provides funds for the maintenance of its members during sickness, including medical attendance, and decent interment after death; it likewise provides for the widows and orphans of members, and it also affords assistance to the members themselves in times of difficulty and distress; above all, from the strictness of the rules, its register affords the strongest testimonial of character that can be produced.

We cannot but feel a high degree of pleasure at the foregoing accounts of the progress of Odd Fellowship in so distant a clime; and we are proud to acknowledge that many of the Australian members possess superior mental attainments. The reply of the Governor, though brief, speaks volumes on behalf of the Society, and we conclude by wishing to our brethren in Australia such support as all those who are desirous of advancing the Institution in public opinion, really merit. We trust ere long to hear of the opening of fresh Lodges, and we confidently hope that the Order will be the means of spreading that happiness and friendship in Australia which has already been diffused over England.

THE BETRAYED.

SHE was lovelier than the morning
That smiles upon the world,
When the wreaths that angel-fingers weave
Around her brow are curled—
When the tint that blushes o'er her face
Outvies the rose-bud's hue,
And her breath, exhaled in softest sighs,
Is turned to luscious dew.

But oh! that beauty faded
When it should have brightest shone—
When summer saw all others glad,
She sat and sighed alone:
The sun-lit months passed on in gloom,—
She pined away and died;
And an infant form within the tomb,
Lay with her side by side.

The traitor-heart that dared to crush
That young and lovely flower
Survives—but only lives to feel
The curse of that fell hour;

For injured innocence and love
 Shall be avenged of heaven ;
 Then woe await on those by whom
 Confiding hearts are riven !

LEON.

Loyal Merlin Lodge, Monmouthshire.

THE WIND.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

The wind bloweth where it listeth.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL, CHAP. 3, V. 8.

It hath wander'd from the East,
 Where the rosy morning dwells,
 And each gilded flower and fruit
 Of the sun's dominion tells ;
 Through Arabia's fields of spice
 Noiseless hath its progress been,
 And its whispers lightly sigh'd,
 Stamboul! in thy groves so green.

It hath wander'd from the North,
 From the land of frost and snow,
 Where grim Winter sits enthron'd
 With his icy hosts below ;
 And the pines on Norway's shore
 In its freezing path were bent,
 And with deep and hollow roar,
 Past the Maelstrom's cave it went.

It hath wander'd from the West,
 Where the dusky Indian dwells,
 And it paus'd with fearful moan
 O'er his father's burial cells ;
 It was welcom'd as a guest
 'Neath the Cane Isles' glowing skies,
 And has swept the restless main,
 In whose deeps Atlantic lies.

It hath wander'd from the South,
 O'er realms to us unknown,
 Continents and inland seas,
 Near the far antarctic zone ;
 It hath seen the wondrous things
 That in Afric's bounds are hid,—
 Niger's fever-haunted banks,
 Egypt's mystic pyramid.

Traversing each sea and clime,
 Giving health, or bearing woe,—
 Speaking now in thunder tones,
 Breathing now in murmurs low :
 Mighty is the wondrous wind,
 Sent to save and sent to slay,—
 Emblem of His secret power,
 Whom both winds and worlds obey !

TRIBUTARY STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

BY J. A. SMITH.

(Author of "*Productive Farming*.")

It is a spirit-stirring sign of the advancing intelligence of the age that twenty-seven thousand copies of a periodical, whose literary character is by no means contemptible, should be circulated by the members of the Odd Fellows' Association, not among themselves merely with whom it originated, and by whom it is supported and conducted, but indirectly reaching all below and all above them. The artisans and operatives form the sinews of our social strength, our commercial and political greatness, and the day of their moral regeneration cannot be far distant when they have become conscious what are the true elements of their elevation. After all, what are the positive and essential distinctions among men? Our English constitution recognizes not the law of caste. Let us adopt no arbitrary distinctions. The poor man, the working man, may be such from the accident of birth; but can the circumstances which environ him from the cradle to the grave, extinguish those finer emotions which belong to him *as a man*? Is there aught in the constitution of his nature which ought to preclude him from deriving as intense and pure a pleasure from the contemplation of abstract truth, from the sight of trees, and clouds, and the untiring landscape, as the selfish wretch, who, conscious of his own enjoyment, thinks another man too mean to appreciate an exquisite statue, or the poetry of Milton? Assuredly not. I am glad to recognize in the existence of the Odd Fellows' Magazine, a tendency among working men to the cultivation, not of the mere utilitarian intellect, that may be learned in the daily employment of their lives, but of that higher appreciation of the beautiful, of all that is noble, lovely, and entrancing in our hidden nature. These are *liberal* studies, and their effect is to draw closer the links of brotherly harmony which unite, or ought to unite, the whole family of man. What that is great, glorious, and free in our position as Britons may not be confidently anticipated, if permitted, even now, to recognize among the masses that thirst for intellectual enjoyment and moral advancement which was once supposed to constitute the peculiar appetite of the privileged orders? To blend the courteous interchange of sociality with that refined sympathy which applies its resources not in the prodigal revelry, but in relieving a brother's distress, or in extending that friendly succour beyond the grave, defying even death itself to bring misery down upon his wife and his innocent little ones—is not this to act in accordance with the impulses of our better nature? The *cultivation of intellect* is the surest guarantee for the perpetuity of Odd Fellowship. Selfishness is a powerful element of our nature, and sociality unites for a time many who fancy that no power can sever them; but men who are mutually enlivened and amused with each other, find from experience that the only lasting tie is that which arises from the consciousness that their intercourse with each other has rendered them *wiser*, consequently better and happier men. The rapid elevation of the middle classes of Englishmen in the scale of education involves considerations intimately associated with the moral greatness of the whole civilized world, and I cannot forget that Odd Fellowship is not the solitary tenant of our own little sea-girt home. To the Order is committed a fearful trust, a high responsibility, the training and elevation of myriads of minds of generations yet unborn. While the long roll of past ages is unveiled to view, grasping the shadowy future in dim anticipation of what *MAN may and will be*, our own immediate destiny will not be inglorious. England is assuming a proud rank among the nations of the earth,—her diadem is graced by stars that will be quenchless in the darkest night of desolation! Her Dalton, Herschel, Davy, Woollaston—her Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, names of to-day, will live when the murderous recollections of Waterloo are forgotten, when Wellington has gone to the tomb of all the Capulets, or the feats of a Marlborough, or a Nelson, are alike recounted as the battles of Plataea and Marathon have long since been, only in the dull and dronish page of some dusty history,—indelibly recorded it is true—but not like Will Shakspeare, to the end of all time "*familiar as household words*," things *merely* of history. There is this striking similarity between Odd Fellowship and all that deserves the name of human knowledge. Science is the denizen of no country; her aspect is universal, her benevolence impartial. The *desire to know* all that is placed within the range of human intelligence is in itself accordant with what *ought to*

constitute our happiness as beings emanating from the creative hand of Him who knows all things. It is to resemble Him who must be infinitely perfect, and who created us in his own moral image. Do we smile at the enthusiasm of the painter or the poet as he gazes at the outspread ocean, or the lovely sunset? If He who spread out the heavens as a curtain, and rolled the stars along their magnificent orbits—if He who formed alike the sportive lambkin and the tender herbage—if He, surveying the finished work of creation pronounced it "very good," is it not a noble, a heaven-born instinctive impulse in his creatures to imitate the mighty Artificer who stoops to survey the work of his Almighty hand? We hear of the advancing civilization and intelligence of the islands of the Pacific—of the progress of temperance as a national movement—of the formation of institutions founded on enlightened and liberal views of the altered state of the social and moral world. Let us rejoice at all this, and remember that the *cultivation of intellect* has done it; that cultivated intellects have reproduced upon other minds a state analogous to their own, leaving safely all else that is *good* to follow in its train as a natural and inevitable consequence. Had not Columbus been a man in advance of the beings among whom he was thrown, America might have remained another century an undiscovered country. There is not a single result, or feature, in the history of the world, to which we can point with exultation, that may not be traced to the ascendancy of cultivated mind over those inferior natures by which it has been surrounded.

There is a striking diversity between the objects of mental pursuit in the present and past century; and if the track be a happier one, it must be that our educational notions are wiser. It would form an interesting inquiry to ascertain the causes of this deviation. Is it not traceable to the freedom and rapidity of universal intercourse, to our rapid rise as the first commercial and manufacturing nation in the world. The boy who at some mechanics' day school can solve with incredible speed the most oporose arithmetical computation, had he lived in the age of Locke, or Milton, would have been taught under the impression that a mere critical acquaintance with the dead languages was equally, if not more indispensable, than the ability to write; and doubtlessly a youth of that day possessed the best facilities for becoming acquainted with the geographical subdivisions of ancient Greece, however ignorant he might remain of the precise position of the capitals of modern Europe. Learned beyond endurance in the absurd mythology of a Pagan world—familiar with the details of Punic and Roman wars—with the political intrigues of Cataline, or the story of the wooden horse of Troy,—with the feats of Hannibal, or the names of every general in Alexander's army—the history of his own country, or the past revolutions of the civilized world, were with him too common place for classical study:

"He'd Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouth'd out Homer's Greek like thunder.

With the metaphysician of that age of learned trifling, he would eagerly enter upon the inquiry as to the precise number of angels that might be accommodated without jostling on the point of a needle, totally careless of those demonstrative investigations which modern physical science has brought usefully to bear upon the comforts as well as upon the elegancies of existence. To write pastoral nonsense after the fashion of the eclogues of Ovid, or Tibullus; to imitate the amatory effusions of the Greek Anthology; to crawl very painfully up the Muses' hill, badly imitating the style of Congreve, and Prior, and Waller, and Watts, and Denham—themselves miserable copyists of classic models—to build the lofty rhyme of some long epic—perchance to dabble in the mysteries of the prevalent mechanical philosophy, applying the laws of brute matter, the axioms of hydrostatical science to the machinery of vital organization—this, or something not exceedingly dissimilar, formed the sum of the general knowledge of the early part of the past century. The light of Newton's discoveries was dawning, but the intellectual propensities of the multitude were as yet unchanged. The previous age had furnished a Shakspeare, but he was not read, understood, and relished as now; besides, Shakspeare and Spenser were both poets, and poetry is of no peculiar age or clime—Homer and Byron, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, are irregularly scattered like unstrung pearls over the long roll of centuries.

Bacon and Newton, the morning stars of modern philosophy, have revolutionized the intellectual world. Corydon, and Phillis, and Damon, and Strephon, and Clora, and Chloe,—the love-sick swains and piping shepherds, the inexorably cold and cruel nymphs of the Arcadian groves,—are all gone to the graves of the sprites, and gnomes,

and fairies; even the kelpies and brownies of Scottish verse are barely tolerated—another century and their very existence will be questionable. Even the license of poetry will scarcely sanction aught inferior to the spiritual creations of Shakspeare; but these are exalted beings, not the intellectually miserable creatures of trashy pastoral. The genius of Burns disdained the slavish subservience to classic model, and because Burns lives, the kelpies shall live also.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life in this our state
Of mortal bondage.
With the Rialto—Shylock, and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of that arch—though all were o'er
For us repopled were the solitary shore.

There are some glorious spirits that gild all they touch, and dip the meanest things in the sacred fount that flows past Helicon. Witness that giant of our own day, Carlyle. A ploughman might notice a daisy; Burns did so: but Burns, besides being a ploughman, happened accidentally to have been born a poet; and had he not written a line of that beautiful apostrophe, the feeling would still have been there. And this, I imagine, is the distinction between the poet and the rhymester; although both write because they cannot help it, yet the latter writes before he thinks,—while the poet, from no slender materials, but rather from the deep well of his own rich thoughts, brings to daylight concealed treasures;—in a word, he thinks before he writes.

Previously to the publication of the *Novum Organum*, natural philosophy, in any legitimate and extensive sense of the word, could hardly be said to exist. Among the Greek philosophers (and the learning of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was nothing beyond the bare adoption of the Aristotelian system) we are struck with the remarkable contrast between their extraordinary success in abstract reasoning, and their intimate acquaintance with subjects purely intellectual on the one hand, and on the other with their loose and careless consideration of physical science and external nature. Hence their reckless assumption of principles having no foundation but in their own imaginations, mere forms of words having nothing to correspond with them in nature, from which as from mathematical axioms and postulates they imagined all the laws of nature and science might be deduced. Thus, for instance, having settled it in their own minds that the circle is the most perfect of figures, they concluded of course that the motions of the heavenly bodies must all be performed in exact circles; and, when the plainest observation demonstrated the contrary, instead of doubting the principle, they saw no better way of escape than by having recourse to the endless combinations of circular motions to preserve their ideal perfection. Milton's allusion to this dogma, "cycle on epicycle, orb on orb," will readily occur to the reader. Fortunately the same blind reverence for antiquity does not prevail so strongly now as when Vesalius, in the sixteenth century, first demonstrated the anatomy of the large blood-vessels: true, Galen's description of their course differed widely enough from the verifications of the dissecting knife; still, it was judged far more rational to suppose that the self-evident facts of the case had undergone some diversity since Galen's day, than to doubt his unquestionable authority. Veneration for classic antiquity has infused into professedly philosophical writers of the age of Milton, not a little of the proud assumption with which they sheltered ignorance under the screen of dogmatical assertion, or unintelligible jargon.

In the early dawn of the revival of letters, the perverse activity of the alchemists occasionally struck out a doubtful spark; but, as a decisive mark of a great commencing change in the direction of the human faculties, astronomy began to be once more studied in the best spirit of a candid philosophy. Galileo had openly attacked the Grecian dogmas. Copernicus and Kepler effectually appealed to facts, to the unerring and unchanging voice of nature. Bacon arose to teach the inductive method of analysis, applicable to every form of physical and scientific research; and now an immense impulse was given to human knowledge, it seems as if the genius of mankind, long pent up, had at length, armed with a new and resistless engine, rushed upon nature, commencing with one accord the great work of turning up her hitherto unbroken soil, and exposing the treasures so long concealed under the learned rubbish of a former age.

The telescope, the microscope, laid open the infinite in both directions; and facts, far more valuable than the correct reading of some obscure passage in the ponderous tomes of the Aristotelian philosophy, began insensibly to turn the learned world from the metaphysics and poetry of Greece and Rome to the arts of peace and the solid accumulations of science. The press, that invaluable, that inestimable boon to science, has since that day been scattering far and wide, with increasingly liberal hand, every facility for the immediate acquisition and application of each valuable discovery. Boyle and Hooke, and lastly the immortal Newton, fixed on an imperishable basis the elements of all that places the learning of modern ages immeasurably beyond the reveries of the ancient schoolmen. We assign to the name of Newton a place in our veneration which belongs to no other in the annals of science. His era marks the accomplished maturity of the human reason as applied to such objects. Like him, discarding hypothesis, Dalton has given to the science a new character, an immense amount of practical value; and this he has effected because the same qualities of mind, the same mode of investigation, was common to both. Every step is now onward, cheered by the consoling assurance that in no future age will the superstructure of inductive reasoning crumble into ruin. Untrammelled by preconceived opinions, or the crude and ill-assorted speculations that have been wrung by ecclesiastics from the sacred text, the geologist calmly appeals to the evidence of sense and fact, quite confident that with itself truth is ever consistent. Mineralogy, electricity, galvanism, all that relates to the history and properties of the elements above, around about him, man has curiously studied; and to his will has his reasoning power rendered them subservient. The laws of heat and the properties of elastic fluids, especially in the application of such knowledge to the steam engine, these in their results are obviously so closely connected with the newly-found requirements of a progressive state of society, as readily to absorb our first enquiries, and sufficient very satisfactorily to account for the altered character of the learning of our own times. The most sanguine anticipation could hardly have looked forward, from the universal excitement throughout Europe which the first outbreak of modern science produced, to that steady uninterrupted progress it has since maintained; nor to that rapid succession of great discoveries which has kept up, undiminished and vigorous, the interest at the first impulse. And even yet, science, in relation to our faculties, still remains boundless; after the lapse of nearly two centuries since the era of Newton's discoveries, we remain much in the situation he figured himself, straying on the shore of a wide ocean, from whose beach curiosity may have induced us to cull some of those innumerable beautiful productions it casts up with lavish prodigality, but whose acquisition can be regarded as no diminution of the treasure that remains. The present and past history of art is only indirectly connected with the progress of science; the subject is most endearingly delightful, but I will not, I may not, anticipate the spirit-stirring theme.

Dependant more essentially on the cultivation of taste, imagination and passion, (qualities which have little alliance with the study of physical science), painting, sculpture, poetry, music, started from the long sleep of ages, when mankind awoke from the dreamy obscurity of the occult philosophy—

"—————Each muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung,—
A Raffaele painted, and a Vida sung."

The aspect of the age in which we live, is one of infinite curiosity; its phenomena are so multitudinous, so various, so contradictory, that to appreciate them justly would be an evidence of no small progress in philosophical studies. The elements of a system of public instruction have been compiled from official documents presumptively with the permission of him we are accustomed to style the Barbarian of the North, the Sovereign of the immense Russian empire; yes, even the war-cry so lately heard from the blazing cottages of the expatriated Pole has not silenced the demand for knowledge. Do we monopolize all intelligence in reference to the right direction and management of the great masses into which society is divisible? Here is another proof, that unless something be decisively and instantly done towards improving and extending amongst us the means of intellectual culture, this country must *retrograde* in the scale of

civilization, her citizens becoming mentally imbecile and morally corrupt. All other of the great families of the earth are taking the lead of us in the activity with which they devote themselves to the splendid work of moral regeneration. The past and its triumphs are written in tears and blood, in disgrace and debt. England hath had a very surfeit of glory, and hath closed, we would fain hope, for ever, "the purple testament of bloody wars." Be the present reign immortal for its peaceful triumphs, distinguished above all for the progressive advance of civilization and, the diffusion of knowledge and happiness among all ranks and classes of the whole family of man.

Vice and ignorance are the necessary companions of each other; such is the immutable law of nature. Is the converse of this proposition equally true—are knowledge, and virtue, science and wisdom, equally inseparable? Let the history of the obscuration and revival of science be brought to tell upon the question.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY MISS SUSAN MARIA HAYWARD.

I SAW her blushing in beauty's prime,
'Mid a youthful throng at the festal time;
Her laugh was the gayest and loudest there,
And she look'd all we dream of the young and fair,—
Of the time when the soul with its hopes is bright,
And each thought of the future is wild delight.

* * * * *

And years ere I met her again roll'd on,
The smile from her beautiful lip had gone,
And the garb of joy was thrown aside,
A veil did the widow's features hide;
The dream of her youth had floated by—
She had tasted life's sad reality!
The hopes she had cherish'd had faded away,
As the leaves of a blighted flower decay;
She had felt the throbs of an anguish'd breast,
The feverish moments of night's unrest;
And well might you read in her tearless eye
How deep was the source of her agony:
And this is the work that Time sweeps o'er—
The heart once blighted can bloom no more.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY THE SAME.

'Twas evening; the sun, as he sank to rest,
Shed his parting beams o'er the crimson west,
When lowly was bending a female fair,
Who faintly murmur'd a sacred prayer;
She call'd upon God, in his home above,
To bless and to strengthen her pledge of love,
That now in its slumber sweetly reclined
On the breast whose life with its own was twined.

As the shades of evening around were thrown,
 Her thoughts had a holier, a deeper tone;
 She gazed on the face of her sleeping child
 And kiss'd its pure lips as it calmly smiled,
 And she sigh'd that the hand of grief should e'er
 Leave the blighting trace of its presence there,
 And she wept when she thought the child might tread
 In a thorny path ere he sought the dead.

But she smiled once more o'er her infant fair,
 As she look'd with pride on its beauty rare :—
 "When the thoughtless days of his youth have fled,
 And the years of his riper age are sped;
 When this anxious heart shall have ceased to beat,
 Oh, guide and direct his wandering feet;
 And when thou recallest his vital breath,
 Oh, be thou his comforter still in death!"

Most fervent and pure, in that hallow'd hour,
 Was the prayer that rose to the Heavenly Power;
 For what on earth is so holy and blest
 As the guileless wish of a mother's breast!
 Oh, nought hath the world so sweet and dear
 As a gentle mother's prayer or tear,
 When her youthful pride and dreamings wild
 Are lost in love for her first-born child!

Trowbridge, Wilts.

A YEAR IN THE WOODS.

(Concluded from our last.)

NOTHING can be more sublime than a storm in the woods; and such an one broke upon us, in all the magnificent powers of its fury, about the time of the autumnal equinox. I had seen the sea in all its various moods—the long rolling wave of the Atlantic—the broken and irregular sea of the Gulf-stream, and the watery mountains of the Bay of Biscay; but in none of these were its powers so apparent. The scene, although sublime from its vastness, was still monotonous—the same succession of howling seas and angry skies. There, too, the excitement of battling with the tempest came to your aid, whilst here you could only suffer in passive helplessness. It was after a day remarkable for its closeness, and the oppressive feeling it left on the spirits, that we were aroused after midnight by a heavy squall which threatened to disperse our frail covering into fragments. We hurried forth in alarm—the storm-fiend was indeed abroad, revelling in uncontrolled power. Our camp was luckily situated under the lee of a rising ground, and this, with the woods behind, offered us a sufficient protection from the fury of the gale. Relieved therefore from all fear, as to the safety of our habitations, we had full leisure to contemplate the scene. Often as I had striven with the storm, I never until now seemed to have a just conception of its power; the huge pines, towering as they did above the other trees, and exposed to its full fury, bent like reeds. The remainder of the woods seemed only to owe their safety to the closeness of the trees to each other, and the support they therefore mutually afforded; but even above the roar of the gale we could hear the groaning they made as they bent to the blast. It was as if the whole forest was filled with demons suffering in torment, so wild and unearthly were the sounds which issued from it—it was the voice of inanimate nature quailing beneath the power of the Creator.

There was, as is usual, a small clearing around the camp, and the broken branches were whirled far over our heads, hissing as they went along like the sound of "lances hurtling in the air." Ever and anon a louder roar would issue from the forest, as some

huge pine, rotten at heart, fell before the fury of the tempest, bearing to the earth all that it came in contact with. The inhabitants of the wood, disturbed from their roosts, were vainly endeavouring to gain shelter: we could hear the melancholy whooping of the owl, as it was swept across the open space, seeming as if it claimed our assistance in its distress: the shrill scream of the fish-hawk, forced to quit its lofty eyrie, came over the angry waters, like the wail of a spirit in torment: the oxen too, in the extremity of their terror, had sought the camp, and were crowding round us for protection;—it was with no little difficulty that we kept them clear of our erections. The storm had continued with unabated fury for some hours, when a thicker darkness overspread us; the lightning burst forth, and the rain descended in a deluge. The wind soon lulled, and we crept into our wigwam, where, yielding to the lassitude consequent after a high state of excitement, we were soon asleep.

The next morning broke clear and beautiful; the wind had gone down, and although in more exposed situations, it might still be blowing hard; yet, sheltered as we were, we felt but little of it. The river rushing past us swollen and turbid, seemed the sole memento of the past hurricane. It was not until we proceeded into the woods, that we discovered the full effects of the gale; the ground was literally strewn with broken branches, and the trees which had shown themselves above their neighbours, had met with the usual reward of ambition—destruction; some of them were completely split asunder. We often came where some huge pine had fallen, bearing down all the smaller trees before it, and they again dragging down those close to them, had formed an opening of sometimes a quarter of an acre in extent, and mingled together in a mass and with their roots upturned, they formed an almost impassable barrier; thus fully accounting for those large mound-like appearances which you will often find in the woods, evidently the relic of some huge windfall of long past ages. One of these ramparts had fallen across our main road, which found employment for two days to the whole of our force until we could clear it away. Our time thus passed on, until we received our orders to break up and go down to prepare for our winter encampment, when, taking our plunder with us, we glided merrily down the river.

WINTER.

Our destination for the winter was upon a small stream, and one which had never been encamped upon before. We had been amongst good timber when the summons reached us in our summer quarters, and we therefore did not quit until the last of our provisions were expended. It was now December, and the snow lay nearly a foot deep upon the ground; no very pleasant prospect to have to proceed into the woods, and no place prepared to shelter us. It was of no use complaining; we had our camp to raise, and the sooner we did it the better. We got as near as the ice would allow us in our canoes, but we still had a march of four miles through the woods, and a toilsome journey we had, loaded as we were with our blankets, provisions, and cooking utensils. It was night when we arrived at the place which had been chosen for our winter station, tired and nearly exhausted. Our shelter for the night was merely a few branches over our heads, but firewood was in abundance, and a pile was soon raised almost like a mountain. Fatigued with our journey we were soon asleep, but when the fire, neglected, began to burn low, the cold soon aroused us, when heaping on fresh fuel, we gathered round the welcome blaze until morning.

We had now to raise a structure of a different kind from our summer lodging; in that we had merely to protect ourselves against the rain; but here we had to erect a habitation which would preserve us from a degree of cold, of which we had had some slight experience during the past night. A spot being cleared, four large logs of pine were rolled to the form desired for our foundation; upon these other logs were laid, lessening in size as they approached the top, and notched into each other at the corners, making our dwelling about twelve feet high in front, and about four at the back, thus allowing a large slope against the time when the snow should melt in the spring. Our outer walls being complete, poles were laid across the top for rafters; upon these rough shingles were placed, leaving a space for the chimney. Other poles were then placed over all, and strongly fastened with withes to the logs below, so that we might not run the chance of being unroofed some squally night. The space between the logs was caulked with such moss as we could find by clearing away the snow from the roots of the trees.

I shall never forget the sensation of comfort which we all felt, when on the fourth night we took possession of a corner of the place which was partly roofed over, after the exposure of three nights in the open air. How comparative are what the world calls comforts! Our own habitation being finished, we had to prepare one for our allies, the oxen; and if we took but little pains with our own, we took still less with that. The hardy animals, however, took kindly to it, and well supplied with provender kept in good condition through the whole of their toils, until spring set them free for a few months' unrestricted ramble in the woods.

Our life was monotonous enough. The same work which we had followed in the summer, with the additional trouble which the snow caused us. However, the snow is not much thought of until it gets above your knees, when travelling becomes no pastime. We had a jovial set that season, and the long winter's nights used to pass rapidly away. The interior of a camp presents a picture not devoid of interest; the rough and hardy lumberers gathered together in that rude construction, which, to those used to the means of civilized life, seems to promise but small share of comfort. They, however, feel no want of those means and appliances which the inhabitants of towns would think almost indispensable. The huge roaring fire bids defiance to the wintry blast which is howling without; the ample supper has been discussed, and each is amusing or occupying himself according to his bent. Some are busy making axe-handles; another set have mustered a pack of cards, on which it is assumed that there are certain spots, although it must be allowed that they are rather difficult to be distinguished, and they are deep in the mystery of a game at spoilt-five. Another is uplifting a stave, in a voice that makes the camp ring again; and in the intervals of dealing, the card-players thunder forth a lusty chorus. There are a knot gathered round that old veteran, whose whole life has been passed in the woods, and he is relating for their benefit some extraordinary and improbable feat of his younger days, (for your woodsman is generally on good terms with himself, and not disposed to hide his merits from the world.) And thus they pass the evenings away in mirth and jollity, treating lightly the evils they cannot avoid.

It was after the snow had gained a considerable depth that we missed one of our party at supper time. No one had noticed his departure when we left the timber for the camp; we felt, therefore, but little anxiety, as we supposed he had gone to visit some of the rabbit snares, in which he always seemed to take great interest. We were seated at the meal when we heard a tree sounded, and evidently at a distance. His dilemma was now clear to us; he had lost his track. One of our number immediately sprang out of the camp, to sound a tree in answer. This is done by chipping off a piece of the bark, and then striking the bare wood smartly with the poll of the axe; and in this manner a sound may be produced which, if the weather be calm, and the trees moderately clear of snow, may be heard for a couple of miles. We now held serious debate upon the subject, whilst we finished our repast. He must be saved at all events, or a few hours would seal his fate, as he had only seen the woods for the first time that winter, and consequently was not used to any of those shifts which an old woodsman could have put in practice. Our greatest fear was that he should attempt to travel towards the sound, and yet it was necessary that we should continue it, that he might be aware that help was forthcoming, and keep up his resolution. Having settled, according to the best of our judgments, in what part of the woods he was, we divided into three parties, one of which was to proceed in a direct line, whilst each of the others was to take a circuit of half a mile in each direction; thus examining as we went, a belt of a mile in width. We had left directions with the cook to continue sounding, but he had either misunderstood us, or neglected to do it; the night was also intensely dark, and the appearance of the snow-covered ground, therefore, very difficult to be depended upon. We had a heavy part of the woods to travel through; the snow lay fully four feet deep, and the ground was encumbered with a stunted growth of fir and spruce, which laying below the force of the wind was loaded with snow. As we diverged from each other, we lost the sound of the halloo with which each party sought to cheer and direct the others. After an hour's toilsome travel, we at length heard a cheer, and a short time brought all the parties together, happily the lost one was amongst the number. Although not three of us had ever stood upon that spot before, yet none of the different parties had varied more than a hundred yards from the appointed place, having nothing to guide them but the lay or inclination of the land, and a general local knowledge of the woods. It is

wonderful how persons used to the woods find their way through them; it almost seems as if it were by instinct, as they are seldom or ever at a loss. Their path may lay for miles, where perhaps the foot of man has never trod; yet they follow the signs of the woods with the same security as if they were on a well-beaten road. Our lost sheep had received a severe fright, which, however, had the effect of teaching him more caution for the future: he had flattered himself that he could find a nearer way to the camp than the beaten track which we generally pursued, and anxious to exhibit his knowledge, he had slipped away from us unnoticed. He had soon found his error, and had probably been wandering in a circle, as he was not half a mile from the timber when we found him. It was well he recollected a tale which had been told some time before in the camp, and which led him to the expedient of sounding a tree; or otherwise, it is more than probable that the next morning's sun would have shone upon a lifeless and stiffened corpse.

There are few more beautiful objects in nature than what is called a silver thaw. It takes place in the spring of the year, after the snow has ceased to fall. The sun, by this time having attained great power, melts the snow which is lodging on the branches, or about the trunks of the trees; this, arrested by the frost, which is still severe at nights, is formed into icicles, and thin crusts of ice, on the slim leaves of the evergreen trees. When the sun, at its first rising, darts its level beams through the woods, it appears as if every tree and leaf were glistening with gems of all sizes and fantastic shapes, glowing in all the varieties of the prismatic colours. Nothing that fiction has depicted, or imagination conceived, can equal this gorgeous magnificence of nature's own splendid creation. Where some dark mass of underwood intercepts the light, all is still wrapt in the chill and sombre garb of winter; but as you pass the shade, you emerge upon a fresh scene of beauty. There a huge mass, at the extremity of a branch, seems tinged with a thousand dyes; you will see a large icicle, formed in some channel of the bark, glowing like a stream of fire, whilst thousands of minute gems are sparkling in all directions around it. All these, changing in their shape and hue at every step you advance, form a sight almost too glorious to behold. I have often shut my eyes, fairly overcome by the flood of brightness around me. What are the pomps of man—what is the glitter of thrones,—

"Rich with the gold of Ormus, or of Ind,—"

compared with this magnificent spectacle which God has spread forth in the wilderness? It sometimes happens that this splendid exhibition takes place on several successive mornings, until the last particle of the snow has melted from amongst the branches, and the beauteous illusion has vanished, until the seasons shall have again rolled round in their course.

The commencement of spring is a beauteous season in the woods: the snow has ceased to fall; the air, during the day, is pure and serene, and the sun sheds a genial warmth around. The surface of the snow, partly melted during the heat of the day, is frozen again at night; this partial thawing and freezing goes on until a crust is formed on the top, which will bear you during the early part of the day. It is fine scampering through the woods at such a time, and you feel the contrast more strongly from the months you have had to wade through it. However pleasant it may be to the human kind, it is a severe time for the oxen; crushing through the upper surface of the crust, they are still unable to break through it from below, and they are often very severely cut about the legs by the hardness and sharpness of the crust. It not unseldom happens that they are fast altogether; and it is rather a curious sight to see a team thus sunk up to their bellies, and unable to move a limb, until the crust is softened by the sun, or a party sent to break it before them with the heads of their axes. The sap now begins to rise, and we have always a few trees tapped near where we are at work; and whether it be the delicious sweetness of the sugar maple, or the slightly acidulous sap of the yellow birch, either forms for us a healthy and cooling draught. A few of the earliest birds have now returned, and are fluttering around us, giving new life and variety to the scene. The timber which, during the winter, has been frozen to the very heart, brittle as glass, and requiring the utmost care in working, with the knots nearly as hard as bolts of iron, now softens and yields freely to the axe. Our work goes vigorously and cheerfully on; we seem to rejoice in the freshness and gladness of coming spring, and we enjoy the bright change the more as a short respite from the toils and dangers we have shortly to undergo.

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It is now the latter end of April; and the ice has begun to give way in the stream : it is time to break the landing. Our oxen are turned loose to shift for themselves ;—in exposed situations the earth is already bare, and the fresh bright vegetation springs up as it were by magic. It is a service both of difficulty and danger to get the timber from the landing into the river ; heaped together during the winter, each successive fall of snow has filled up the crevices, and the whole mass is frozen together almost into a solid lump. Thus it often happens, that whilst you are pinching one stick off, a dozen perhaps will start with it, and it is only by the most watchful care, and exerting no slight portion of agility, that you escape. Yet toilsome as the work is, it has its cheering influences ;—there is nothing so bad in this world but some good is mingled with it, if we only choose to see it. Situated as a landing often is, upon a considerable eminence, it is rare fun to see a huge stick of timber crashing and thundering down, rebounding from point to point of the bank, and at last plunging into the stream, raising a shower of spray and foam, in which it is entirely hidden ; until at length you see it at some distance down the river, swimming away very unconcernedly, as if it had nothing to do with the hubbub which had just been raised. Again you will hear at each minute a report like thunder, telling you that others are engaged in the same work with yourself, and cheering you on to your labour.

At last the landings are all cleared, and the work of river-driving commences in earnest. There is a great difference between driving a large stream and a small one ; whilst on the first, the timber is put at once into small rafts, which are got down together, on the other the timber is all set afloat loose into the stream, and must be worked, as it were, in single sticks. Encumbered as the river is with rocks, sunken trees, and bushes, on the sides, none but those who have been taught by experience can estimate the difficulty of the undertaking. The current, running at the rate of six or seven knots, either piles the timber on the rocks, or else wedges it together in the narrow parts of the stream, forming what is called "a jam." A pretty jam it sometimes is, some of them at times taking half-a-day to clear. It requires much skill and practise to get the timber out of this "fix;" some are sunk, others are piled up, until at length the key-stick is started, the whole jam breaks loose, and away the timber is hurried down the stream, the sticks cracking and thundering against each other, as the rapid current forces them along ; sometimes a stick will catch upon a rock, and is lifted half over it by the force of the stream—another will strike it where it touches the water it rolls over the rock, and they both swim merrily away. Another, perhaps, will catch, the bank at one side, and then cant round, forming a boom right across, as if forbidding all further progress ; it perhaps has already brought up a few, which were near the side, and consequently out of the strength of the stream, but the first that comes down the centre, snaps it asunder like a reed, and away they all go free again. There four or five sticks have been caught upon the rocks as they swing round, the other ends strike the bank ; now for another jam ; but no—there is a lot carcering round that point, they come on with the full force of the current, and strike the impediment with a noise like thunder ; the bank gives way to the mighty impetus, and, as the first timber screws off the rock, it rolls over the other, and off they go spinning round and round as they are carried down the rapid.

It is no small joke to get clear when a jam breaks ; those who are nearest the shore, and are active enough, may manage to get to land, but those who are more in the middle have but little chance ; their only resource is to get upon as likely a stick as possible, and take their course down the river, until they can get a chance to land. A mighty ticklish conveyance it is, as the timber always swims with its angle uppermost, making it a feat only second to rope-dancing to keep upon it ; and as it is the general humour of the stick to perform sundry fanciful gyrations before it settles to its equilibrium, it makes it a very difficult matter for a man to maintain his perpendicular ; and in general they are soured into the water amidst roars of laughter from their companions, who have escaped to shore. A hundred laughable incidents occur during the day, which serve to amuse us when gathered round our fire at the close of evening ; scarcely a point, a deep hole, or a rock, but what was christened by the name of some of our party, who had there met with some mishap greater than common. It is only this spirit of fun which enables the men to get through the toils and dangers of river-driving ; or at any rate, it is a most powerful auxiliary. On the year to which I refer, we were thirty days in getting down, whereas we had calculated to do it in about six, and had prepared

provisions accordingly. We were, therefore, soon without meat, but had luckily plenty of potatoes and tea; it happened, too, at a time when the main river was breaking up, which was rendered impassable for several days through the vast masses of ice which were floating about. We got on very well for a few days, until at last we began to give way, such food not being sufficient to keep us up to our work. In this dilemma, an old hand amongst us rooted out a large bone, which had been thrown away some days before, and hanging it to the branch of a tree, exclaimed,—“There, boys, if we cannot have beef, we can point to where it has been.” Meagre as the jest was, it took, and the bone was regularly hung up at our meals; as it was a subject upon which each considered himself capable of cracking his jest, the mirth caused by these rude attempts at wit made us forget our privations. Simple and ridiculous as the affair must seem, it was actually the means of getting our timber down, of which we began to be in some doubt, as the water begins to fall very soon after the snow is melted.

It is a laborious task that of river-driving, and a man who performs his duty during the day will not be able to endure the weight of his handspike on his shoulder in the morning, until he has warmed himself with a few heavy lifts. Independently of the labour, it is also a service of very considerable danger; and seldom a year passes over without the occurrence of some serious accident, often attended with the loss of life. During the whole of our progress down, we never had our heads under shelter; this, however, we did not much mind, but little rain fell, and in the calm, bright nights, under that pure atmosphere, stretched beside the mossy root of some spreading tree, we felt as comfortable as if on a bed of down. We at last arrived at the mouth of the river; without the slightest accident having happened to any of us; having received a supply of provisions a few days before, we had plumped up considerably; but as to our apparel, Falstaff's ragged regiment must have appeared in holiday trim, as compared with us. No clothes could have stood the amphibious life we had been leading for the last month; now struggling in the midst of the stream, pinching and heaving at the timber with almost superhuman exertions, and then, by way of change, forcing our way through the rough interval, or the thick underwood; nothing short of the skin of an otter could have saved us. But rough and ragged as we were, there was good work in us yet; having enjoyed a day or two's rest, which we had well earned, we commenced the business of rafting.

To those engaged as we had lately been, rafting was only an amusement, and as it is a licensed time, as harvest home may be in England, we did not fail to enjoy our Saturnalia to the utmost. Every one did his best to promote the fun; each as he came down to the raft, perched upon his stick of timber, using his best endeavours to drive it against that occupied by another, and upset him into the water. Many and laughable were the encounters upon these occasions; and great glee did they afford to the beholders, as practical jokes were always the best relished. However, but little harm could happen, as the water was not sufficiently deep for any danger, and the sun soon dried the saturated garments. The timber was soon put together on rafts, and a tide or two took it to the merchant's boom, where it was to be delivered.

The woodsman's task was now ended, his year's labour was completed; and after a few days' sojourn amongst the strange inhabitants of the clearing, he again took his axe on his shoulder, and marched away deep into the recesses of the forest.

H. B.

THE LAST SONG.

BY J. P. DOUGLAS.

THIS is the last sad song that ever
My soul shall breathe for thee;
The tale of love again—oh! never
Shall the world hear from me.
Though the pain may leave the heart unbroken,
Which bleeds, yet still doth beat;
It bears within its core each token
Of coldness and deceit.

No more for thee my harp shall waken
 The strain it loved of yore,—
 Now that its master is forsaken,
 Its pleasing task is o'er.
 Though other hearts, less true, dissemble,
 And former fondness feign;
 Mine only can in silence tremble,
 Nor hope to love again!

Maryport.

THE DYING SOLDIER.*

BY P. G. JOHN BOOTH.

Yes!—there's a secret pride in bravely dying!
 OTWAY.

A SOLDIER on the battle-field,
 When raged the conflict high,
 Received the foeman's fire, and reel'd—
 Recovered—but to die!
 Yet oh, what thoughts of by-gone days
 Flash'd o'er his brain, like meteor-rays!

He thought upon those happy hours,
 To infant joyance given,
 When he roam'd wild amidst the flowers,
 Free as the winds of heaven;
 He dreamt not *then* that he should fall
 In bloody fight, 'neath foeman's ball!

He thought upon that buoyant time—
 The days when he was young,
 And lov'd to hear the matin-chime,
 By wakening nature rung.
 Oh, then his life was blest in sooth—
 Alas! how brief the dreams of youth!

And manhood's dawn burst on his view,
 When with the patriot's flame,
 His sword he from the scabbard drew,
 To live or die for fame!
 That hour had come—his end was near—
 His pulse beat low—but not with fear!

Again, he thought upon his home,
 Happy, in wealth though poor;
 Its vine-clad walls—its ivied dome—
 The woodbine round the door.
 He felt the yearning wish—in vain—
 That home he ne'er shall see again!

And there were thoughts of softer cast—
 Visions of earthly love—
 Which o'er his troubled mem'ry past
 As with his pangs he strove:
 His parent's blessings, parting tears,
 Rose sweetly through the mists of years!

*The anecdote on which this poem is founded, is contained in an entertaining volume of Constable's Miscellany, entitled "Table Talk," and is as follows. "A grenadier of the regiment of Champagne was retreating from the ranks mortally wounded. 'Where is that grenadier going?' cried the officer, as he passed. 'To die,' said the soldier, turning round, and expiring as he spoke."

And bright and brilliant o'er the rest,
 Beam'd one fair, lovely star,
 Shedding a halo round his breast,
 E'en on the field of war!
 She was his only heart's delight—
 His beacon—watchword in the fight!

The memory of their last adieu
 No power could e'er efface;
 It shone resplendent on his view—
 This kiss—the fond embrace—
 The tear drops on each burning cheek—
 The passion overwrought to speak!

And as he thought upon the pain
 Her tender soul would know
 When she should hear his fate—again
 The chill came o'er his brow!
 A struggling pang shot through his heart—
 He felt how bitter 'twas to part!

All-powerful and triumphant love!
 Transcendent is thy ray;
 All things below—angels above—
 Proclaim thy sovereign sway!
 Warriors themselves to thee must yield—
 Victor of death on battle-field!

But love, at freedom's thrilling call,
 That soldier left behind;
 And for his country gave up all—
 For her his life resign'd
 That she again might happy be
 Under the wings of liberty.

And now he thought upon his doom—
 Dim was his glazed eye;
 And pale his cheek's once crimson bloom,
 Like to the lily's dye!
 He leans him on his trusty spear,
 Whilst thoughts of heaven and earth appear.

They were but of a moment's length—
 He felt the hand of death
 Stealing away his feeble strength,
 And drawing forth his breath:
 He turn'd—"Base soldier! dost thou fly?"
 He paus'd—then murmur'd—"Yes! to die!"

The words they faltered on his tongue—
 This effort was the last;
 His prisoned soul from bondage sprung—
 'Twas o'er—the cup has past!
 He fell—there was a gentle sigh!
 Was it not noble thus to die?

* * * * *

It is the lonely midnight hour,—
 But see! the torches glare;
 And hark! the fire arms loudly pour
 Their volleys on the air!
 These are the honours o'er thy grave—
 Soldier! thou sleepest with the brave!

Terrace, Norton, near Malton.

POETS LAUREATE.

AN INQUIRY INTO THEIR ORIGIN, AND REMARKS ON THE OFFICE AS IT EXISTS IN ENGLAND; WITH MEMOIRS OF THE PERSONS WHO HAVE FILLED IT.

BY W. CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by "place" to prostitute the pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
ROSCOMMON.

THE melancholy loss which the literary world has recently sustained by the death of Robert Southey, the poet laureate, offers a fair opportunity for a few remarks on the office, and its origin, with brief notices of the persons who have filled it; and it is my intention, in this paper, to give as far as my abilities and information will allow me, such an account of the matter as will, I trust, prove interesting to the reader.

From the earliest period, poetical composition appears to have taken precedence of prose. "When the memory was the chief means of preserving not only literary efforts, but also historical facts, it was found necessary that composition should take a form different from ordinary discourse—a form involving certain measures, breaks, and pauses—not only as being something higher and finer than common speech, but in order that it might be the more easily remembered. In England, as in all other countries, prose was a form scarcely practised for several centuries, during which poetry was comparatively much cultivated."*

The earliest poetical productions were either devotional, or historical; but the greater proportion consisted of narratives of remarkable events in the history of nations or individuals, blended with much that was marvellous and improbable. With the rise of poetical composition, arose also a class of persons named *Joculators*, *Jongleurs*, or *Minstrels*, who used to visit the different mansions of the wealthy, (where they were welcome and favoured guests,†) and recite either their own compositions, or those of other persons, with the accompaniment of the harp. In the course of time, as poetical taste and refinement progressed, it became the custom for most of the wealthy barons,‡ as well as the monarch,§ to retain in their own service a person whose duty it was to sing, or recite, at their festive entertainments, the exploits, or honours, of their master or his ancestors. Their example was speedily followed by various religious|| and corporate bodies; and it is to the institution of this officer that we must, without doubt, look for the origin of the poets laureate of the present day.

Gibbon says, "the title of poet laureate was first invented by the Cæsars of Germany;" but I should suppose he meant that the office of regal poet laureate was established by them, and not that they first invented the title, for it is evidently derived from the Universities. The custom of *crowning* poets is of great antiquity, having been practised prior to the reign of Theodosius, the last Roman Emperor, (ob. 395) when it was abolished, as a relic of paganism; and it was not until the establishment of the honorary titles of Bachelor and Doctor in the Universities took place, that it was revived. When a scholar took his degree in grammar, which included rhetoric and

* Chambers's "*Cyclopædia of English Literature*."

† By Hoel Dha's Welsh laws, given about 940, translated by Wootton, it was ordered that whoever even slightly injured a bard, was to be fined six cows, and one hundred and twenty pence. The murderer of a bard was to be fined one hundred and twenty-six cows. In other constitutions it is ordered, whoever shall strike a harper, who can harp in a public assembly, shall compound with him by a composition of *four times more* than for any other man of the same condition.

‡ Archibald Cameron died at Inch Keith, a small island on the north-west coast of the Highlands of Scotland, March, 1791, aged 122. He had served seven lords of the Isle in the capacity of domestic piper during the course of 94 years; but his fingers at last failing, he lived on a pension allowed him by the family.

§ William the Conqueror had a joculator, or bard, belonging to his court, and the kings of Wales had, for a century or two previous to his time, a bard in their service, who was a domestic officer, and entitled to great privileges. In 1078, Gryffyth ap Conan, king of Wales, reformed and regulated the Welsh bards.

|| So early as in 1180, in the reign of Hen. II., Jeffrey, the harper, received a corrody, or annuity, from the Benedictine Abbey, of Hide, near Winchester, for his professional services—(Madox Hist. Exchequer.) The Abbots of Conway and Stratford, in Wales, respectively maintained a bard.—Powell's *Cambria*.—To the reader, p. 1., edit. 1581.

versification, a *wreath of laurel* was presented to him; and he was afterwards styled *poeta laureatus*, or poet laureate. The holding of this title, however, does not imply that they fulfilled the duty now exacted from a poet laureate; but only that they held it as a matter of right, consequent upon their University honours.

The first account that we have of any person being honoured with the *laurel*, occurs in Italy, soon after the establishment of the University of Geneva, in 1365. Petrarch (1304-1374*) was publicly honoured with the laurel crown, and the following is the exact formula used on conferring his degree:—"We, (Count d'Angillara) Count and Senator for us, and our college, dear Francis Petrarch, great poet and historian, and for a special mark of his quality of poet, we have placed with our hands on his head a *crown of laurel*, granting to him, by the tenor of these presents, and by the authority of king Robert, of the Senate, and the people of Rome, in the poetic as well as the historic art, and generally in whatever relates to the said arts, as well in this Holy City as elsewhere, the free and entire power of reading, disputing, and interpreting all ancient books, to make new ones, and compose new poems, which, God assisting, shall endure from age to age." Tasso (1544-1595) also dignified the laurel crown, by his acceptance of it; but still the honours of the laureateship did not flourish in Italy, for many got crowned who were unworthy of the distinction.

The laurel was even bestowed on Guerno, whose character is given in the "Dunciad," canto ii:

"Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd
With scarlet hats, wide waving, circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Guerno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the Anti-Christ of wit."

This man was made laureate for the joke's sake. He was rather the arch-buffoon than the arch-poet to Leo. X., though honoured with the latter title. They invented for him a new kind of laureated honour, and, in the intermixture of the foliage dedicated to Apollo, slyly inserted the vine and the cabbage leaves, which he evidently deserved, from his extreme dexterity in clearing the pontiff's dishes and emptying his goblets.†

In England the scholastic laureations appear to have been most frequent at Oxford. About 1470, one John Watson, a student in grammar at Oxford, obtained a concession to be graduated and *laureated* in that science, on condition that he composed one hundred Latin verses in praise of the University, and a Latin comedy.‡ Another grammarian was distinguished with the same badge after having stipulated that at the next public act he would affix the same number of hexameters on the great gates of St. Mary's church.§ About the same time Maurice Byrchenshaw, a scholar in rhetoric, supplicated to be admitted to take a degree in that faculty, and his petition was granted with a proviso that he should write one hundred verses on the glory of the University.¶ Not long afterwards John Bulman, another rhetorician, having complied with the terms imposed of explaining the first book of Tully's Offices, and likewise the first of his Epistles, without any pecuniary emolument, was graduated in rhetoric, and a crown of laurel was publicly placed on his head by the hands of the Chancellor of the University a Robert Whittington affords the last instance of a rhetorical degree, at Oxford. He was a secular priest, and eminent for his various treatises in grammar, and for his facility in Latin poetry. Having exercised his art many years, and submitted to the customary demand of one hundred verses, he was laureated in 1512.‡ This title is prefixed to one of his grammatical systems, (Lond. 1513.) ROBERTI WHITTINGTONI, *Lichfeldiensis, Grammatices Magistri, PROTOVATIS Angliæ, in florentissima Oxoniensi Achedemia LAUREATI, DE OCTO PARTIBUS ORATIONIS.* In his panegyric to Cardinal Wolsey, he mentions his laurel,

"*Suscipe Lauricomî munuscula parva Roberti.*"

* Where double dates are given, the first shews the time of birth, and the last of the death of the person named.

† Letters from Rome state that the Pope is anxious to revive the ancient ceremony (so graphically described by Madame de Staël, in her "Corinne," of solemnly crowning the greatest poet at the capitol; and that he has offered this distinguished honour to Chateaubriand. The venerable and amiable vicomte has declined the intended honour, declaring that he did not believe he had done sufficient to deserve it.

‡ Regist. Univ. Oxon. G. fol. 143.

§ Ibid. fol. 162.

¶ Regist. Univ. Oxon. G. fol. 134 a.

‡ Regist. ut suprà. G. fol. 1246.

§ Regist. Univ. Oxon. ut suprà. G. 1796, 1878.

John Gower, (1320-1408,) emphatically called "the moral Gower," and his friend Geoffrey Chaucer, (1328-1402,) are said to have been laureates, but this is uncertain, and we have no account of the time when they took the honour.

In Germany the laureate honours flourished under the reign of Maximilian the First. He founded, in 1504, a Poetical College, at Vienna, reserving to himself and the Regent, the power of bestowing the laurel. But the institution, notwithstanding this well-concerted scheme, fell into disrepute; owing to a crowd of claimants who were fired with the rage of versifying, and who, though destitute of poetic talent, had the laurel bestowed on them. The following is the form of the creation of three poets laureate, by the Chancellor of the University of Strasburgh, in 1621:—"I create you, being placed in a chair of state, crowned with laurel and ivy, and wearing a ring of gold, and the same do pronounce and create poets laureate, in the name of the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

It does not appear that the French ever had any poets laureate; but the Spaniards, naturally fond of titles and honours, seem to have known something of the laureateship, though little information concerning this matter can be obtained. Warton merely supposes that they had their *Juglares*, or convivial bards, very early.

Having thus given what information I have been able to collect respecting the origin of the title, we will turn our attention to the constitution of the office as it now stands in this country. From a very remote period, as we have before shewn, there was a person attached to the courts of various monarchs, who was paid by the sovereign, and bore the title of the *King's Poet*, the *King's Versificator*, or (in Germany) *Il Poeta Cesario*,* and it seems most probable, that at length those only were invited to this office who had received academical distinction; and that "the regal *Poet Laureate* was at first only a graduated rhetorician, employed in the service of the king," and did not assume that title in consequence of such service, but as an University honour, though he is now the only person who bears the name. This subject is, however, involved in much obscurity, and the only points which appear to be certainly established, are, that the office, as it now stands, involving an obligation to produce two odes yearly, cannot be traced much higher than a century.

The following list, which has been compiled with great care, shews the succession (as near as can be ascertained) of English regal poets laureate:—

William I.
1066†-1099 A jocolator, or bard, was an officer belonging to the court of this monarch. His lands are cited in Domesday Book,—"*Gloucesterscire Berdic. jocolator Regis, habet iii, villas et ibi Vicar. nil redd.*" (See Anstis Ord. Gart. ii. 304.)

Richard I.
1189—1199 A person named Baston appears to have acted as royal poet to this king. He composed officially on the crusade undertaken by Richard. Bale calls him "*laureatus apud Oxonienses.*"

Henry III.
1216—1272 This monarch entertained in his court a poet with a certain salary, and the title of the *Versifier*. His name was Henry D'Avranches, (Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 58, edit. 1602.) It appears from Madox's Hist. of Excheq., that his stipend was one hundred shillings. The king had also in his service a *harper*; for in 1252, forty-shillings and one pipe of wine were given to Richard the king's harper, and one pipe of wine to Beatrice, his wife. Rot. Pip. an 36, Henry III. "Et in uno dolio vini empto et dato magistro Ricardo Citharistæ regis xl. sol. per Bi. Reg." "Et in uno dolio empto et dato Beatrici uxori ejusdem Ricardi."

Edward II
1307—1327 This king had a royal poet, whose name was Gulielmus. He composed in his official capacity on Edward's siege of Stirling Castle.

Edw. IV.
1461—1483 John Kay (Selden Tit. Hon. p. ii., ch. 1, s. 43.) He wrote a history of Rhodes, and in his dedication to the king, he styles himself *his humble poet laureate*.

* Apostolo Zeno, as celebrated for his erudition as for his poetic powers, was both poet and historiographer to his Imperial Majesty. He was succeeded by Metastasio, (1698—1782) who, though an Italian by birth, was, in 1729, called to Vienna, by the Emperor Charles VI., where he settled with a considerable pension given him by that monarch.

† The first is the date of the accession, the last of the death, or end of the reign of each monarch.

- Hen. VII.
1483—1509 Andrew Bernard, (Rymer's Acts. Tom xii, 317, (where there is a charter of this king, with the title of *pro Poeta Laureato*; but it does not specify that any thing is to be done officially by Bernard,) and Sir Bryan Tuke's Accts., in the Remembrancer's Office.
John King. I find this person mentioned about this time as being succeeded by
- Hen. VIII.
1509—1547 John Skelton, who was *laureated* at Oxford, about 1489, prior to his being made the king's poet; and this is another confirmatory proof that the title of poet laureate was derived from the Universities, and did not originate with the king's poet.
- Fitzab. Beth.
1559—1603 Edmund Spenser. This appointment has been disputed; but whether he was regularly appointed to the office or not, it is certain that in 1590-1 he obtained a pension of £50 per annum from the Queen. Spenser died in 1599, and was followed by
- James I.
1603—1625 Samuel Daniel. He died in 1619, and was followed by Ben Jonson, who held the office during the remainder of the reign of James I., and continued in it under his successor, Charles I., until 1637, when he died. His salary was £100, and a butt of Canary wine. He was followed by
- Charles I.
1625—1645 Sir William D'Avenant, who filled the situation during the life of Charles I.; but during the Interregnum it seems to have been in abeyance. On the restoration he was reinstated, and continued to fill the office till his death in 1668.
- Charles II.
1660—1685 John Dryden succeeded him; and about the same time that he accepted the laureateship, was made historiographer royal, with a salary of £200, and a butt of wine. On the accession of James II., (who was a Roman Catholic) Dryden adopted the court religion, and, as a consequence, held his place until the period of the revolution, when he was displaced, and succeeded in both his offices by
- William & Mary.
1689—1701 Thomas Shadwell, who died in 1692.
Anne.
1701—1714 Nahum Tate, his successor, appears to have been the first, who, in his official capacity, celebrated the king's birthday. This was in 1694. Tate died in 1716.
- George I.
1714—1727 Nicholas Rowe. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Rowe, seems to insinuate that Tate was ejected to make room for Rowe. On his death, in 1718, he was succeeded by
- George I.
1714—1727 Lawrence Eusden. He was a clergyman, and held the office till his death in 1730.* (From the death of Rowe, in 1718, a regular series of birthday and new year odes may be traced.)
- George II.
1727—1760 Colley Cibber. He died in 1757, and after his death it was offered to Gray, who declined it; but it was accepted by
- George III.
1760—1820 William Whitehead. (See Dr. Johnson's life of Gray.) Whitehead died in 1785; and it is said Mason had the offer of the laureateship before it was tendered to Thomas Warton, who was a clergyman, and a man of genius. He was succeeded, on his death, in 1790, by Henry James Pye. This gentleman was at one period of his life M. P. for Berkshire, and at the time of his decease, in 1813, one of the Magistrates of Westminster, under the police act.
- Robert Southey was appointed in 1813, and held the office under George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria I.
- Victoria I.
William Wordsworth is the present poet laureate—"Wordsworth the worshipp'd with his verse divine." May he long enjoy the *pension*, and confer that honour on the office which it cannot give to him.

An anonymous writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, speaking of the laureateship, says,—"Of the office itself, if we may judge from the manner in which it has been filled, it is impossible to speak with much respect. For a whole century we can name only one man who did honour to its duties." And Gibbon, on the same subject, remarks,

*Savage being disappointed of the post on the death of Eusden, assumed the title of *Volunteer Laureate*. (Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, under Savage, p. 263.)

that "from Augustus to Louis, the muse has been too often false and venial; but I much doubt whether any age, or court, can produce a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who, in every reign, and at all events is bound to furnish, twice a year, a measure of praise and verse, such as may be sung in the chapel, and, I believe, in the presence of the sovereign. I speak the more freely, as the best time for abolishing this ridiculous custom is while the prince is a man of virtue, and the poet a man of genius." His concluding observation, if just at the time he wrote it, is still more appropriate now. On the whole it indeed appears that if we review the writings of the regal and other stipendiary poets laureate, we must in sorrow admit that the crown of laurel has "been oftener placed on the skull of a pedant, than twined round the head of a genius."

The city of London had, for some years, among the officers employed by the corporation, a chronologer, or city poet, who, according to Malone, had to "compose an annual panegyric on the Lord Mayor, and to write verses for the pageants;" but the office has been discontinued since 1722. Whether he was paid an annual salary, or only for his occasional services, no information can be obtained;* neither is it certain whether he ever took the title of poet laureate, or not. In 1620, Thomas Middleton was made city poet; and it would seem that Ben Jonson held the office in 1631. Between the years 1665, and 1671, a person named Tatham held it. He was succeeded by Thomas Jordan, who has been somewhat unjustly accused of dulness by several of his contemporaries. *Jordan died in 1671, and was followed by Taubman. Elkanah Settle (ob. 1722) was the last who filled the office.

It now remains, in accordance with our promise, that we give some account of the persons who have held the office of regal poet laureate in England, which we shall do in a brief manner, on account of the great length to which we have been already led.

Henry D'Avranches, who was entertained in the court of Henry III., was a Frenchman, and probably wrote in French. He was called *Master Henry, the versificator*; which appellation would seem to imply a different character from the *minstrel*, or *joculator*, as we find that a harper was also retained in the royal household at the same time. He had a certain fixed salary. In 1249, the king's treasurers were ordered to pay this Master Henry one hundred shillings, probably a year's stipend; and the same payment was made in 1251. The date of his death is uncertain.

Of John Kay no memorials remain, except what are mentioned in the list given above.

Andrew Bernard was a native of Tholouse, and an Augustine monk. He was not only the king's poet laureate, but his historiographer, and preceptor in grammar to Prince Arthur. He was also Master of St. Leonard's Hospital, at Bedford, which was given him by Bishop Smith; one of the founders of Brazennose College, Oxon, in 1498. All the pieces which he wrote in the character of the king's poet laureate, are in Latin. They are,—An Address to Henry VII., for the most auspicious beginning of the tenth year of his reign, with an Epithalamium on the marriage of Francis, the Dauphin of France, with the king's daughter—A New Year's Gift for the year 1515—and verses wishing prosperity to his Majesty's thirteenth year. He left some Latin hymns, and many of his Latin prose pieces, which he wrote in the quality of historiographer, to both Henry VII. and VIII., are remaining. In the instrument *pro poeta laureato* of Henry VII., there is no specification of anything to be done officially by Bernard. The king only grants to Andrew Bernard, *poetæ laureato*, which may be construed either the laureated poet, or poet laureate, a salary of ten marcs, till he can obtain some equivalent appointment. Bernard was blind.

John Skelton is supposed to have been born in Cumberland. He was educated at Oxford, and laureated there in 1489. On entering into holy orders, he obtained the rectory of Dyse, in Norfolk; but his conduct was very irregular. He was compelled to fly from his charge, and take refuge with Islip, Abbott of Westminster, in consequence of having reflected severely on Wolsey in his writings, which were chiefly satires upon his own order. He also wrote an invective against Lily, the grammarian, who answered him in his own way. Some of Skelton's Latin poems seem to be written in the character of royal laureate, particularly one, entitled,—"*Hæc Laureatus Skeltonus, orator reginæ, super triumphali, &c.*" It is subscribed—"Per Skeltonida Laureatum,

* The salary given to the city poet is incidentally mentioned by Jonsen in an indignant letter to the Earl of Newcastle, in 1631:—"Yesterday the barbarous court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlery pension for verjuice and mustard, £33. 6s. 8d."

oratoreum regium." Hardly any of his English pieces, which are numerous, belong to that character. He was laureate to Henry VIII., and he also styles himself "Orator regius." His death took place about 1529. The pasquils of Skelton are careless effusions of coarse humour, displaying some imagination, and much rancour; but he could also assume a more amiable and poetical manner, as in the well-known *canzonet*, addressed to Mistress Margaret Hussey.

Edmund Spenser was born at East Smithfield, near the Tower of London, in 1553. His first poetical performance was the *Shepherd's Calendar*, which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, who became his patron, and introduced him at court. The *Shepherd's Calendar* is a pastoral poem, in twelve eclogues, one for each month. In 1579 our poet was sent abroad on some mission by the Earl of Leicester, and he afterwards accompanied Lord Grey, of Wilton, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, as his secretary. In June, 1586, Spenser obtained from the crown a grant of 3028 acres of land in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond, and he, in consequence repaired again to Ireland, (which place he had left when the deputy was recalled) and took up his abode in Kilcolman Castle, near Doneraile, which had been one of the ancient strongholds of the Earls of Desmond. There he wrote most of the "Faery Queen." When he had completed the three first books, he came to England to arrange for their publication; and in January, 1589-90, they appeared with a dedication to her majesty Queen Elizabeth. In 1591 the queen settled a pension of £50 per annum on Spenser, and he returned to Ireland. In the interval between this time and 1598, he published "The Tears of the Muses," "Mother Hubbard," "Daphnida," "Amoretti," "The Epithalamium," (relating his courtship and marriage,) "Elegy of Astrophel," (on the death of Sidney,) and the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the "Faery Queen." In October, 1598, an insurrection was organized in Munster, and the insurgents attacked Kilcolman Castle, which they plundered and afterwards destroyed by fire. Spenser and his wife escaped; but either in the confusion incidental to such a calamity, or from inability to render assistance, an infant child of the poet ("new born" according to Ben Jonson) was left behind, and perished in the flames. The poet, impoverished and broken-hearted, reached London, and died in about three months, in King Street, Westminster, on the 16th of January, 1599. He was buried near the tomb of Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey, the Earl of Essex defraying the expense of the funeral, and his hearse attended (as Camden relates) by his brother poets, who threw "mournful elegies" into his grave. A monument was erected over his remains thirty years afterwards by Anne, countess of Dorset.

Samuel Daniel was the son of a music master. He was born in 1562, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, and seems to have been educated under the patronage of the Pembroke family. In 1579 he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he devoted himself to the study of poetry and history: at the end of three years, he quitted the University without taking a degree, and was appointed tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. After the death of Spenser, Daniel became what Mr. Campbell calls "voluntary laureate" to the court. In the reign of James I. he was appointed master of the queen's revels, and inspector of plays to be represented by the juvenile performers. He was also preferred to be a gentleman extraordinary, and groom of the chamber to Queen Anne, (the wife of James.) Towards the close of his life he retired to a farm at Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he died in October, 1619. It is only by virtue of his minor pieces and sonnets that Daniel continues to maintain his place amongst the English poets.

Benjamin, or, as he is more commonly called, Ben Jonson, was born in Westminster, in 1574. His father, a clergyman in Westminster, (a member of a Scottish family from Annandale,) died before the poet's birth, and his mother marrying again to a bricklayer, Ben was brought from Westminster school and put to the same employment. Disliking this occupation, he enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries, where he distinguished himself by his courage. On his return to England, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge; but his stay there must have been short—probably on account of his straitened circumstances—for, about the age of twenty, he is found married, and an actor in London; but in this profession he completely failed. He afterwards commenced writing for the stage, and produced, in 1596, his "*Every Man in his Humour*;" after which he produced a new piece annually for several years. Queen Elizabeth patronised the poet, and he was from that time "a man of mark and

likelihood." Shortly after the accession of James I., a comedy, called "*Eastward Hoe*," was written conjointly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, which, on account of some passages in it reflecting on the Scotch nation, had nearly brought the authors to the pillory. The offended nationality of James was, however, appeased, and in 1619 he received the appointment of royal poet laureate, with a pension of a hundred marks. The latter days of Jonson were dark and painful. Attacks of palsy confined him to his house, and his necessities compelled him to write for the stage, when his pen had lost its vigour, and wanted the charm of novelty. In 1630, he produced the "*New Inn*," a comedy, which was unsuccessful. The king sent him a present of £100, and raised his laureate pension to the same sum per annum, adding a yearly tierce of canary wine. Next year, however, we find Jonson, in an *Epistle Mendicant*, soliciting assistance from the lord treasurer. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a square stone, marking the spot where the poet's body was disposed vertically, was long afterwards shown, inscribed only with the words, "O, rare Ben Jonson." It is a singular fact that the great great grandfather of Pye, (the poet laureate of Geo. III.) was auditor of the exchequer to James I., and by virtue of that office, paid the salary of the poet laureate.

Sir William D'Avenant was born at Oxford, where his father was a vintner, in 1605. After having received the rudiments of education at the grammar school of that city, he was entered of Lincoln College. He did not remain long at the University, but became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards to Lord Brooke. About the year 1628, he began to write for the stage and in 1637, succeeded Jonson as royal poet laureate. In 1643, he was knighted for his skill and bravery in the cause of the royalists. During the Protectorate, he very narrowly escaped destruction, on account of his activity in the king's service. It is said that he owed his life to the interposition of Milton in his behalf. After the restoration, he obtained a patent for erecting a theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, and again basked in royal favour, continuing to write and superintend the performance of plays till his death, April 7th, 1668.

John Dryden was born at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, in August, 1631. His father, Erasmus Driden, (the poet first spelled the name with a y,) was a strict Puritan, of an ancient family, long established in Northamptonshire. John was the eldest son out of a family of fourteen children, and received a good education, first at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M. A. Dryden's first poetical production was a set of "heroic stanzas," on the death of Cromwell. It is superior to Waller's poem on the same subject. When the Restoration took place, Dryden went over with the tuneful throng who welcomed in Charles II. He had done with the Puritans, and he wrote poetical addresses to the king, and the Lord Chancellor. In 1662, and the two following years, he wrote "*The Wild Gallant*," "*The Rival Ladies*," and "*The Indian Emperor*;" the last was very successful. In 1665 he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. The match added neither to his wealth nor his happiness; and the poet afterwards avenged himself by constantly inveighing against matrimony. When his wife wished to be a book, that she might enjoy more of his company, Dryden is said to have replied,—"Be an almanack then, my dear, that I may change you once a year." Soon after the fire of London, (1666) he engaged with the king's players for one share and a quarter of the profits of the theatre, (worth about £300 per annum,) to write three plays every year for their benefit. In 1668 he was made poet laureate, and royal historiographer, with a salary of £200. These were golden days; but they did not last. He got involved in controversies and quarrels, and was made the object of satirical reflections by many of his contemporaries. In 1684 he published "*Religio Laici*," a poem defending the Church of England against the Dissenters, yet evincing a sceptical spirit with regard to revealed religion; but his doubts were soon dispelled by his embracing the Roman Catholic faith, and closing in with the court of James II. The conduct of Dryden has been attempted to be justified by Johnson and Sir Walter Scott; but the man who could successively be a Puritan, a Churchman, and a Roman Catholic, as each of those tenets were professed by the ruling powers of this country, and write in the defence of the doctrines of each party, is scarcely worth justifying by any but those whose religious opinions are as unsettled as his were. The revolution in 1688 deprived Dryden of his offices of royal poet laureate and historiographer, in both of which he was succeeded by Shadwell. Dryden died May 1st, 1700, and his corpse,

after being abandoned in a most shameful manner by all his friends, was at length, through the endeavours and influence of Dr. Samuel Garth, interred in Westminster Abbey. It has been beautifully said of Dryden, that "his muse was a fallen angel, cast down for manifold sins and impurities, yet radiant with light from heaven." The writings of Dryden are so well known as to preclude the necessity of particular mention.

Thomas Shadwell was born in 1640, and educated at Cambridge. When Dryden was removed from the offices of laureate and historiographer royal, Shadwell was appointed his successor, which exposed him to the severity of that poet's satire who ridiculed him under the appellation of Mac Flecknoe. He died in London in 1692. His principal pieces are "Epsom Wells," "Timon the Misanthrope," "The Virtuoso," "The Gentleman of Alsace," and "The Lancashire Witches," comedies.

Nahum Tate. This poet is best known by a version of psalms, which he wrote in conjunction with Nicholas Brady, and which were long used in churches, under the name of the "old version." He appears to have been either poor or improvident, for he had to shelter himself from his creditors in the mint, where he died in 1716.

Nicholas Rowe was born in 1673. His chief works are the tragedies called "The Ambitious Stepmother," "Tamerlane," "The Fair Penitent," "Ulysses," "The Royal Convert," "Jane Shore," "Lady Jane Grey," and a comedy called "The Biter." He wrote also several poems upon different subjects, and gave the public an edition of Shakspeare's plays, to which he prefixed a life of the dramatist. The most considerable of Rowe's performances was a translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*. He died in 1718.

Lawrence Eusden was born in Yorkshire. In 1718 he obtained the laureateship, which raised him several enemies, particularly Pope, who placed him in the Dunciad. He became rector of Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, where he died in 1730.

Colley Cibber, the son of Gabriel Cibber, a celebrated sculptor, was born in London, in 1671. He served in the army commanded by the Prince of Orange at the revolution; and afterwards went on the stage, but did not obtain any considerable reputation as an actor, and became a dramatic writer to help his finances. His first play was "Love's Last Shift," which was performed in 1695, and met with great applause. His best piece is the "Careless Husband," performed in 1704; but "The Nonjuror" brought him the most fame and profit. George I., to whom it was dedicated, gave him £200. The success of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," the first ballad opera in England, was so extensive and complete, that the managers of the rival theatre in Drury Lane, were compelled to produce something in imitation of it; and accordingly Cibber's "Love in a Riddle," was brought out, but entirely failed; it was followed by various operas, as the "Lover's Opera," &c., but they all shared the same fate, producing neither fame to their author, nor profit to the theatre. It was, no doubt, exceedingly mortifying to Cibber, to be thus compelled to imitate Gay, and to fail in his imitation. In the prologue to "Love in a Riddle," he entreated indulgence for his unskilful singers, and added:—

Why after learned warblers must we pant,
And doat on airs which they alone can chant?
What though amateurs doat on champagne,
Must English taste never have ale again?

Cibber said, he had endeavoured to recommend virtue in this opera, instead of vice, and insinuated that the public taste was perverted in favour of the Beggar's Opera; but, as Professor Taylor remarks, "any one who would take the trouble to wade through the dull dialogue of any one of the operas of Cibber, and the twaddle of its songs, would be at no loss for the cause of failure." After the failure of his operatic efforts, Cibber confined himself to tragedy and comedy, till he retired from the stage in 1731. He wrote about thirty dramas. In 1730 he succeeded Eusden in the royal laureateship, and held the office till his death, which took place suddenly on the 12th of December, 1757; on which morning his man-servant, who had conversed with him at six o'clock, found him, with his face reclining on the pillow, quite dead at the hour of nine. Cibber left the office of royal laureate in complete ruins and overwhelmed with a weight of ridicule which it seemed impossible to remove. Of this the patrons of the office were fully sensible: and when it was proposed to offer it to Gray, it was with the condition of its being a *sinécure*, but Gray thought proper to decline it. His sentiments on the subject appear in a letter he wrote to Mason at that time. "If you hear who it

is to be given to, pray let me know : for I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or *ever had any credit!*" At this time, Mason himself was intended for it; but an apology was made for passing him over, "that being in orders, he was thought, merely on that account, less eligible for the office than a layman." This however, was an apology created for the purpose; for Cibber's immediate predecessor, Eusden, was a clergyman, and had held the office fourteen years. It was then given to Whitehead. Cibber wrote an apology for his life, which is one of the most delightful pieces of autobiography extant.

William Whitehead was the author of the "Roman Father," "Fatal Constancy," and "Creusa," tragedies; the "School for Lovers," a comedy; and a "Trip to Scotland," a farce. On the death of Cibber, he was appointed to the laureateship, but not with the compliment paid to Gray; for Whitehead, as he tells us himself,

Obliged by sack and pension,
Without a subject, or invention,
Must certain things in order set,
As innocent as a Gazette:
Must some half-meaning half-disguise,
And utter neither truth nor lies.

His friend Mason, compassionating the case of a man tied down to such a task, endeavoured to relieve him by an expedient not very promising. He advised him to employ a deputy to write his annual odes, and reserve his own pen for certain great occasions, as a peace, or a royal marriage; and he pointed out to him two or three needy poets, who, for a reward of five or ten guineas, would be humble enough to write under the eye of the musical composer. Whitehead, however, wrote *his own* odes, and had the honour to be reckoned superior to Cibber. He died in 1785.

Thomas Warton was a descendant of a younger brother of Michael Warton, Esq., of Beverley, Yorkshire, but originally of Warton Hall, county of Lancaster. His father, Thomas Warton, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxon, and afterwards professor of poetry, in that university, and vicar of Basingstoke, Hants, and of Cobham, Surrey, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Richardson, rector of Dunsfold, by whom he had two sons, John, who was master of Winchester school, Thomas, the poet laureate, and one daughter, Jane. Thomas, after entering college, took the degree of M. A., in 1750; B. D. in 1767; was elected poetry professor on the death of Hawkins in 1756, which honour he resigned before 1771, when he was elected F. A. S., and Camdenian professor in 1785, on the resignation of Dr. Scott. In the same year, he succeeded Whitehead as royal laureate. Warton was in orders, and in 1768 he was presented to the vicarage of Shalfeld, Wiltshire; in 1771 the Earl of Lichfield gave him the rectory of Kiddington; and in 1782 he had the donative of Hill Farrance, Somersetshire, conferred upon him. He was, at the time of his decease, senior Fellow of Trinity College, Oxon, at which place he died, May 21st, 1790; and on the afternoon of May 27th, his remains were interred in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, near those of Dr. Huddesford, the late president, with the highest academical honours. He wrote several works; but the one by which he is best known is "The History of English Poetry," from the close of the eleventh, to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed dissertations on the origin of romantic fiction in Europe, and on the introduction of learning into England.

Henry James Pye was descended from a very ancient and respectable family, who are stated to have come in with the Conqueror. He was also the representative, by the female line, of Hampden; one of his ancestors, Sir Robert, son of Sir Robert, auditor of the Exchequer to James I., having married Anne, the eldest daughter of the patriot. Pye was born in London, in 1745, and educated at home till the age of seventeen, under a private tutor. In 1766 he was made M. A., of Magdalen College, Oxon; and in 1772, at the installation of Lord North, created Doctor of Laws. His father died in 1766, about ten days after the poet came of age. In 1784 he was chosen M. P. for Berkshire; and he succeeded Warton, as poet laureate, in 1790. He was nominated one of the magistrates for Westminster under the police act, in 1792. He died at Pinner, August 11th, 1813, in his 69th year. In a memoir of him, written at the time of his decease, it is said,—“He was a prolific writer; but his poetry cannot, upon the whole, be said to be of that very superior kind which has universally exacted the applause of first-rate excellence.”

Robert Southey "was born at Bristol, August 12th, 1774. His father was a linen draper in Wine Street, in that city. He was sent to school when six years of age, to Mr. Foote, a Baptist Minister; was subsequently taught by a Mr. Flower, at Corston, near Newton St. Loe, and by Mr. William Williams, a Welshman, from whom little scholarship was to be got; was subsequently placed at Westminster, in 1788, by his maternal uncle, Mr. Hill, and finally at Baliol College, Oxon, in 1792, with the design of his entering the church. But Southey's college career closed in 1794; for his tendency towards Socinian opinions made the plan of life chalked out for him distasteful. In the same year he published his first poems, in conjunction with Mr. Lovell, the friends assuming the names of Moschus and Bion. In the November of 1795, he married Miss Fricker, of Bristol, the sister of Mrs. Coleridge. In the winter of the same year, while the author was on his way to Lisbon, Joan of Arc was published. In 1797 he went to London, and entered Gray's Inn. He passed part of the years 1800-1 in Portugal; and was for a short time resident in Ireland, (as secretary we believe to Mr. Corry, or to Mr. Foster.) His final establishment at Keswick took place early in the present century." On the decease of Pye, in 1813, Southey was appointed to the regal laureateship. The early writings of the laureate were decidedly ultra-liberal, if not republican, in their political, and latitudinarian in their religious, tendency; and perhaps this may have been one reason why the government were anxious to enlist in their service a poet of such abilities as Southey, and by rendering him dependant, compel his silence on topics which so strongly coincided with popular opinions. It appears from the pension list that Southey was in the receipt of £455 annually, which, no doubt, were *weighty* reasons why the recipient should be guarded in the expression of his sentiments. For some time previous to his death, he was afflicted with mental derangement, and lost all knowledge of his friends. A most melancholy end for one who had given to the world some of the finest productions of the mind. He died at Keswick, Cumberland, March 21st, 1843, leaving a second wife and four children.

William Wordsworth was, on the death of Southey, appointed to the office of poet laureate. This gentleman has for some time past been acknowledged as the first poet of the present day. His writings are eminently distinguished for their deep philosophy, and the pure and high-toned morality which pervades them; and his appointment to the laureateship reflects equal credit on the queen and the poet.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

(From "*The Domestic Hearth, and other Poems*;" a forthcoming Volume.)

BY MRS. CAULTON.

Know ye what it is to mark
Earth's bright baubles all grow dark?
Know ye what it is to prove,
How short and frail, the stranger's love?
Oh! then ye come the worth to learn
Of the old familiar faces.

Know ye what it is to lie
In pain and sickness heavily,
With none but hired feet to tread
In heedless step around your bed?
Oh! then you know what 'tis to yearn
For the old familiar faces.

Have ye seen the proud one's scorn—
Felt your heart grow sad and lorn?
Have ye found—what most can tell—
How few there are who love ye well?
Oh! then you know love's lamp doth burn
With the old familiar faces.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Old!—the very word endears!
 Who have wiped our earliest tears?
 Who hath soothed away our grief,
 When nought beside could give relief,
 But the kind hand and sweet concern
 Of the old familiar faces?

God be with them—one and all!
 His best gifts upon them fall;
 Deeply in my heart they live,—
 And whatever life may give,
 Or joy, or grief, with love I'll turn
 To the old familiar faces.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED IN A GRAVEYARD.

I stood beside an operative's grave,
 Dug in the pauper ground, where wild weeds wave
 In pestilential odour, far away
 From marble tombs that deck the rich man's clay;
 I saw the tear hung on each mourner's cheek,
 Mixed with a scowl that would abhorrence speak,
 That as in life the poor apart are thrust,
 They must not mingle e'en in fleshless dust.
 The humble tenant of that narrow home—
 Once an industrious follower of the loom—
 By new inventions of mechanic skill
 Had from employment fall'n, and his best will
 To labour in the way his life had past
 Fruitless became, and he was left at last
 Absorbed in poverty; with that came grief,
 Grief brought disease, and none to yield relief;
 He travelled far in poverty and pain,
 Seeking for work, but yet no aid could gain,—
 The pauper hospital his last resource,
 From whence was borne his poor and mangled corse.
 No widow with her children mark'd the spot,
 But absence proved how deep their bitter lot;
 For they *were* left—and she who graced his side
 (In life, his joy, his comfort, and his pride,)
 Had now the keener misery to know
 Poverty had not left her means to shew
 A last sad tribute, just to say—farewell!
 Over the grave of him she loved so well;—
 For clotheless, helpless, hopeless, she was left
 In her sad home of ev'ry joy bereft.

I saw that hovel of despair and woe,
 And freely did the tear of pity flow,
 The poor bereaved one and her naked brood
 Perishing in the want of fire and food,—
 I heard the children's famish'd cries for bread,
 I felt each tear the wretched mother shed;
 And as my bosom throbb'd at their sad state,
 I pray'd the poor might find a better fate—
 That in man's breast should rise a friendly glow,
 To stay such scenes of agonizing woe;
 And by some tie of brotherhood and love,
 The grand, sublime, and sacred doctrine prove,

That those in power, and those beneath the rod,
Alike are equal in the sight of God.

A few years passed away. I stood again,
And view'd another melancholy train
Of the same class of industry and worth,
As he so wretchedly bestowed in earth,—
One who knew poverty from work denied,—
Had travell'd, fallen in sickness, sunk and died.
But what a contrast did their funerals shew ;—
Though grief was here, 'twas not that abject woe,
The widow and her orphans graced the ground,
In decent garb of mourning standing round—
A hundred friends respectful tribute paid
To him who in the narrow grave was laid,
The influence of whose presence gave relief,
Softening the fatherless and widows' grief
In their sad deprivation. So in life
They sooth'd the sick man's bed against the strife
Of biting poverty, affording aid
In weekly bounties regularly paid ;
On travel for employment they had cheer'd,
At every town help in their name appear'd,
And though from mortal fate they could not save,
Their kindness smooth'd his passage to the grave ;
Nor stayed their love at the eternal bourne,
They thought of those who most his loss must mourn,
And by their bounty gave the widow power
To cheer her orphans in that mournful hour.

Divinest attribute of human kind !
To heal deep grief, the broken heart to bind ;
To lighten the despair of death's dark gloom,
And kindle hope e'en o'er the lost one's tomb !

Whose is the praise of this ennobling plan
Of friendship, love and truth 'tween man and man—
In whose good deeds, and not in name alone,
Benevolence and brotherhood are shewn—
Whose purity of purpose all may see
Springing from bright and holy charity ?

Behold the glorious rainbow of the skies,
The sign of promise to all human eyes,
That though the clouds descend in falling rain,
No deluge shall destroy the earth again—
Its colours bearing in their radiant scope
A type of heavenly love and human hope !
So by its many colour'd hues we know
The Order whence these earthly blessings flow ;
The white, the blue, the scarlet, and the gold,
With purple blent, wherein we may behold
A moral bow, which in prismatic rays,
Faith, Hope, and Charity divine displays—
The type of brotherhood, the bond of joy,
Misfortune cannot change, nor death destroy !

Then may that Order flourish, and increase
In true philanthropy till woe shall cease ;
May all the human race confess its sway,
And hail the dawning of its better day,
Which every earthly blessing shall dispense
To all beneath the eye of Providence !

CHARLES BASS.

THE DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

SHAKSPEARE speaks of sleep as "tir'd nature's sweet restorer;" I was not, however, on this occasion, destined to have much enjoyment from my nap—from the moment when I closed my eyes I was doomed to torture. I thought I was on board a ship at Calcutta; how I came there heaven knows, but I supposed I must have been sent there as a punishment for my sins, for I should never have gone voluntarily to that pleasant spot, where you are forced to steer your ship as she lies at anchor, and where the tide bursts upon the beach like a twenty-foot wall, sweeping away men, boats, and pigs, and every thing else that comes in its way. However, there I was, but this was not the worst of it; for by one of those changes so common in dreams, I found myself in the good ship, still higher up the river. We were dropping down the Hooghly with the tide, not a breath of air was stirring, and as there were consequently no sails to attend to, we were sent into the hold to break saltpetre. I shudder now at the recollection. It was a burning hot day, and in the closeness of the hold it was absolutely suffocating; the work too was very laborious, and the exhalations from the salt were sickening and nauseous in the extreme. I was in despair, and I thought at the time that surely the infernal regions could not furnish worse tortures. I was sitting exhausted, covered with perspiration and dust, and like Xailoun, the idiot, in the Persian tale, I prayed heartily for a change; I did not care what it was—I could not be worse. My wish was instantly granted—but I did not take much by my motion. I was now forcing my way through a dense forest, very respectably habited, with a large white turban on my head, and a long hog spear in my hand. A rare tough job I had to force my way through the rank and tangled undergrowth; and I was not without serious apprehensions of a sudden introduction to some of the interesting inhabitants of that gloomy forest—a maternal tiger suckling her beauteous offspring, or some other equally amiable object. After a time, which seemed to me an age, I at last got clear of that delightful place; but it was only to find myself in the front of a thick jungle; however, as it did not seem to be of great extent, I pushed boldly into it. I soon wished myself back. The long grass reached above my head, and matted as it was below, I was down every few yards; that confounded long spear too—and yet I dared not part with it. Worn, jaded, and exhausted, I at last threw myself on the ground, careless of what might happen. I was immediately, as I thought, asleep; but this was not to last long. With that dim perception of external objects which sometimes seizes on the mind even during the influence of slumber, I heard around me a rushing and crashing through the jungle, whilst the very earth seemed to shake beneath me. I was at last aroused; but what was my consternation to see a huge brute of an elephant standing within a few feet of me, and gazing down upon me with looks of the most profound gravity. No sooner did I show any signs of motion, than he raised up his vile proboscis nearly to the perpendicular, and uttered that horrid cry which is called trumpeting; in an instant he was answered by the whole herd. I thought there must at least have been five hundred of them; and I could see around me a whole array of those horrid trunks all cocked up in the air, and taking part in that fearful concert. With a desperate effort I sprang to my feet, and the illusion vanished—I was awake. It was some moments before I regained consciousness. But what is that? That dreadful sound is still ringing in my ears! I thought it was but the impression left by my dream, and I tried to shake it off, but in vain; the uproar even seemed to increase. I jumped from my bed in a perfect paroxysm of fear,

Obstupui steteruntque comæ.

I was bewildered, astounded; I could not find from whence the noise proceeded. It was above, around, and underneath; the very walls seemed to send forth strange noises, and the window itself rattled with the concussion—it was a perfect avalanche of sound. At length there is a pause, and the noise seems to die away, like the last growl of the departing thunder. I had scarce time to breathe after the strong relief I felt, when again that horrid sound burst out in one loud and deafening crash. I was, however, now restored to the full use of my faculties, and was enabled to trace it to its source—it was my bedfellow snoring!

HAL, THE DREAMER.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

ILLUSTRATING AN OLD PAINTING.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

RUDÉ is the cottage, but its inmate fair,—
 Quaint is her Flemish garb—her silken hair
 Folded beneath her pearly coif—embrown'd
 The sunny peach-bloom of her cheek—unbound
 Her crimson boddice, and there gleams above
 Her kerchief's folds the fount of matron love,
 Whiter than half-blown lilies—nestled there
 A smiling infant rests its ringlets fair
 On fervent loving heart. How purely lies
 Devotion in thy blue and quiet eyes!
 Hush'd is the clasping babe—before thee stand
 Two gentle children with uplifted hand
 And reverent gaze. How simple is the fare—
 But heavenly visitants are watching there;
 Those hallowing words have blest thy humble board,
 And with a deeper peace thy heart is stor'd.
 Brown bread and simple roots! Oh! blest are they
 Who with such humble gratitude can pray;
 Thy children seem to feel the angel's wings
 Float o'er them in its holy visitings!
 Oh! ye, whose haughty heads have never bow'd
 Through the hot revel and the banquet proud,
 What would ye give for such sweet faith as her's,
 Whose heart communes with such bright ministers?
 Bidding her children through their lengthened days,
 Take reverently His gifts, and yield the Giver praise!

A POET'S MUSINGS.

BY THE SAME.

"Look within
 This dark enchanted mirror! thou shalt see
 What the green laurel hides."

My heart has pour'd its treasures forth too wild and free,
 The broken urn is all that now is left to me!
 And withered leaves and ashes dark as my despair,
 Are all that show there has been light and perfume there!
 My soul's bright hopes!—how glorious *once* did ye not seem?
 Alas! how fearful 'tis to wake from such a dream.
 The bitterness of death is there,—oh, idol Fame,
 Thy martyrs perish in the hope to win a name
 Renown'd in future ages; far above their lot—
 They mingle with the unnumber'd dead, and are forgot!
 Or if some wild and thrilling lay survives their fate,
 Men wonder who has framed a song so passionate,
 And offer what he sought in vain—a poet's fame!
 But where is he?—unknown he died—without a name!
 They have no record of his fate;—perchance he bore
 Scorn, hunger, madness—all is past—he is no more!
 And I, what have I won for all the sacrifice
 Of feelings, pure as the first spring in Paradise?
 A shadowy name, untimely traced in passion's page,—
 A heart grown old in youth, and cold as frozen age.
 Oh! wild ambitious heart—thy hopes have perish'd long;
 What hast thou more to dedicate to fame or song?

NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO FRANCE.

BY HENRY WHAITE, D. G. M.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Tuilleries, are said to be unequalled, as city residences, by those of any monarch in the world, and such an assertion I readily believe. I spent nearly a whole day in the Louvre, and shall never forget the magnificent collection of paintings. The productions of the most celebrated masters were classified in the different schools, namely, the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, English, &c., so that there is no difficulty in finding the works of various artists. Here are to be seen some scores of students, male and female, copying from any of the pictures they may fancy, with their easels, chairs, tables, &c., all scattered about the immense gallery. Some of the most eminent Parisian artists, I understand, have here obtained their perfection, without the aid of a master. What an advantage must it be to native talent to have these daily facilities for improvement free from cost; and what a treat is it for an Englishman, who, by merely showing his passport, gains free admission, on certain days, to see through not only this but all the other palaces. The Luxembourg gallery of paintings was also very splendid, as well as the sculpture, which is in great abundance. For a small gratuity to one of the officials we were shown the royal apartments, which exceeded in splendour all I had ever seen, the walls, ceilings, &c., abounding with gilding and gilt ornaments. I remember making an observation that gilding might have been as cheap as painting, it appears so lavishly used, and where it is not there is either polished marble, or choice-coloured stones.

The Hotel des Invalides, or the hospital for aged and decrepid soldiers and sailors, is also a fine building; it contains upwards of 7000 of them. But what attracted my notice more than all was the coffin containing the remains of the far-famed Napoleon Buonaparte. Permission having been granted by the English government to France to remove them from their late resting-place in St. Helena, to be deposited amongst those of his old and tried friends, the soldiers; and while they were erecting a suitable tomb for their final reception, they were placed in a small chapel, within a few yards from the splendid tomb they were then gilding for them. This chapel, if I may call it such, was lined with purple cloth, in festoons, around which were various flags, trophies, &c. Over the coffin, which was of black marble, was suspended a lamp, which was kept burning night and day. We ascended the steps, which were covered with purple cloth, to some iron bars within a yard of the coffin. On the top of it lay Napoleon's cap, and the sword of Austerlitz, which he wore when in his glory. Never shall I cease to remember the sensation which seemed to overawe me in ascending the steps, and passing the gloomy-looking sentinels, with their guns reversed, and knowing that I was within a few paces of the remains of this once great warrior, whose ambitious designs in public structures I had been so justly admiring, and whose name will live throughout all ages.

Pere la Chaise, of which I had heard so much, I also visited. It exceeded in magnitude anything I had imagined; but the splendour of the tombs was alloyed by their inconsistent arrangement—there was such a crowding and jumbling together of them that I felt somewhat disappointed. It stands on the side of a high hill, and contains about one hundred acres; from the top there is a fine view of Paris. We found our way into a small chapel, where they were performing mass. About a dozen priests, and singing men and boys, were singing and chaunting, while the relatives all knelt around the coffin; we stayed until the ceremony was over, and then followed in procession to the grave, the priests, &c., singing all the way. We passed a many little chapels, or tombs, where are to be seen through the grating, crucifixes, altars, candles, artificial flowers, and various sorts of ornaments; before some of them we witnessed the bereaved relatives in the act of devotion, or trimming up little gardens, or plants about them, strewing flowers, or affixing wreaths composed of a yellow flower; upon some I noticed near a dozen of these wreaths. The Pantheon is also another place to serve for the memory of departed worth, and where the bodies of the illustrious senators, warriors, poets, &c., are favoured with a resting-place. It is an exceedingly fine building, in a cathedral shape, and has a large dome. I was shown into the vault beneath, and saw the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, &c.; the latter has a hand with a torch protruding from the tomb—a most striking and poetical symbol.

The Madelin was commenced by Napoleon near forty years ago, for a similar purpose, or rather, for a temple of glory, where he intended having the names of his military heroes inscribed on tablets of gold; but to this day it is not finished. It has the appearance of the temple at Athens, and is of an immense size; the fresco paintings which they are now working on the walls of the interior are truly splendid. The Jarden des Plantes is also a great treat; and particularly the museum, and the zoological and botanical gardens, which are attached. The Gobelins is near here, where they manufacture the tapestry. Here the most elaborate paintings are copied with such correctness and brilliancy of colours, that in some instances they surpass even the paintings, when viewed at a short distance. The carpets, some of which they were making, were of the most enormous size I ever beheld, and the patterns the most elegant. The worsted, when clipped, is about an inch long; but they are only fit to adorn royal palaces. The place is supported by government, and its products can only be had by royal permission.

On Sunday I attended the British Ambassador's church, and was much pleased with the bishop, who preaches here regularly; it is attended by the resident English nobility. All sit indiscriminately in long seats, not pews, as in England; but what proved a great annoyance during the whole of the service was a neighbouring blacksmith on his anvil; and also some joiners who were at work. I mentioned the same to mine host at dinner, and said I was surprised that they were allowed to follow their daily occupation on the Sunday. He smiled at me, and said,—“You will scarcely see a shop closed here on a Sunday, and most trades are carried on as on other days for a portion of it; but what think you,” said he, “of having horse-racing here on Sundays? And to-day there is expected to be some very good running, for I have now in the house two of the Newmarket jockeys, who are engaged for this and two following Sundays.” I at first was incredulous, but being assured of the fact, I determined to wend my way towards the course, in order to satisfy myself. Accordingly after dinner I set out, and the first thing I noticed convinced me that he had told me no untruth; for here I observed, about three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, about thirty men mending or paving the streets; next some painters at work on the outside of some buildings, not as an act of necessity, but as their daily avocation. On entering the Champ Elysées, I was struck with amazement at beholding the most gay and lively, yet to me a revolting, sight. There were flying boxes, roundabouts, and Punch and Judy without end; Chinese jugglers performing their various feats, gaming tables of every description, electrifying machines, giving shocks for a sous, or half-penny each; others were showing various experiments in circles with performing-dogs, which would play at cards, or dominoes, with any of the company. I would here observe that all these performances were on the grass, under trees, or within circles made with cords from tree to tree, and all in the long avenues apparently extending for miles. I was so engrossed with the scene that I almost doubted the day, and I must say that I forgot where I intended going to, namely, the race course; but having got near the Invalides I met the race horses coming back, so I declined going further. There were groups playing at cricket, quoiting, skittles, and various other games; here were shooting butts for pistols and carbines, where parties were popping off their pieces every second. At the horse bazaar they were selling horses by auction,—there again were billiard tables, peep shows, exhibitions of different kinds, ballad-singers, book and print-stalls, nuts, sweets, &c., in endless variety. In fact, the largest and the gayest fair I ever attended was nothing compared to the regular Sunday afternoon amusements in Paris. I next passed the circus, built also in these avenues, around which was the anxious throng who had besieged the doors, and were waiting for admittance. All the theatres, I was told, and concerts are open on the Sunday night, and it is considered their best night. Of course there are carriages in this lively scene, but they are confined to certain avenues; some of their equipages are truly splendid. Having now satisfied myself of the utter disregard of the Sabbath, as a day of worship, I directed my steps once more into the city. Here I found a many of the shops beginning to close, or partially close; but still the principal ones were open, and those that were closed were only so for the keepers of them to attend the theatres, concerts, and other places of amusement.

Few parties who visit Paris on pleasure neglect to go to Versailles; if they did, they would neglect what would repay a sight-lover to go from England on purpose for. The palace, for splendour and magnificence, is beyond my power of description; nothing that I had ever seen, even in Paris, could compete with it, nor could I convey a correct

idea of the vastness and splendour of this monument of human pride and greatness. The grounds, the gardens, the fountains, the statuary, the groves, yea, everything is of that vast, gorgeous, and costly description, that I should say there could not be anything to exceed it. When my friends wished to know if I would call at the Palace of St. Cloud on our way back to Paris, I exclaimed,—“No; I have been so glutted with splendour this day, that I will see no more palaces.” The galleries of paintings, sculpture, &c., are in such numbers and of such lengths, that it took about five hours in viewing them hastily, and passing through them; indeed, if possible, there is too much to see. On my second visit to Versailles I went to see the grand water-works. It exceeded my powers of conception. All the fountains were at work, sending forth large volleys of water out of various marble, bronze, or leaden statues, some of a most gigantic appearance, and representing principally the heathen deities. But such is the expence of these fetes, that they have only about four or six in the year. They cost, I was credibly informed, about £700 each time, this sum being principally expended in raising water, &c.; such is the attraction caused when it is known there will be a grand “Eaux” at Versailles, that some hundreds of thousands from all parts throng to see it; the distance from Paris, by coach road, is about fifteen miles; but by the railways, for they have two, it is nearly double the distance. St. Cloud is the general residence of the king. The village of Sevres is near to it, where all the most costly porcelain is manufactured, which is always open to the public on Sundays, and to foreigners on other days, by shewing their passports, and it is well worth seeing.

Having now been satisfied with Paris, I determined to return to England by way of Havre. Accordingly, having secured my place, and obtained my ticket to go there by the *diligence*, I left about six at night, and had for my companions four Frenchmen, as fellow-passengers. They seemed anxious to be very agreeable to me, and not liking to shew my ignorance of their language, I muffled my mouth with my travelling scarf, in order to smother my replies; for they have such such a rapid mode of speaking, that unless an Englishman has been much accustomed to conversing with them, he cannot understand them, although he might if they took their time. I generally made the same reply to them whatever they said, namely, *oui, oui*; this took very well for a long time; at length first one turned his head and stared me in my face, and then another, which fully convinced me that my “*wee*” had been wrongly placed.

About seven in the morning we arrived at Rouen, where I expected we should breakfast, and proceed to Havre; but I was surprised to find them unloading the diligence, and upon making inquiry I found it would go on no further. I protested against being left there, only half way, after having paid my fare to Havre. The only satisfaction I could get was, I must apply to the office at Paris for the difference; they went no further. Knowing that a vessel would leave Havre that day for Southampton, I found it better to put up with the cheat: but here another difficulty arose, all the coaches had left for that day which went there. This, I knew, would cause me several days' delay in getting to England, unless I could get to Havre that night in time for the packet. Fortunately in the midst of my trouble I met with an English gentleman, who informed me that a steam packet would leave about noon, and which would get there in time, he thought, for the English packet. He, being a resident in Rouen, took me to see all that is conceived to be worth seeing. The first was a statue of Jeanne D'Acre, or the maid of Orleans, who was here executed; and also the palace of the Duke of Bedford, under whose government she suffered. The cathedral is a noble building. Here is shewn the spot where the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion was interred; there are many beautiful monuments erected here. The scenery in Normandy, and all the way down the river Seine, is truly splendid and picturesque. When we got to Quilleboeuf our vessel struck on a sandbank, where we were obliged to await the returning tide; it is here where recent attempts have been made to regain a sunken vessel, said to be laden with treasures belonging to Louis XVI., when he was expected to make his escape from France. When we got in sight of Havre, a violent storm arose, which made it difficult to get along, and we had the mortification of seeing the vessel start for England without us; but as the storm increased I was thankful that I was not a passenger in it. We landed at last with great difficulty, and had to stay three days before even a vessel could enter the harbour on account of the violence of the storm. The same night was remarkable for several vessels that were wrecked on the coast, and the remains of some washed ashore. At length the storm somewhat abated; the steamer was enabled to

enter, unload, and take in coals, &c., and started off again about eight o'clock at night. We had a dreadful passage, but the morning brought me in sight of my native shore; and with anxious joy I hailed the same with—"England, England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

Temperance Lodge, Manchester.

STANZES PHILOSOPHIQUE.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of "*The Village Muse*," and "*Miscellaneous Poems*.")

I SAT upon a moss-grown mound, within
A lonely dell, beneath an ancient oak,
Whose pendant boughs hung o'er me, and no din,
Save a pure streamlet's rippling music, broke
Upon mine ear, when suddenly a stroke,
A flash, abrupt as the fierce lightning's gleam,
Stunn'd my whole being; 'twas then I awoke
From error's trance, from error's joyless dream,
'Twas then I first beheld pure Truth's eternal beam.

My being chang'd, each timid nerve did thrive
In strength, as holy light serene might glow,
Unmanacled my mind from error's gyve,
Which fetters millions in a slavish woe;
I was transform'd into a bitter foe
Of the world's vain idols, that now too long
Have sunk the human race into a low,
And mindless degradation and vile wrong:—
I smile that I am free—I triumph in my song.

And this was ere my nesh and budding youth
"Attain'd a beard;" the sweet and spotless page
Of mild philosophy and moral truth
Was early spread before me, to engage
My youth's affections; and should hoary age
E'er fall upon me, it will still delight
My mind and heart, and all their ills assuage:
Enchanting volumes*—gorgeous worlds of light,
Dispersing the thick gloom of man's cimmerian night.

O, lovely Nature! lovely mother, hail!
A child from thine innumerable throng
Of wretched children pours to thee his tale,
And dedicates to thee his humble song;
From thy pure works, men, prone to vice and wrong,
Turn their cold hearts away, and often deign
To spread a base iniquity among
Thy children, and in league combin'd would fain
Destroy the matchless laws of Truth's eternal reign.

But although million enemies arise,
They fall at last in the absorbing womb
Of blank destruction; may we not despise
Old error's worshippers, when the dull tomb
Curtains their mouldering ashes—when the doom
Of their remembrance is transfix'd in shame?
Yet thou, O Truth! O, thou, with thy vast loom
Will still weave on thine endless web the same,
For ever to be wrought in its perpetual frame.

* Lord Bacon's Works.

O, Nature! thou art ever full of love,
 Sweet as philomel's song, or eve-bells' chime,
 Or lover's tale in moon-lit oaken grove,
 Or thy sweet face, pale moon, in thy full prime
 Sweet as brilliant stars in wintry time,
 When the vaulted sky looks gloriously bright,
 And Cynthia reigns o'er all in this calm clime,
 And smiles on me, and charms me with her light,
 And rivets my fond eyes to the sweet sky of night.

Time is thy lover, Nature! thy rude boy,
 Oblivion, aids thy lover's hand to grasp
 The weird falsehoods; 'tis their wild employ
 To strangle them to death—they writhe, they gasp,
 They die: stung by Time's all-venomous wasp,
 Men, beasts, and birds, the insects, trees, and flowers,
 Lie with'ring on the ground; his strong clasp
 Binds them down with more than magic powers—
 Earth's children die and turn to dust in their own bowers.

Their frail identities for aye are gone;—
 Man's living heart will soon be chang'd to dust—
 That glowing heart grows cold as coldest stone
 With winter's ice around it;—woman must,
 With all her beauty, pass away. Thy just
 Decree, O Nature! reigning over all;
 Proud man with all his iron nerves at last shall rust,
 Although his final aspiration call
 For life;—what earthly power can e'er arrest his fall?

All things must perish, save the immortal mind;
 It is entail'd thro' periods of time
 Innumerable, and the rarest kind
 And mode of honour in each wide-spread clime
 Is paid to its eternal name;—the rhyme,
 All beautiful of bards, the sculptor's stone,
 The painter's canvass, each and all sublime,
 Are crown'd with honors—tho' they're dead and gone,
 Their power existeth still, man worships round their throne.

O, lovely Nature! thine eternal breast
 Shall be my pillow when this life is o'er,
 There I shall sink in everlasting rest,
 Nor pain nor pleasure can approach me more;
 The clash of elements, fierce wave's wild roar,
 The thunder's voice loud swelling o'er my grave,
 Shall be but night's dread silence; pray deplore
 Me not, sweet friends, each dewy tear-drop save,—
 Rejoice that e'en in death I scorn'd to be a slave!

Then comes the guerdon of the upright man;
 He who hath worshipp'd Friendship, Love and Truth,
 That glorious Trinity, that holy plan
 Laid down to govern ancient age and youth;
 Disarming men of callousness and wrath,
 Enshrouding in a robe of glory, given
 To enter on a blessed scene—in sooth,
 All-perfect, though the heart and mind were riven,
 The spirit shall aspire, and find its native heaven!

November, 1842.

LITERARY PURSUITS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

The good and mighty of departed ages
 Are in their graves, the innocent and free,
 Heroes and Poets, and prevailing Sages,
 Who leave the vesture of their majesty
 To adorn and clothe this naked world,—and we
 Are like to them;—such perish, but they leave
 All hope, or love, or truth, or liberty.
 Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive,
 To be a rule and law to ages that survive.

SHELLEY.

WRITTEN language has this advantage over that which is spoken, that we are enabled by it to send our thoughts to the remotest parts of the globe, and to hold conversation with generations yet unborn. There are no arts which ever exercised so mighty an influence over the mind as those of writing and printing. But for them how many deeds, with which we are as familiar as the passing events of the day, would have been unknown to us! How many fine and instructive examples, which have been bequeathed to us by the historian, would have long since sunk into oblivion! But for the exercise of those arts, the philosophers and poets of ancient days would have counselled and meditated in vain—the sage advice of the one, and the imaginative dreams of the other, would alike have been forgotten. The majestic verse of Homer, the pastoral breathings of Virgil, the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes, the wonderful creations of Shakspeare, and the sublime aspirations of Milton, without those arts would all have been lost to us; or would have been transmitted in so vague and garbled a shape as to render them matters of interest to the antiquarian only. Myriads of human beings in whom have been implanted souls, which, had they been fostered by education, would have burst forth to dazzle or instruct mankind, have undergone their pilgrimage on earth, and, like the beasts of the field, have sunk into nameless graves, leaving behind them no trace that they ever existed. If printing had been discovered a thousand years previous to the time it was, what wonderful revolutions would have been effected by the present day—what strange discoveries would have been made—what mighty operations would have been carried into effect, that must now await the progress of many years before they have birth!

That the benefits of writing predominate greatly over those of spoken language we cannot but admit, when the power of the writer in diffusing and perpetuating knowledge is considered, and when we reflect that the high thoughts and expanded views which are emanating from the master-spirits of our day, may be as well-known for centuries to come as they are to ourselves. What, however, would be our state if we were not endowed with the faculty of speech—if we were incapable of embodying and expressing our thoughts in words? What gloomy and uninteresting beings should we appear to one another! The eloquence of the orator, and the declamation of the actor would then be as nothing. The honied accents of woman would then have no existence; the sweet prattlings of childhood would be unheard, and the familiar and unreserved gossip of the happy fireside would be unknown. Thank God, we possess the power both of speaking and writing, and the art of printing to boot!

Before events were recorded in writing, trees were planted, altars were erected, or heaps of stones were placed to serve as memorials of the past. It is unnecessary to enter into an account of the various methods of writing practised in former ages, as the history and progress of that art has already been ably detailed in this publication. It may not, however, be altogether uninteresting or useless to take a brief glance at the state of education and literature as it existed some centuries back. One of the darkest periods of the Christian era was the tenth century, when the grossest ignorance and superstition prevailed. We are told that some who could not read filled the highest situations in the church; while others who pretended to be better scholars, and attempted to perform the public offices, committed the grossest mistakes. Books had become so scarce in Spain, that one and the same copy of the Bible, St. Jerome's Epistles, and some volumes of ecclesiastical offices, and martyrologies, served several monasteries; and in the famous monastery of Iona, there seems to have been in the ninth century no other work, even of the fathers, than one of the writings of Chrysostom. Germadius, a Spanish bishop, by his will, bearing date in the year 953, bequeathed about sixteen

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volumes of books to certain religious houses, with the express condition, that no abbot should be permitted to transfer them to any other place, but that they should be kept for the monks of the monasteries specified in the will, who should accommodate each other as much as possible in the use of them. The will is subscribed by the king and queen, as well as by the bishops and other persons of rank. The study of the scriptures was far from being general in the middle of the fifteenth century, and the most profound ignorance prevailed amongst the majority of the people, even of the clergy. Few of them, comparatively, were acquainted with the Latin, though constantly used in the offices of the church, whilst feasting and debauchery were their ordinary occupations. Degrees in divinity were conferred upon those who had scarcely ever read the Bible; and numbers of clergymen were far advanced in life before they had ever seen one. In the year 1510, the University of Wittenberg registered in its acts, Andrew Carolostad, afterwards one of the Reformers, as being fully qualified for the degree of doctor, which he then received; though he afterwards acknowledged, that he never began to read the Bible till eight years after he had received academical honours. Many doctors in divinity, as they were called, have candidly acknowledged that they were fifty years of age before they had read the Epistles of St. Paul. Andrew Forman, bishop of Murray, and papal legate for Scotland, being obliged to say grace at an entertainment which he gave to the pope and cardinals in Rome, blundered so in his latinity, that his holiness and their eminencies lost their gravity; which so disconcerted the bishop, that he concluded the blessing by giving "all the false carles to the devil," *in nomine patris, filii, et sancti spiritus*; to which the company, not understanding his Scottish Latin, said *Amen*.

What a contrast do our own times present to those which I have reverted to. How differently are we now situated, when knowledge is flowing through thousands of channels, and when the very poorest may find means to partake of it. How ridiculous—how insane should we think a man who wilfully closed both eyes and ears, and dwelt upon the earth without making use of those invaluable senses. But are not those who wilfully close their minds against the counsels of wisdom, and who refuse to look on the light of knowledge beaming out from books—are not those who walk along in a state of intellectual deafness and darkness, equally ridiculous and insane with those who refuse to make use of their other senses? When the intellectual vision is purified from the mists of ignorance, and men look upon the world through the crystal glass of knowledge, what glories burst upon their gaze—what thronging hosts of beauty and splendour pass in dazzling array before them. The face of Nature is unveiled to them, and her sweet and delightful features greet them with pure and fascinating smiles. The stars discourse to them of fair and distant worlds which they had previously dreamed not of—the ever-booming ocean reveals to them its wild and wondrous secrets—the sun shines upon them with a brighter glory, and the moon with a calmer purity. They look abroad and see in all things the evidence of a great and all-wise Creator, whose love and power are equally manifested in the largest and the smallest of his works.

Is it then fitting that one soul should pine
For lack of culture in this favour'd land?—
That spirits of capacity divine
Perish, like seeds upon the desert sand?—
That needful knowledge in this age of light
Should not by birth be every Briton's right?—SOUTHEY.

There is this great charm attendant upon literary pursuits, that "increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on," and as a plentiful supply is always to be had in our own land and time, so he who hungers after knowledge need be at no loss for food. Nor does a taste for literature necessarily unfit a man for habits of business, as some would seem to imagine. The better informed the mind is and the more is its possessor likely to take a clear and rational view of the objects which come under his notice. The more a person becomes attached to pursuits of a literary character, and the more he will become weaned from what is of a grovelling and sensual nature. The pleasures derivable from the intellect do not cloy with indulgence, nor are they attended with weariness and lassitude, as is the case in various other instances. The man, therefore, who devotes his leisure hours to the cultivation of his mind is clearer in his perceptions, and more fit for the daily occupations of life, than he who devotes himself to frivolous pursuits, and flies for recreation to other and less questionable sources of enjoyment. He whose nights are spent over the revel and the song cannot be expected to perform his avocations as satisfactorily as the man whose evenings are passed in acquiring

knowledge, or in contributing a portion of the stores of his mind for the purpose of adding to the happiness of his domestic hearth.

Though we owe vast debts of gratitude to men of genius, the poets and philosophers of our own and past ages, yet a comparative few only have reaped large pecuniary rewards, and the pleasure which they have experienced in the prosecution of their tasks has been almost their sole payment. The world contributes with a lavish hand for the erection of a stone effigy, especially when it has done little or nothing towards supporting the original. Buffon thus speaks of his hours of composition,—“These are the most luxurious and delightful moments of life: moments which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours at my desk in a state of transport; this *gratification* more than *glory* is my reward.” And Thomas Hood—that exquisite compound of humour and pathos—bears his testimony to the advantages of literature in his usual felicitous and delightful manner. In a letter addressed to the secretaries of the Manchester Athenæum Bazaar Committee, he says,—“I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to literature, that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least, my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon, with their degrading orgies. For the closest associate of Pope and Addison—the mind accustomed to the noble, though silent, discourse of Shakspeare and Milton—will hardly seek, or put up with, low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world. Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking—nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet—rich fare on the paper, for short commons on the cloth.”

Were it not that literary pursuits were in themselves productive of no ordinary delights, of how many splendid productions of genius should we have been deprived. So fascinating are the attractions of literature that none of the ordinary calamities of poverty, captivity, or sickness, have been sufficient to prevent its followers from paying their devotions at its shrine. Cervantes, the immortal author of *Don Quixote*, died in poverty, whilst his merit was universally acknowledged; and Le Sage, the author of *Gil Blas*, had to be supported in his old age by his son, who was an actor. The celebrated historian, Stowe, spent his life and fortune in the study of English antiquities, and was in his eightieth year rewarded by James I. with a *license to collect alms*. Homer was blind, and was in the habit of resorting to public places of concourse, to recite his verses for a morsel of bread. Milton was also blind, and suffered extreme poverty, though Tonnson, the bookseller, and his family rode in their carriages from the profits of *Paradise Lost*. Shakspeare received only £5 for the tragedy of *Hamlet*, whilst above twenty times that amount has since been paid for a single copy of his works, and his autograph has lately been sold by auction for £145. Dryden was notoriously poor, and disposed of ten thousand verses for £268. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was sold for £10, and much of his life was spent in continual poverty and distress. It is said that, when he was writing his “*Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*,” he resided in a wretched dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when he, from civility, offered it to a visitant, he was obliged to seat himself in the window. Steele was compelled to resort to all sorts of miserable expedients to escape pecuniary difficulties. Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, was left to starve, and died in a garret; and the poet Collins died in a state of insanity, resulting from literary disappointment. Corneille, the French poet, experienced all the horrors of poverty; Savage and Dermody both led a life of abject destitution; Smart, the translator of Horace, died in the rules of the king's bench; and, in our own time, Coombe, the author of *Dr. Syntax*, expired in prison, where he had long been confined for debt. The misfortunes of Tasso, the Italian poet, were as great as his genius, and he was obliged to borrow a crown for a week's subsistence. Spenser, the author of the *Fairy Queen*, languished out his life in misery; Xylander sold his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner; Otway perished from hunger; Chatterton found a “penny tart a luxury;” Plantus turned a mill; Terence and Æsop were slaves; Bentivoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected; Camoens ended his days in an alms-house; Vaugelas, the most polished writer of the French language, left his body to the surgeons to pay a

portion of his debts; Bacon lived in great distress; Nathaniel Lee died in the streets; Burns and Bloomfield both ended their lives in embarrassed circumstances; and Fielding lies in the burial ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Dr. Johnson struggled through many difficulties. His "Lives of the Poets" was disposed of for two hundred guineas, but, in the course of a few years, the booksellers cleared twenty-five thousand by it. Miss Burney's "Evelina," was sold for five guineas, whilst the copyright of "Vyse's Spelling Book" produced two thousand guineas, so unequally are the rewards of literature dealt out. "Burns' Justice" was sold by its author for a mere trifle, and so was "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," both of which works have yielded immense incomes.*

Many excellent works have been written in prison; for confinement, so far from operating as a check upon the exertions of literary men, has, in many instances, only rendered them the more industrious. Whilst the uneducated man would have become a prey to melancholy and despair, the follower of literature has sought for resources in his own mind, and has converted the gloomy precincts of his dungeon into a quiet and retired study. In prison, Boethius composed his work on the Consolations of Philosophy; and Grotius wrote his Commentary on St. Matthew, with other works. Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David. Cervantes composed the most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary. "Fleta," a well-known law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet for debt: the name of the *place*, though not that of the *author*, has thus been preserved; and another work, "Fleta Minor, or the laws of Art and Nature, in knowing the bodies of Metals, &c., by Sir John Pettus, 1683;" who gave it this title from the circumstance of his having translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison. Louis the Twelfth, when Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the tower of Bourges; applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected, he became, in consequence, an enlightened monarch. Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed an apology for the irregularities of her conduct. Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement; and it is said that Mary, queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetical compositions. Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished History of the World, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his sublime eloquence, was the fruits of eleven years of imprisonment. He was, however, assisted in this great work by the learning of several eminent persons; a circumstance which has not been noticed. The plan of the "Henriade" was sketched, and the greater part composed, by Voltaire, during his imprisonment in the bastille; and "The Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan was produced in a similar situation. Howel, the author of "Familiar Letters," wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet prison. Lydiat, while confined in the king's bench for debt, wrote his Annotations on the Parian Chronicle, which were first published by Prideaux. Freret, when imprisoned in the bastille, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. His dictionary was always before him, and his principles were got by heart. To this circumstance we owe his works, animated by scepticism. Sir William Davenant finished his poem of "Gondibert" during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbroke Castle. De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and it has been supposed served as the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. There he also composed his "Jure Divino." Wicquefort's curious work on "Ambassadors" is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works. One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar, of the name of Maggi. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and

* The following advertisement appeared, a few years ago, in one of the daily papers.—"An artist and author, of twenty years' experience, solicits the aid of the benevolent. He has written 30,000 lines of original composition in English verse, and never gained a shilling; twelve tragedies, and two comedies, of which he offered the best to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He published in 1830, at the cost of £40, a poetical volume, sent copies to all the Universities, and sold the rest for £1. 7s. 0d. as waste paper. Being now arrived at destitution, he proposes to relieve himself by publishing another volume, consisting of an heroic poem, satire, essays, ballads, &c."

particularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defended Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken in 1571, they pillaged his library, and carried him away in chains. Now a slave, after his daily labours he amused a great part of his nights by literary compositions: *De Tintinnabulis*, on Bells, a treatise still read by the curious, was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the erudition of his own memory, and the genius of which adversity could not deprive him.

It would be easy to bring forward instances of a similar nature to the foregoing, for which we are indebted to D'Israeli and others, but sufficient has been adduced to shew that a passion for literary pursuits cannot be quenched by adverse circumstances, and that there are few situations in life which cannot be made happier by its cultivation. Literary pursuits have the peculiar advantage of being calculated to soothe grief and promote hilarity. They are equally adapted for the rich and the poor; they may be cherished alike in the palace and the cottage; and whilst they awaken the humanities of the wealthy, they do much to take away the asperities which beset the lot of those whose portion it is to toil for a subsistence. They teach a lesson of humility and kindness to the lofty, and inculcate patience and gratitude in the lowly. They endear home and home-born affections to the human heart, and diffuse cheerfulness over the domestic circle. They enable their followers to bear prosperity with tolerance, and they imbue them with philosophy to meet with fortitude the evils of existence. Literary pursuits are the means of preventing pride and scorn, which are the offspring of ignorance; and they engender feelings of sympathy and regard, which are of a stronger and more affectionate nature than those which form the groundworks of unintellectual friendships. They induce us to keep the mind pure and independent, and to bear within our own souls those elements which take the stings from sorrow; and whilst they shew us our inferiority to the Creator, they teach us to rely on the love of Him whose wondrous attributes are proclaimed from earth and sky, and whose glory pervades all things.

SONNET TO SPRING.

LAUGHING at Winter's lingering ray of gloom,
 Fair Spring comes dancing o'er the yet cold lea;
 The forest-flowers are waking into bloom,
 And little birds are whispering melody.
 From straw-clad hive the honey-sucking bee
 Wanders a-field. The earth looks like a bride,
 Array'd and rob'd in sweet simplicity,
 While on her face the blush of modest pride
 Is growing deeper still; now many a bud
 Puts forth its head to greet the sunny ray,
 And on the south-side of the leafless wood
 Creation's tiny things keep holyday:
 Nature seems waking from a calm repose,
 And Spring-born beauties come to ease our bosom's woes.

Morning Star Lodge, Stanington District.

S. SHERIF.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Mind, and other Poems, by Charles Swain. London: Tilt and Bogue.*

THERE is no task which is more pleasing, as a literary labour, than that of noticing a work which is in every way deserving of public approbation and support. Charles Swain's name and fame are familiar to all who can appreciate imaginative literature, and his claim to be ranked amongst the "bright particular stars" of his generation has long been acknowledged by those whose judgment cannot be disputed. He has aimed, in his principal poem, at illustrating the attributes of the mind—Eloquence, Painting, Poesy, Sculpture, Astronomy, Imagination and Fancy, Science, and various other subjects—and it is no small praise to say that he has proved himself conversant with all. The light of genius shines upon every page, and

makes us regard the book with the same sacred and hallowed feeling with which we should contemplate a consecrated missal. Bright gems of thought are scattered so thickly over its pages that we seem as if treading some diamond-sprinkled shore, and are at a loss which of the sparkling treasures we shall single out from the rest. Let the following exquisite allusion to Milton be our sample :—

And He! who built his temple in the clouds,
And made the Heavens his altar—at whose feet
The stars lay dreaming in their misty shrouds,
And angel-echoes sigh'd in music sweet
From many a solemn shrine and high retreat!
He, Bard of Paradise, whose inward sight
Surpass'd all outward vision—so replete.
That blindness follow'd that unbounded light.

As clouds grow doubly dark where broods the lightning's might.

Such lines need no comment—they speak for themselves, and command admiration. The poem abounds with passages in which a volume of thought is compressed into a single line, but we must confine ourselves to one example :—

Sculpture is Mind enchanted into stone!

What can be finer? The smaller poems are characterized by that grace, elegance, and tenderness which so eminently endow the author as a man, and endear him to all those to whom he stands in the relation of husband, father, or friend. With the space at our disposal, an attempt at entering into a critical analysis of the work would be ridiculous, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with this brief and imperfect notice. The volume is printed in a style of faultless beauty, on paper which is a fitting receptacle for the type, and there are seventeen illustrative engravings, each of which is an exquisite specimen of art. The binding is chaste and elegant, forming a fitting shrine for its contents, and altogether the book is of that character, both as respects its getting up and intrinsic merits, which entitles it to a place in the library of all those who are patrons of poetry and art.

Poems, by Samuel Bamford. Manchester: Printed for, and Published by, the Author, at Blackley.

HAIL to thee, Samuel Bamford, the Burns of Lancashire! A truer and more warm-hearted son of song never breathed forth his lays to the world, and we fervently pray that thou mayest long be spared to dwell amongst us and delight us with thy nervous writing and original fancies. The frost of time has fallen upon thy waving locks, and years of peril and suffering have tamed the wildness of thy youthful blood, but thou art still strong and vigorous—thy port is still erect, and thy mind is as fresh and energetic as ever. Like thyself, the volume thou hast just put forth is full of fervid imaginations, and the fire of genius, though somewhat erratic withal. Let those who prize the genuine Saxon style of writing purchase thy book, and they will find ample gratification. Let those, too, who are in the habit of looking with scorn and contempt upon men who occupy a humbler grade than themselves, read the following words:—

The progress and tendency of mind amongst the working-classes is now becoming every day a subject of deeper interest to the legislator and the philanthropist. Would it had excited their attention earlier!—let us, however, hope that it is not yet too late. The author was born one of the labouring classes—he was brought up a weaver, and to such inquirers he respectfully tenders his volume as an exemplification of the growth of mind in one of his condition, and of the direction to which it inevitably tends when nurtured under adverse circumstances—affectedly contemned by ignorance under the garb of pride, and trampled upon by irresponsible power.

Had Bamford never written more than the following lines, they would have stamped him as a poet. They are from "A View from the Tandle Hills, in the month of May:"—

The eye of the morning is open wide,
And the sun comes up from the heaving tide
That rolls at the foot of his burning throne,
The girdle of regions that are not known;
And the bright clouds are lying all tranquilly,
Like islands of glory far away;
And the wan moon is hung in the deep abyss,
Like something lost from the realms of bliss;
She leans on her lurid and waning side,
As if she were seeking her face to hide
From the light intense, and the amber glare,
That flash from the God in the eastern air.

We recommend the volume most cordially to our readers, and would point out to them as our especial favourites the following poems :—“ A View from the Tandle Hills,” “ The Pass of Death,” “ The Wild Rider,” “ Lines addressed to my Wife,” “ Hymn to Spring,” “ Winter’s Day and Night,” “ The Warrior’s Ode to Death,” “ The Wind Unbound,” “ Wolsey’s Grave,” “ Tim Bobbin Grave,” “ Lament for my Daughter,” “ Lines written on the Anniversary of my Daughter’s Decease,” “ Hours in the Bowers,” and “ God help the Poor.”

Hela ; or, Woman’s Pride : a Poem, in Two Cantos, by Charles Utting. Lynn : Printed for the Author.

THIS is a pleasing metrical romance, displaying much facility of expression and power of versification. We are first introduced to Hela, the heroine, in the halls of her father, Lord Norwald, on her natal day. On that occasion she first experiences the passion of love, which is as deeply returned by Ernest, a gallant young soldier, who is shortly afterwards compelled to leave her and assist in raising his country’s “ banners in a foreign air.” He returns, and a tale is told him of Hela’s inconstancy, which makes him resolve to see her no more. Being at length convinced of the falsehood of the report he has heard he again appears before Hela, and asks her forgiveness, but her woman’s pride has been roused, and she rejects him, though at the expense of her reason, which forsakes her in the struggle between love and pride. The second canto transports us to fairy-land, and a rich and fanciful description is given of the gorgeous hall of the fairies. One of the fairies tells Hela’s story to the Queen, and requests permission to transport her to their abode, in order that means may be taken to restore her reason. The request is granted, Hela is brought in sleep, and a series of events pass before her vision, in all of which Ernest is the hero. She is borne back, and awakes to love and reason ; but her lover had watched over her couch until he himself had become “ a prey to fever and despair.” Love revives him, health returns, and the happy pair are united. This is but a meagre outline of the plot of the poem, which, of course, owes its chief charm to the style in which it is worked out by the author. We hoped its success may be such as to induce Mr. Utting “ to try,” using his own words, “ some happier—nobler strain.”

Leisure Hours, and the Phantom Knight, by C. B. Greatrex, Junr. London : Tilt and Bogue.

“ LEISURE HOURS” is a volume of miscellaneous poems, of varied style and subject. The author’s rhymes seem to come “ at their own sweet will,” and he dashes along with sparkling rapidity. Though he essays and is at home in many styles, there is no doubt that the humorous is his forte. He possesses a large share of wit and satirical pungency, and the volume abounds with quaint conceits and pleasant fancies. We would advise him to cultivate his talents for the humorous, and we are fully persuaded that, if he do so, he will shortly occupy a high rank amongst that class of writers. We could mention many pieces in the volume, which it is impossible to read with gravity, and which dance along as if they had cost the author no effort. Our object is not to deteriorate the more serious portions of the work, but merely to point out Mr. Greatrex’s excellence in a vein of writing, where he has comparatively few rivals. We had intended to extract “ Friendship and Love,” as one of the best of the sentimental pieces, but are reluctantly prevented by want of room.

“ The Phantom Knight” is a clever poem, written in the same metre as “ Don Juan.” This is an exceedingly difficult measure to manage, but Mr. Greatrex is perfectly master of it, and writes it with greater ease and fluency than any one that has come under our notice since the days of Byron.

Bglinton Park Meeting, and other Poems, by John Ramsay. Edinburgh : Stirling, Kenney, & Co.

MR. RAMSAY’S poems have now reached a sixth edition, which, we understand, is nearly exhausted. When a work has been so extensively circulated, it is almost superfluous, on our parts, to give an opinion on it. We must, however, be allowed to say that there is much in the book to deserve the support which the author has received. A keen sense of the ridiculous, as well as strong powers of description characterize the

principal poem. The author has not travelled from Dan to Beersheba and found all barren. He has been an observer of men and things, and has profited by his experience. His "Address to Dundonald Castle" has received much and deserved praise for its picturesque and pathetic beauty, and many other of the smaller poems are possessed of great merit. We hope Mr. Ramsay may go on and prosper.

Life and Literature, by Robert Story. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. Story has been appointed to a situation under government, and trust he will find it more profitable than either love or literature. We prefer the author's poetry to his prose, and should have relished his verses more if they had been in a different setting. Some of the lyrics are remarkably smooth and melodious, and we are glad to see from the Dedication to this work, that one thousand individuals have evinced their approval of its author. Mr. Story elsewhere informs us that "he occupies a position in the public HEART," and we take our leave of him with the wish that he may long be a *liver* there, and continue one of the *lights* of his countrymen.

Adelphian Lyrics; being a collection of Songs for the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, adapted to well-known airs; by George Fletcher. Birmingham: J. Taylor, and others.

THE title of this work is sufficiently expressive of its object, and it only remains for us to bear testimony to the clever manner in which the author has fulfilled his task. The sentiments expressed in the songs are such as must have a tendency to advance the principles of the Order, and the introductory remarks are exceedingly good. We wish the author the success he deserves.

Summer Offerings, by William Gaspey. London: Thomas Cadell.

THIS is a small gathering of poems previously published by the author, and they are worthy of being collected. They exhibit an excellent knowledge of the principles of versification, and are devoted to religion and the affections. The thoughts and sentiments are of a pure and healthful cast, and the language in which they are expressed is chaste and elegant.

An Efficient Remedy for the Distress of Nations, by John Gray. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

THIS is one of those productions which require to be attentively read and studied before a clear comprehension can be obtained of the writer's plan. He is evidently an enthusiast, and thinks that the remedies which he prescribes cannot fail to have the most beneficial effects. We sincerely hope that he may live until his fondest wishes upon the subject are realised, and if such should be the case, we feel confident that his age will be a most patriarchal one. We cannot do better than give the following extract from his preface:—

A period of eleven years has elapsed since I published a small edition (five hundred copies) of a book, entitled, "*The Social System; a Treatise on the Principles of Exchange*;" and of those five hundred copies, just two hundred and sixty four still remain unsold in the hands of the publisher. I mention this circumstance, not in the spirit of a disappointed author, for the little notice my book received from the public press and otherwise, was not altogether unfavourable; whilst, in a pecuniary point of view, the loss I sustained by it, although considerable, was not a matter of serious consequence to me. But I refer now to my former non-success, principally for the purpose of shewing, that expectation of praise or profit can form but a small portion of the motive which induces me once more to address the public upon a subject which no section appears to comprehend; however deeply every person, without a single exception, is, of necessity, interested therein.

Unshaken confidence, however, in the correctness of their own views, is motive sufficiently strong to influence the conduct of most men. That motive is mine: I am just as satisfied as if the fact had already taken place, that the principle of exchange herein advocated will one day govern the commercial transactions of every civilized nation. Whether it will govern those of any nation within the present century, it may be difficult to say: but that this country is embarrassed, is not more certain than the reason why it is embarrassed: whilst an efficient remedy seems to be as obvious as the disease itself. The remedy I now propose inevitably must and will be adopted, at some period or other: it might as well be so within the next five years as within the next five hundred; and it would be far better to adopt it now, than even a century hence, as far as the present generation is concerned.

To an author who writes so confidently, and who cares so little for the opinion of the public upon a subject which he candidly asserts they "appear not to comprehend," we will not be so presumptuous as to offer any advice or give an opinion.

PRESENTATIONS.

July 31, 1843, a beautiful Silver Snuff Box to P. G. Samuel Jennings, by the Rose of the Valley Lodge, Birmingham District.—July 6, 1843, a splendid Silver Snuff Box to P. G. George Naisby, by the Countess of Durham Lodge, Hylton, Bishop Wearmouth District.—July 17, 1843, a handsome Silver Snuff Box to P. G. Robert Fletcher, by the Wear Mechanics Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.—July 17, 1843, a handsome Silver Snuff Box to P. G. William Colvin, by the Wear Mechanics Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.—August 17, 1843, a splendid Scarlet Sash and Rosette to P. G. Thomas Sanderson, by the Sir Hidworth Lodge, Monkwearmouth, Bishop Wearmouth District.—August 21, 1843, a splendid Silver Snuff Box to P. G. George Hopper Tomlinson, by the Victoria Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.—August 2, 1843, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Joseph Tomlinson, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Fazeley, by the Peel's Pride Lodge, Withington.—July 21, a handsome Silver Watch to P. G. John Sidney, by the Glendale Lodge, Stannington District.—April 12, 1843, a handsome Gold Lever Watch, value 25 guineas, to Prov. C. S. John Jenkins, by the Newport District.—June 6, 1843, a handsome Silver Medal to P. G. Thomas Barber, by the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, Bollington District.—A handsome Silver Snuff Box to Prov. C. S. Hanson Dewhurst, by the Prince Albert Lodge, Blackburn District.—June, 1842, a handsome Silver Snuff Box to P. P. D. G. M. Metcalf, by the Good Samaritan Lodge: November, 1842, a valuable Silver Snuff Box to P. P. G. M. Egan, by the St. Thomas Lodge: November, 1842, a very handsome Silver Snuff Box to P. G. Huntsman, by the Duke of Bedford Lodge: April, 1843, a very handsome Patent Lever Silver Watch to P. G. Holmes, by the Queen Victoria Lodge; all in the North London District.—December 27, 1842, a handsome Patent Lever Watch to P. P. G. M. Joseph Cox, by the Leominster District.—On Whit-Monday, a Silver Medal to P. G. Joseph Uttley, by the Woodlands Lodge, Keighley District.—May 6, 1843, a Silver Medal, to P. G. Thomas Dinneen, by the St. Peter Lodge, Keighley District.—Jan. 24, 1843, a Silver Snuff Box, set of Silver Tea Spoons, and Purse of Gold to P. G. W. B. Elliott, by the Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.

Marriages.

July 17, 1843, brother Henry Hall, of the Banks of the Thames Lodge, Kinsbury, to Miss Hannah Currin.—April 16, 1842, brother Robert Darwell, of the Rose and Thistle Lodge, Tadcaster District, to Emma, eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Hume, of Skelton, near York: July 17, 1842, brother John Stork, of the same Lodge and District, to Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. Carter, of Stillington, near York: June 5, 1843, Edward Moiser, of the same Lodge and District, to Ann, third daughter of Mr. Miles Hopwood, of Askam Richard, near York.—August 6, Sec. Robert Bolton, of the Triumphant Lodge, York, to Miss Sarah Brown, sister to P. P. G. M. Thomas Brown, of the York District.—June 8, 1843, at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. C. Armstrong, brother Richard Jackson, of the Bud of Hope Lodge, Nottingham District, to Miss Jane Gillison, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Gillison.—July 13, 1843, V. G. John Green, of the Rose of the Valley Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Elizabeth Mason, of Birmingham.—June 7, 1843, at Leominster, brother William Hinton, of the Victoria Lodge, to Miss Sophia Coates, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel

Coates.—Nov. 11, 1841, P. S. George Barber, of the Samaritan's Pride, Stockport District, to Martha, third daughter of Mrs. Margaret Halliworth, of Stockport.—June 6, brother Samuel Shaw, of the Faithful Lodge, Sandbach, to Mary Wakefield, of Hassall.—May 20, Host William Bulman, of the Zetland Lodge, Stokesley District, to Miss Jane Hogg, of Skelton.—Sept. 1842, brother Thomas Boulton, of the Lord Hill Lodge, Leominster, to Miss Ann Phillips.—July 22, 1843, brother Ebenezer John Wanfor, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Llanelly District, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Lines.—April 25, P. V. George Buckley, of the Earl of Chesterfield Lodge, to Miss Sarah Goodwin.—April 20, 1843, V. G. James Riley, of the Travellers' Friend Lodge, Skipton District, to Miss Mary Ann Wilkinson, eldest daughter of Mr. John Wilkinson, Skipton.—May 27, 1843, P. G. Joseph Chicken, of the Free Britons' Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District, to Miss Ann Douglas, Ayres Quay, Bishop Wearmouth.—June 24, 1843, brother Robert Lynn, of the Countess of Durham Lodge, Hylton, Bishop Wearmouth District, to Miss

Elizabeth Heads, Bishop Wearmouth.—June 5, 1843, brother James Williams, to Miss Underwood: June 11, brother Robert Norbury, to Ellen Roch; both of the Virtute Securus Lodge, Hereford District.—April 3, 1843, P. Sec. William Scott, of the Fidelity Lodge, South Shields, to Margaret Allen.—May 8, 1843, V. G. Anthony Michael, of the Mariners' Refuge Lodge, Sunderland, to Miss Mary Ann Young.—July 12, 1842, at Newington church, P. G. Jesse Platt, of the Victory Lodge, Mitcham District, to Miss Mary Ann Winterlood, of Mitcham.—August 6, 1843, P. G. George Downing Brain, of the St. Andrew Lodge, Pottery and Newcastle District, to Miss Mary Riley; both of Hanley.—May 22, 1843, N. G. Isaac Bailey, of the Agricultural Lodge, Pottery and Newcastle District, to Miss Hall, eldest daughter of Mr. James Hall, of Staffordshire.—July 6, Heber Willingale, Esq., of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Goole, to Dina, only daughter of William Padley,

Esq.—May 21, 1843, P. G. George Davis, of the Good Intent Lodge, to Miss Eliza Amos: July 16, 1843, brother Jonas Goodall, of the True Friendship Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Marsh: August 1, 1842, brother Joseph Marsh, of the True Friendship Lodge, to Miss Caroline Crew; all in the Bristol District.—Jan. 24, 1842, brother Samuel Johnson, to Miss Longbottom: Oct. 16, 1842, brother John Crowther, to Miss Leeming: Oct. 30, 1842, brother John Cowburn, to Miss Preston: Dec. 27, 1842, P. S. George Pickles, to Miss Holford: March 22, 1843, brother Abraham Wood, to Miss Walker: April 29, 1843, brother Wm. Metcalf, to Miss Leach; all of the Myrtle Lodge, Bingley, Keighley District.—P. G. James Hartley, of the Woodlands Lodge, Keighley, to Miss Mary Dawson.—Brother Joseph Haigh, of the Woodlands Lodge, to Miss Maria Farra.—June 19, 1843, V. G. John Bland, of the St. Peter Lodge, Keighley, to Miss Martha Gill, of Silsden.

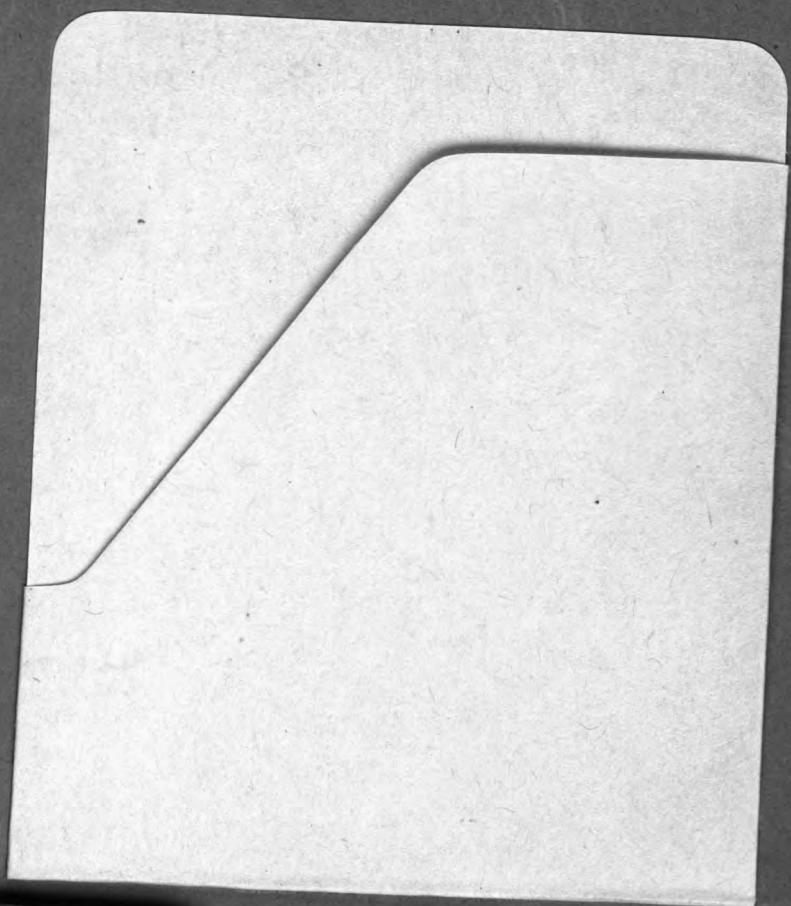
Deaths.

Aug. 23, 1843, Prov. D. G. M. Thiselton, of the Bourne District. His funeral was attended by upwards of 200 members of the different Lodges in the District.—Feb. 12, 1843, the wife of P. G. Jeremiah Butterfield, of the Hope and Anchor Lodge: Feb. 17, 1843, brother John Smith, of the Lambton Lodge: March 10, 1843, the wife of brother Thomas Patterson, of the same Lodge: March 16, 1843, brother John Wintrip, of the Sussex Lodge: March 20, 1843, brother Peter Forster, of the William Hutt Lodge: April 22, 1843, brother Joseph Porter, of the Victoria the First Lodge: May 10, 1843, the wife of P. G. Keeney, of the same Lodge; all of the Gateshead District.—May, 1843, brother William Lattimore, of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Studley, and late of the Good Samaritan Lodge, North London District.—June 7th, 1843, Host Barnaby Gallett, of the Virtute Securus Lodge, Hereford.—March 3, P. G. Bowman, of the Hon. George Lamb Lodge.—March 28, brother Walthew, of the Victoria Lodge.—April 22, brother Proudman, of the Duke of Clarence Lodge.—May 26, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. Jos. Crabtree, of the Archangel Lodge: June 5, the wife of brother John Stork, of the Rose and Thistle Lodge: July 13, the wife of brother James Calvert, of the Bud

of Hope Lodge; all of the Tadcaster District.—May 20, 1843, the wife of brother Nathaniel Denton, of the Victoria Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth District.—July 14, 1843, the wife of brother William Bradburn, of the Rose of Houghton Lodge, Houghton-le-Spring, Bishop Wearmouth District.—July 30, 1843, the wife of brother Charles Hedley, of the Rose of Houghton Lodge, Houghton-le-Spring, Bishop Wearmouth District.—June 21, 1843, brother William Beardmore, of the St. Margaret Lodge, Pottery and Newcastle District.—Sept. 23, 1841, P. G. Joseph Scott, of the Myrtle Lodge, Bingley, Keighley District: December 13, 1843, P. V. John Speak, of the same Lodge: June 3, 1842, brother William Dewsbury, of the same Lodge.—May 1, 1843, brother Josiah Mayer, of the Widow and Orphans' Relief Lodge, Pottery and Newcastle District.—June 26, brother Thompson, of the Olive Branch Lodge, Garthorpe: March 27, brother Murfit, of the Good Samaritan Lodge; both in the Goole District.—March 29, 1843, the wife of brother Thomas Milner, of the British Queen Lodge, Ilkinston District.—July 28, 1843, brother William Corner, of the Mulgrave Lodge, Lythe.—Sept. 6, 1843, Host Hunston, of the Spring of Providence Lodge, Salford District.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

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